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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

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J. Ruskin, after Botticelli. Allen & Co. Sc.

Zipporah

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THE WORKS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

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1906

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VOLUME XXIII

VAL D'ARNO

THE SCHOOLS OF FLORENCE

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

VAL D'ARNO
THE SCHOOLS OF FLORENCE
MORNINGS IN FLORENCE
THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXIII

PAGE

List of Illustrations xiii

Introduction to this Volume xix

I. Val d'Arno: Ten Lectures on Tuscan Art directly antecedent to the Florentine Year of Victories, given before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1873:—

Bibliographical Note 5

Contents 9

Text 11

Chronological List (added in this edition) 177

II. The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Art in Florence: Lectures given before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1874:—

Bibliographical Note 182

Synopsis 183

Lectures 185

III. Mornings in Florence: being Simple Studies of Christian Art for English Travellers (1875–1877):—

Bibliographical Note 285

Contents 291

Preface to the First Edition 293

Text (with an additional "Morning," now first published) 295

Notes (by Mr. R. Caird) 455

IV. The Shepherd's Tower (1881): the Sculptures of Giotto's Tower, to illustrate "Mornings in Florence":—

Bibliographical Note 462

Preface 463

List of Subjects 465

APPENDIX

PAGE

I. "Giotto's Pet Puppy" (1874) 471

II. Giotto and Niccola Pisano 476

III. A Note on Botticelli's "Zipporah" (1876) 478

The following Minor Ruskiniana are also included in this Volume:—

The Spanish Chapel, Florence: a Letter from Ruskin to his Mother (June 9, 1845) lxii

Extracts from Ruskin's Diary (1873, 1874):—

work at Brantwood (January to April) . . . . xx, xxi

walks at Brantwood (January to July) xxii

thin audiences (Oxford, October and November, 1873) . . . liv

Extracts from Ruskin's Diary (1874):—

the most disgusting place in Europe (Naples, April 19, 20) . xxxii

the metopes of Selinus (Palermo, April 30) xxxiii

Signor Cavalcaselle (Assisi, July 10) xl

walks at Lucca (July 28, August 11) xlvii

convent thoughts (Assisi, Lucca, Florence, June, July, September) xlvi

still learning (Florence, July 27; St. Martin, October 15) xlviii

the meaning of deafness (Fésole, August 24) . . . xlviii

crushed in presence of Botticelli (Florence, August 29) . xlviii

divine days (St. Martin, October 10, 11) lii

a gathering cloud (St. Martin, October 18) lii

the churches of Assisi 205

the transitions in Florentine art exemplified at Assisi . . 207

Extract from Ruskin's Diary at Knaresborough (1876) . . . 32

Letters to Mrs. Arthur Severn (1873):—

the ideal life at Brantwood (January) xx

complex work (Brantwood, March 3) xxiii

cloudless days (Brantwood, April 21) xxii

a lecture at Eton xxi

Letters to Mrs. Arthur Severn (1874):—

giving up his Oxford lectures xxx

the courtesy of the peasants (Pisa, April 9) xxxi

the pleasures of Assisi (April 12) xl

MINOR RUSKINIANA: *Continued*:—

PAGE

RELICS OF ST. FRANCIS (APRIL 14) . . . . . xlvi *n.*
THE BIGNESS OF ROME (APRIL 18) xxxi
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PALERMO (APRIL 21) xxxi
COMPENSATIONS IN SICILY (PALERMO, APRIL 22) xxxi
SUNRISE ON ETNA (TAORMINA, APRIL 26) xxxiv
HIS MISSION AS COPYIST (ROME, MAY 13) xxxv
THE BORGHESE GARDENS (ROME, MAY 28) xxxvi
ZIPPORAH'S PET DOG (ROME, JUNE 3) xxxv
A CASE FOR KORAH (ASSISI, JUNE 4) xxxviii
A ROMAN DAY (JUNE 4) xxxvii
THE CONDITION OF THE FRESCOES (ASSISI, JUNE 25) xli
WORK DONE AT ASSISI (JULY 10) xliv
THE HEAVENLINESS OF FRA ANGELICO (PERUGIA, JULY 19) . . . xlv
THE CHARM OF LUCCA (AUGUST 18) xlvii
WORK AT FLORENCE (SEPTEMBER 3) xlix
A FLORENTINE DAY (SEPTEMBER 18) xlix
ST. MARTIN: FORTY YEARS AFTER (OCTOBER 6) l
A CHAMBER OF LIFE (ST. MARTIN, OCTOBER 10) li
A SUCCESSFUL LECTURE (OXFORD, NOVEMBER 10) lii
THE PLEASURE OF DIGGING (OXFORD, NOVEMBER) liii

LETTERS TO MR. GEORGE ALLEN (1874):—
THE STUDY OF BOTTICELLI'S "ZIPPORAH" (MAY 20) xxxv
SUCCESSFUL LECTURES (DECEMBER) . . . . . liii *n.*

LETTERS TO MR. OSCAR BROWNING (NOVEMBER 1874) 469

LETTER TO MR. R. CAIRD (VENICE, MAY 3, 1877) lxi

LETTER TO MRS. TALBOT, DESCRIBING THE CONTENTS OF THE STUDY AT BRANTWOOD (OCTOBER 22, 1881) lxviii

A NOTE ON XENOPHON 162

REMINISCENCES OF RUSKIN:—
AT BRANTWOOD: BY LADY BURNE-JONES (1873) xxiv
,, ,, BY MISS VIOLET HUNT (1873) xxv
,, ,, BY COVENTRY PATMORE (1875) xxvi
AN EXCURSION TO MONK CONISTON TARN: BY MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN (1873) xxvi
AT ASSISI: BY SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND xxxviii
AT LUCCA . . . . . xxxix *n.*

PROFESSOR RUSKIN AT BRANTWOOD: FROM THE "WORLD" (1877) . . xxvii

LETTER FROM CARLYLE TO RUSKIN ON "VAL D'ARNO" (OCTOBER 31, 1873) liv

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ZIPPORAH, FROM BOTTICELLI'S "LIFE OF MOSES" (*Photogravure from a study by Ruskin*) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

A. BRANTWOOD (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . *To face page* xxiv

B. RUSKIN'S STUDY AT BRANTWOOD (*Wood Engraving by J. and G. Nicholls, after a drawing by Alexander Macdonald*) . . . . . „ „ xxviii

IN "VAL D'ARNO"

PLATE

I. THE ANCIENT SHORES OF ARNO (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . . „ „ 3

II. THE PISAN LATONA: ANGLE OF PANEL OF THE ADORATION IN NICCOLA'S PULPIT (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . . „ „ 11

III. ARCHES OF THE APSE OF THE DUOMO, PISA (*Photogravure from a drawing by Ruskin*) . „ „ 16

IV. STUDY OF A PANEL ON THE FONT OF THE BAPTISTERY, PISA (*Photogravure from a drawing by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 17

V. A GREEK SARCOPHAGUS IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . „ „ 20

VI. NICCOLA PISANO'S PULPIT (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . . „ „ 23

VII. THE FOUNTAIN OF SIENA (*Line block from a photograph*) . . . . . „ „ 30

VIII. THE FOUNTAIN OF PERUGIA (*Photogravure from a sketch by Arthur Severn, R.I.*) . . . . „ „ 31

IX. NORMAN IMAGERY (*Steel Engraving by G. Allen, from a drawing by Emma Heaton*) . . . „ „ 40

PLATE
X. The Door of the Baptistery, Pisa (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . *To face page* 88

XI. The Story of St. John—Advent and Departure: Details from the Door (*Photogravure from photographs*) . . . . . „ „ 90

XII. The Charge to Adam: Giovanni Pisano and Modern Italian (*Photogravure from a photograph and an engraving*) . . . . . „ „ 95

XIII. The Annunciation and Visitation: Giovanni Pisano (*Photogravure from photographs*) . „ „ 170

XIV. The Nativity: Giovanni Pisano and Modern Italian (*Photogravure from a photograph and an engraving*) . . . . . „ „ 174

IN "THE SCHOOLS OF FLORENCE"

XV. "Lombard" Sculpture: the Door of the Duomo, Assisi (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . . „ „ 188

XVI. The Emperor Frederick II.'s Tomb at Palermo (*Photogravure from a drawing by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 190

XVII. Façades of the Duomo and of S. Francesco, Assisi (*Photogravure from photographs*) . „ „ 194

XVIII. The Deposition of Christ, by Niccola Pisano: on the Duomo of Lucca (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . „ „ 226

XIX. Head of Ilaria di Caretto, by Jacopo della Quercia (*Photogravure from a drawing by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 230

XX. A Compartment of the Baptistery, Florence (*Photogravure from a drawing by Ruskin*) . „ „ 241

XXI. The "Creation and Fall" and "Cain and Abel," from Ghiberti's Gates (*Photogravure from photographs*) . . . „ „ 244

PLATE
XXII. The Madonna and Child, with St. Lawrence and other Saints, by Fra Angelico (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . *To face page* 262

XXIII. The Madonna and Child, with St. Michael and other Saints, by Botticelli (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . . „ „ 273

XXIV. The Life of Moses, by Botticelli (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . . . „ „ 276

XXV. One of the Graces in Botticelli's "Spring" (*Steel Engraving by W. Roffe, from a study by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 278

IN "MORNINGS IN FLORENCE"

XXVI. Sepulchral Slab of Galileus de Galileis, in Santa Croce (*Photogravure from a drawing by A. H. Mackmurdo*) . . . . . „ „ 308

XXVII. The Birth of the Virgin, and the Salutation, by Ghirlandajo, in Santa Maria Novella (*Photogravure from photographs*) . „ „ 313

XXVIII. The Birth of the Virgin, by Giotto, in Santa Maria Novella (*Woodcut by H. S. Uhlrich*) . . . . . „ „ 314

XXIX. The Meeting of Joachim and Anna, by Giotto, in Santa Maria Novella (*Woodcut by H. S. Uhlrich*) . . . . . „ „ 316

XXX. The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, by Giotto, in Santa Maria Novella (*Woodcut by H. S. Uhlrich*) . . „ „ 320

XXXI. "Fortitude" and "Judith," by Botticelli (*Photogravure from photographs*) . . . „ „ 334

XXXII., XXXIII. Scenes from the Life of St. Francis, by Giotto, in Santa Croce (*Photogravures from photographs*) . *To face pages* 340, 348

PLATE
XXXIV. Saint Louis, by Giotto, in Santa Croce (*Woodcut by H. S. Uhlrich*) . . . *To face page* 356

XXXV. Plan of the Interior of the Spanish Chapel (*Line block from a drawing by Hugh Allen*) . . . . . „ „ 368

XXXVI. "The Strait Gate," by Simon Memmi (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . „ „ 378

XXXVII. "Logic" and "Rhetoric," from the same Fresco (*Photogravure from a study by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 390

XXXVIII. "Astronomy," from the same Fresco (*Photogravure from a study by Ruskin*) . „ „ 396

XXXIX. "The Visible Church," by Simon Memmi (*Photogravure from a photograph*) . . „ „ 437

XL. The Pope and the Emperor, from the same Fresco (*Photogravure from a study by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 438

"THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER"

(*Photogravures from Photographs*)

XLI. General View . . . . . *Between pp.* 466, 467

XLII. The Doorway . . . . . „ „

XLIII. The Creation of Man, Creation of Woman, Original Labour . . . . . „ „

XLIV. Jabal, Jubal, Tubal-Cain, Noah . . „ „

XLV. Astronomy, Building, Pottery, Riding . „ „

XLVI. Weaving, The Giving of Law, Dædalus, Navigation . . . . . „ „

XLVII. Hercules and Antæus, Ploughing, The Chariot, The Lamb . . . . . „ „

XLVIII. Geometry, Sculpture, Painting, Grammar „ „

XLIX. Arithmetic, Music, Logic, Harmony . . „ „

ILLUSTRATIONS PRINTED IN THE TEXT

FIG. PAGE

1. The Campo Santo, Pisa (*from a drawing by Hugh Allen*) . 29

2. Cyclopean Architecture on the East Gate of Lucca (*from a tracing by Hugh Allen from a drawing by Ruskin*) . . . 100

3. Cyclopean Architecture at Orvieto (*from a tracing by Hugh Allen from a drawing by Ruskin*) 101

4. Pediment of the Bishop's Throne in the Duomo, Assisi (*from a tracing by Hugh Allen from a drawing by Ruskin*) . 106

5. Christ in Judgment, by Orcagna (*from Didron's woodcut*) and Michael Angelo (*tracing by Hugh Allen*) 150

FACSIMILES

Key-plan describing the Contents of the Study at Brantwood . . . . . *To face page* lxviii

A Page of the MS. of "Val d'Arno" (§ 23) . . „ „ 22

A Page of the MS. of "Mornings in Florence" (§§ 68, 69) . . . . . *Between pages 362, 363*

Note.—Of the additional plates introduced in this volume, No. VII. has appeared before in a separate publication (see p. 30 *n.*).

Of Ruskin's drawings here given, the *frontispiece* (the study of Botticelli's "Zipporah") was shown at Brighton in 1876 (see below, p. 470) and was No. 112 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXIII

This is a Florentine volume. It contains two courses of Oxford lectures (delivered respectively in 1873 and 1874) which dealt with Tuscan Art, and to these it adds the "simple studies of Christian Art for English travellers" entitled *Mornings in Florence* (1875–1877), with its supplementary volume of illustrations called *The Shepherd's Tower.* Other courses of lectures were delivered by Ruskin at Oxford in 1873 and 1874; but as these were on natural science, they are reserved for other volumes. The contents of the present volume are, then: I. *Val d'Arno*, being "Ten Lectures on the Tuscan Art directly antecedent to the Florentine Year of Victories" (1250). These lectures were delivered in the October term 1873, and published a year later; the delay was caused by the preparation of the illustrations. II. *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Art in Florence* (1300–1500). These lectures, which are now published for the first time, were delivered in Michaelmas Term 1874. III. *Mornings in Florence.* This was published at intervals during the years 1875, 1876, 1877. Ruskin's serious illness in the following year prevented its completion. An additional chapter written for Ruskin by Mr. R. Caird is now for the first time published. IV. *The Shepherd's Tower* (1881). In connexion with "The Sixth Morning," which described the bas-reliefs on Giotto's Tower, Ruskin issued at a later date a series of photographs of them, with a Preface which, with reproductions of the photographs, is here given. Finally, in an Appendix, there are given, first, some Notes for an Eton Lecture (1874), headed by Ruskin "Giotto's Pet Puppy"; secondly, a passage upon Giotto and Niccola Pisano, which was perhaps written for the lectures on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence;* and, thirdly, a Note which Ruskin contributed to an Exhibition Catalogue in 1876, illustrative of Botticelli's "Zipporah," in the "Life of Moses"—a picture which is described in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence.* It is hoped that the collection into one volume of Ruskin's Florentine studies will be found of some special interest by readers who are visiting, or are familiar with, that city.

1873

In 1873 Ruskin delivered at Oxford, in the Michaelmas Term, the course of lectures which comes first in this volume. Earlier in the year he had delivered a few lectures on Birds (Vol. XXV.). For the rest, the year was one of quiet work; nor did he take any foreign tour: it was a Brantwood year. His diary written there shows how it began:—

> "The two first days of the year spent actively on rush blossom and paper cones (Jan. 4)."[1]
>
> "Books and coins all being ordered and catalogued as fast as may be (Jan. 20)."

So, in a letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn (January 19), he says:—

> "I am taking a real 'rest' just now—a wonderful thing for me to do. I have finished my February *Fors*, and won't work at anything for a little while except cataloguing my books and such sleepinesses."

And again, a few days later (in an undated letter to Mrs. Severn):—

> "The light has come at last—the snow is divine on the hills, and illuminates my study all into its corners. I can paint, and think, and do everything quite nicely. I'm cataloguing my books, and finding my coins, and really it's a sort of ideal life now, so quiet and far away, and yet with so many pretty things about me, and lake and mountains outside, and my Joanie and Arfie loving me all the while."
>
> "Worked well at Miracles[2] and coins (Jan. 26)."
>
> "8 February [his birthday]. Opened at Ecclesiasticus, 50, 17, reading on to 18, and by chance, 8.[3] I must try to make my daily life more perfect as I grow old. Write this and my Greek notes at seven morning, sans spectacles."
>
> "Much tried and depressed last night; better, and with good thoughts of Swallow lecture,[4] this morning, as if by reaction (March 31)."

[1] Drawings for the Oxford Collection: see Vol. XXI. pp. 285, 308.

[2] A paper on "The Nature and Authority of Miracle" (reprinted in a later volume of this edition), read to the Metaphysical Society in February 1873, and printed in the following month's number of the *Contemporary Review*.

[3] "And as the flower of *roses* in the spring of the year."

[4] Delivered at Oxford on May 2, 1873, and printed as Lecture ii. in *Love's Meinie*.

"Too little done, alas, always. Still I've made out wing, and painted tree (April 5)."

"It is curious I have so little satisfaction in work done: only a wild longing to do more, and always thinking of beginning life—when I am drawing so fast towards its end (April 11)."

Such entries give us a good glimpse of Ruskin's days of quiet work at home; of his studies of leaves and stones and coins; of his writing now upon Miracles for the Metaphysical Society, and now upon Tuscan Art or upon Birds for his Oxford lectures; and of the reverent spirit which consecrated all his laborious days. He went up to London in February to read the paper on Miracles (see a later volume), and to Oxford in March to give the first of his lectures on Birds; other lectures of the course were given in May, and two of them were repeated at Eton. "The Eton boys gave me such a cheer last night," he wrote to Mrs. Severn, after one of the Eton lectures (letter undated), "as I've never yet had in my life. I hope to be very useful to them." But for the rest, all the early part of the year, as also the spring and summer, were spent quietly at Brantwood. The Lake Country in winter —its most attractive season, as many of its lovers consider—was new to him, and he enjoyed it greatly:—

"*January* 23.—Entirely clear starlight and snowlight, with sickle of crystal moon, at half-past five. Yesterday a glorious walk in north wind. The stream and old bridge in Yewdale greatly sweet to me. Strange coming and going of clouds; purple sunset; pillars of reflection at the Waterhead."

"*January* 31.—Yesterday across to Coniston Hall, and divine walk up stream and by the foot of Old Man to Walney Scar. North wind bracing, not cold. Frost delicious, icicles at cascade."

"*February* 23.—Yesterday divinest walk through sunny peaceful glades of Mr. Marshall's[1] to the rocks above his tarn—quite, I am certain, one of the finest views in Europe (admitting heather and rock to be lovely, having these in perfection, and lake, sea, and vale besides)."

"*February* 25.—Yesterday entirely radiant in calm frost and pure snow. Rowed to Fir Island, the beauty of it and intense quiet making me feel as if in a feverish dream. A robin met and waited by me at each of the two places where I landed, and flitted from stone to stone at the water's edge."

"*March* 1.—Not the first mild day of it;[2] bitter frost, white fog.

[1] Mr. Victor Marshall, of Monk Coniston, one of Ruskin's nearest neighbours.
[2] Wordsworth: "To my Sister." Compare Vol. XVII. p. 376.

Yesterday, all day lovely; I walking to and fro on my road thinking how blessed I was to have such a place. Helvellyn, silver white in the north; the lake, silver pure, far south, between wild trunks of trees and sweet rocks by wayside. That it is a *way*, too—yet so quiet!"

"*April* 12.—Yesterday, with Downs, up ravine of Wetherlam; I across alone to Colwith Fall. Never saw anything of its kind so lovely in my life as the afternoon sunlight on the folds of Wetherlam, and the quiet fields and brook of Little Langdale. In the morning, cutting wood faggots. Pretty common snake among the dry leaves."

"*April* 21 (letter to Mrs. Severn).—What would I not give to have had you here to-day and yesterday! The sky literally cloudless—the clearness far more exquisite than I remember even in earliest childhood—every bank one garland of primrose, oxalis, and anemone, and the young ferns all green and curled; and the violets wherever a bit of blue will be lovely.

"The streams have nearly faded into silence, their pools quiet like large emeralds, laced together by threads of silver. I drove to Langdale yesterday with Burgess and Downs. Walked home past Wordsworth's Blea Tarn, the scene of the *Excursion*—absolutely *no* cloud in the sky. This morning, at five, the rosy light on the Old Man reflected in *utter* calm by the lake, with a long line of blue wood smoke level, like a cloud, in the shadow between. I *never* saw anything so lovely."

"*April* 25 (diary).—Worked with Burgess and Downs on Harbour; found it much nicer in company than alone. Chopped path from gate of garden up to my own rest-garden, with my own hand, in exquisite twilight."

"*July* 17.—Yesterday up Wetherlam, and down by the upper Tarn, by myself. Stayed on top of second peak of Wetherlam, seeing at once Skiddaw, Saddleback, Scawfell, Helvellyn, the Langdales, Blea Tarn, Windermere (nearly all), and Lancashire and the sea as far as Preston, and in the midst of it, my own little nest. Came down by miner's cottage, and heard of boy, from sixteen to twenty-four, dying of crushed thigh, and *I* am discontented. But the mystery and sadness of it all."

How characteristic of Ruskin's work is the mingled note of beauty and sadness in these entries! The hand which penned them was busy, at alternate moments, in writing pages of *Proserpina* or *Deucalion*—revealing the delicate beauties of flower and herb, or translating into words the splendour of the Iris of the Earth[1]—and in hurling through

[1] The title of chapter vii. in *Deucalion*.

Fors Clavigera thunderbolts of passionate indignation against the faults and follies of the age, and the whole fabric of the modern world. It is the commingling of the two notes which gives the special quality to Ruskin's work. He was at once a prophet prophesying against the evil of the world and a magician revealing its beauty. "My work is very complex just now," he wrote to Mrs. Severn (March 3), "Birds, *Fors*, Flowers, and Botticelli all in a mess; house-building here and garden-planning and harbour-digging." His literary work for the year was miscellaneous. In addition to the usual monthly numbers of *Fors Clavigera* and the essay on Miracles, already mentioned, he engaged in controversy upon Political Economy with W. R. Greg and Professor Hodgson;[1] he wrote upon Mr. Ernest George's etchings;[2] he sent an Address to the Mansfield Art School;[3] published two parts of *Love's Meinie* and one of *Ariadne Florentina*;[4] brought out new editions of *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice*, and reissued *The Crown of Wild Olive* with a new Appendix, containing an analysis of part of Carlyle's *Friedrich*. He was also "hard at work on new elements of drawing,"[5] though none of this (*The Laws of Fésole*) saw the light till some years later. Among the books which he read, in addition to the daily study of the Bible (in Greek and English), were Callimachus[6] —"very delicious and fruitful to me," and a collection of early French romantic poetry—the book of The Hundred Ballads; this he studied very minutely, making notes and, sometimes, a translation.[7] He was also reading during some weeks *The Romance of the Rose* in a French manuscript. Each day he copied out several lines, noting obscure words, and occasionally amusing himself by translating the French into English verse. His books written at this time contain many references to the poem which Chaucer turned into English.[8] With regard to his home amusements, the "garden-planning" may best be reserved for

[1] See Vol. XVII. pp. 503–505, 553 *seq.*

[2] Vol. XIV. pp. 335 *seq.*

[3] Afterwards added to *A Joy for Ever:* see Vol. XVI. pp. 153 *seq.*

[4] See Vol. XXII. p. 392 *n.* (a note added "at Assisi, June 9th"). Compare *ibid.*, pp. 409, 444.

[5] *Letters to Norton*, vol. ii. p. 67 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).

[6] Quoted in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 195 (Vol. XX. p. 343), and *Ariadne Florentina*, § 221 (Vol. XXII. p. 451).

[7] The title of the book is *Le Livre des Cent Ballades contenant des conseils à un Chevalier pour aimer loialement et les responses aux ballades publié d'apres trois manuscrits . . . par le Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire*, Paris, 1868. Ruskin's copy (No. 323), with his annotations, and inscribed "Norman Hay Forbes, With John Ruskin's love, 23rd May 1888," is now in the possession of Mr. S. W. Bush, of Bath.

[8] See, for instance, below, pp. 61, 117, 138; *Ariadne Florentina*, § 57 (Vol. XXII. p. 336); *Love's Meinie*, §§ 35 *seq.*; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 24, 34, 45, 61.

the introduction to his book on flowers—*Proserpina.* To the house building and harbour digging, he refers in the present volume; they were occupations which gave him much amusement as well as hints for architectural points.[1] One of Ruskin's grandfathers had been a sailor, and he himself was fond of boats and shipping. The lake was thus one of the principal pleasures of Brantwood; "he liked going out," says Mr. Collingwood,[2] "when there was a little sea on, and white horses, and he would paddle away before the wind with great enjoyment." At first he had no harbour, and the boats were exposed to the storms, which can be wild enough, when they give their mind to it, on Coniston Water. So the construction of a breakwater was one of the lord of Brantwood's first concerns. At a later date (1875) two of his Oxford pupils and diggers[3]—the translators of Xenophon's *Economist* for *Bibliotheca Pastorum*—were invited to Brantwood to go through that book with him, and the harbour digging became one form of their daily exercise. They enclosed a small piece of the lake and then deepened it, to allow of the boats coming in, and also built steps up the bank to the garden path. Ruskin often joined them in the harbour making; and though, later on, a local mason was called in to finish the work and make an inner harbour, the work of the Oxford diggers still stands.

In 1873 Brantwood was ready for guests, and Ruskin received many. Early in the year came Lady Burne-Jones and her daughter:—

"One afternoon when it was too wet to go out at all, Mr. Ruskin took little Margaret with him into the drawing-room and played with her at jumping over piles of books that he built upon the floor. Of course nothing was allowed to interfere with the ordered routine of his life; which was literary work in the morning, bodily exercise in the afternoon, and music and reading aloud in the evening. Sometimes he invited visitors into his study, to show them books and minerals and pictures, or the beautiful view of the Old Man across Coniston Water, which lay beneath his window. This one room was light and bright, and filled with his presence in a wonderful way. . . . We seemed to leave him with the whole world for companion in his quiet room, and the lights of heaven for candles."[4]

[1] See *Val d'Arno*, §§ 142, 153 *n.* (below, pp. 86, 93).
[2] *Ruskin Relics*, 1903, p. 18.
[3] Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Wedderburn.
[4] *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 33. Mrs. Lynn Linton used to speak of Brantwood as "a dungeon" and as "stifled with shade." The old dining-room in particular was very dark and dull, with the hillside rising close to its windows. At a time later than this visit of Lady Burne-Jones Ruskin built a new dining-room looking to the lake (the ground-floor room at the extreme right of the house in the plate. The next two windows are those of Ruskin's study; his bedroom was above it, though he sometimes occupied the turret-room).

Brantwood

Other children of whom Ruskin saw much at this time were Miss Violet and Miss Venice Hunt, daughters of Alfred Hunt, who came with his wife to stay at Brantwood, and afterwards settled for a time in Coniston.[1] "Venice" (Mrs. W. Benson) was his godchild, and Ruskin was at one time minded to adopt her. Miss Violet Hunt has printed some pleasant reminiscences of these days at Brantwood (though the first of her incidents belongs to Denmark Hill days):—

"Ruskin loved children, but I think that the abnormal in them was what appealed to him. He was puzzled by the absolutely natural child. Once, when he was showing his Turner, 'The Slave Ship,'[2] we asked him cheerfully what all those people were doing in the water. 'Drowning!' he said; 'they have been thrown overboard to lighten the ship.' But the legs of the slaves were thick and unlike legs, and so altogether comic, that the more my mother and Mr. Ruskin explained to us that these unfortunates were in mortal anguish and fear of death, the more we giggled. I remember his awestruck face as he leaned across towards my mother, saying, '*Are* children like that?' Even in his play with us he called for the exercise of that forbearance towards its well-meaning but blundering elder which is innate in all children. We thought 'J. R.' charmingly unpractical. Mr. Ruskin used to take us out nutting in the woods, carrying an axe to cut down the trees, so that we should be able to reach the nuts. We disapproved of the plan; nuts so easily gotten lost all their savour. . . . Then he played hide-and-seek with us, and I remember how the word went round among the three little conspirators to spare the Professor's feelings and not find him too readily. I can see now his slim back lying spread out on a rock near the waterfall, looking like a grey trout that had somehow got on to the bank, in the full view of six sharp eyes, that politely ignored him for a time. Being full of hero-worship, and anxious to ascertain from him his views on every subject whatsoever—a pleasure in which my sisters were as yet too young to share—I used to prefer a *tête-à-tête* walk. His little bow of assent when I timidly asked him flattered the woman in the child. I remember saying as we set out one Saturday: 'Mr. Ruskin, before we start, do tell me if we shall be asked to come here again next Saturday.' 'Certainly,' he said, 'but why should you think of that now? Sufficient for the day is the happiness thereof.' 'No,' I said courageously—I was only eleven—'I can be so much happier to-day if I know it is not the last—if I know I am going to be happy another day—if this day is only a *piece* of happiness, not the whole of it.' 'Poor child,' he said, in a tone of intense commiseration which I could not understand then, though I do now."[3]

[1] See Vol. XIV. p. 298.
[2] Plate 12 in Vol. III. Ruskin sold the picture in 1869 (*ibid.*, p. lv.).
[3] "Ruskin as a Guide to Youth:" *Westminster Gazette*, February 3, 1900.

Miss Violet Hunt tells me how well she remembers also Ruskin describing to her what he saw from his bedroom windows—"all the mountains of the earth passing in procession, with the Coniston Old Man at their head."

Presently Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn were established at Brantwood. "Yesterday," he notes (July 3), "Joanna and Arthur and baby arrive all safe—to my great comfort and, I think, theirs." Among the visitors entertained at Brantwood in this year were Lord and Lady Mount-Temple. The elders did not have to make the same indulgent allowance as the children to Ruskin's efforts to please them:—

"Mrs. Severn has a lively story of an excursion with them to Monk Coniston Tarn,[1] a pretty bit of water on the hills, with a fine panorama of mountains all round—the show-place of Coniston. It was a foggy morning, but he hoped it would clear; and they drove through the woods in expectation, but it was still foggy. They got out of the carriage and walked to the finest point of view; still the fog would not lift. Then Ruskin waved his hand and pointed to the scene they ought to see; and in his best eloquence, and with growing warmth, described the lakelet embosomed in its woods and moors, Helvellyn and the Pikes, Bow Fell and Wetherlam, and the Coniston Old Man. For a moment it seemed as if the whole was before their eyes; and then they burst out laughing. 'After all,' said Lady Mount-Temple, 'is not this the best that we could have?' 'And to me,' said Ruskin, with his old-fashioned courtliness, 'what view could be so entirely delightful?'"[2]

Coventry Patmore was another visitor (though in 1875, not 1873), and his letters give us characteristic glimpses of Ruskin as host:—

"Yesterday afternoon," writes Patmore from Brantwood, "I had a long walk with Ruskin, and a great deal of interesting talk. Mr. and Mrs. Severn are here, and a gentleman named Burgess, who seems to be a kind of artistic assistant to Ruskin, whose attention is at present given to Botany. He is at present copying a patch of moss on a rockside above some water, in which water he sits half the day—of course by the help of a chair and a footstool."

"Ruskin's ordinary manners are courteous and obliging almost to an embarrassing degree, but a little scratch or contradiction will put him out strangely. I was walking with him and Severn among the mountains near Coniston, and we stopped to admire the beauty of a wild strawberry plant, which was in fruit and flower at the same time, in a nook by a

[1] See above, p. xxi. (diary for February 23).
[2] *Ruskin Relics*, by W. G. Collingwood, p. 227.

little gully. As we went on Ruskin said to me, 'I suppose, Patmore, that we are the only three men in England who would have passed that plant without eating the fruit.' I, shy of praise for such a singular sensibility, replied, 'I believe, Ruskin, that you are the only man in England who would have thought of eating it.' He was evidently hurt, and was quite silent for some time."

"Nothing can be kinder and more sedulously courteous than Ruskin; and the Severns are a delightfully pleasant, lively, and unaffected couple. My whole day, every day since I have been here, has been filled with healthy, active amusement—rowing in the morning, walking up the mountains in the afternoon; and talking, laughing, and listening to nice unlearned music in the evenings.

"I leave here to-morrow. . . . I daresay I shall have a good time, though not so good as I am having here, with Ruskin almost all to myself." [1]

Let us also be of the invited company, and spend a day at Brantwood with Ruskin at home: [2]—

"A moderate-sized house, half covered with creepers; its walls of a pale yellow, that looks almost white from a distance; its principal windows overlooking the Lake of Coniston, and facing the 'Old Man's' rocky peak; the rest almost shut in by the trees at either side and the hill that rises up abruptly at the back—such is the home which Mr. Ruskin bought, without even seeing it first, some seven years ago, wherein, amid the treasures of art he has collected and the scenery he loves, he contrives (to quote his own words) to 'get through the declining years of my æsthetic life.' [3]

"A short drive, over which the shady trees almost meet, and the visitor has come from the high-road up to the house, the entrance to which might seem somewhat gloomy were it not for the glimpses of blue lake he catches here and there. Pause in the hall a few minutes if you would see two figures by Burne-Jones before you pass to the cheerful drawing-room. Here, since its windows look on the lake, the pleasant breakfast-table is brought in daily, and Mr. Ruskin's guests enjoy the Brantwood strawberries and the cream from the farm across the hill, while their host, who has breakfasted already and been writing *Proserpina* or *Deucalion,* or whatever is in hand, almost since sunrise, reads aloud now the results of his morning's work, courting criticism instead of being offended at it like smaller men; now some extracts from the letters which have just come; and now, when

[1] *Coventry Patmore,* by Basil Champneys, vol. i. pp. 284, 285.

[2] The following account is taken from the *World* of August 29, 1877; it was headed "Celebrities at Home, No. LIV. Professor Ruskin at Brantwood." The article was written by Mr. Wedderburn. See also two articles (also by Mr. Wedderburn), entitled "A Lake-side Home," in the *Art Journal,* November and December, 1881.

[3] *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 76 (Notes and Correspondence).

the meal is nearly over, he opens a book reserved for this occasion, and the party are treated to no common reading of one of Scott's novels. Here, in the evening, when they have watched the sunset splendour pass from crimson into grey till the mountain ridges stand out sharp and black against the star-bright sky, all reassemble—some from the lake's shore, where a cigarette has been secretly smoked, while the Professor, who does not like any sign of tobacco near him, has been taking his after-dinner nap—and the day's last hours are spent in lively talk or at chess, a game of which Mr. Ruskin is fond, and at which he is not unskilful. Sometimes a book—one of Miss Edgeworth's old-fashioned stories, perhaps—is taken up and read aloud, as at breakfast, the others sitting at the chessboard or making sketches in pen and ink, while the best of hostesses and kindest of cousins does a woman's duty at the tea-table. Round them hang some good drawings by Prout; a lovely village maid from Gainsborough's easel;[1] four Turners, which are carefully covered over when the room is unoccupied; a painting of 'Fair Rosamond' by Burne-Jones; and one or two sketches by Mr. Ruskin himself.

"Across the hall the dining-room is entered, and here the eye lights on two portraits by Northcote, over the sideboard, of Mr. Ruskin's parents; whilst in the same room are two 'Annunciations,' both by Tintoret, and, to omit the rest, there hangs above the chimney-piece Turner's portrait of himself in youth,[2] and we see that the mouth which was afterwards sensual was once softly sweet. But it is in the 'Professor's study' that those who would know of Mr. Ruskin at home must be most interested.[3] The room is long and low, with two large windows opening out upon the lake. At one end is the fireplace, over which is hung Turner's 'Lake of Geneva,' a water-colour remarkable for its splendour and unusual size; at the other is the occupant's writing-table. The walls are rightly covered with book-cases and cabinets rather than with pictures. Here are the original MSS. of *The Fortunes of Nigel* and a volume of Scott's letters; here a 'Fielding' on large paper and an edition of Plato by a distinguished divine have honourable place; here some specimens of the binder's art and the best that printing can do; and humbly hidden here behind some other volumes are copies, kept for reference or for gift, of the Works of John Ruskin. In this corner stand three marble figures, which once helped to support a font, chiselled by Nicolo Pisano, and broken, it is said, by Dante;[4] and lying on the table is a book of drawings in sepia, by Mantegna and Botticelli, which the British Museum thought it could not afford to buy.[5] This cabinet contains, admirably arranged on variously coloured velvets,

[1] The frontispiece to Vol. XXII.
[2] The frontispiece to Vol. XIII.
[3] See Plate B; with the key-plan and Ruskin's inventory on p. lxviii.
[4] See *Ariadne Florentina*, § 67 (Vol. XXII. p. 343).
[5] See Vol. XXII. p. xxxviii.

A. Macdonald

J. and G. Nicholls

Ruskin's Study at Brantwood

the half of Mr. Ruskin's valuable collection of minerals, the greater part of which was once the property of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe. These drawers are full of illuminated missals and fine old manuscripts (though the best, perhaps, lie in the Professor's rooms at Corpus); and here is a cabinet filled with drawings, not a few by Turner, which it would take long to partially enjoy.

"Thus much has been done to make the interior of the house as interesting as it is comfortable; and outside too, Brantwood is very different from what it was when its former owner — a writer, we believe, of Radical pamphlets[1] — had but lately left it desolate. The turret-window at one corner of the house has been built since then, that its present master may, from his chamber, see the hills at dawn on almost every side; the well stocked gardens, one sacred to Mr. Ruskin's especial pleasure, another made lovely with standard roses and terraces of grass—all give evidence of a characteristic taste; and the harbour at their foot was begun three summers back by two of the Professor's undergraduate 'diggers,' who enjoyed a month of his genial hospitality. For as a host Mr. Ruskin possesses that uncommon faculty of making his guests forget that his house is not their own. To its favoured frequenters Brantwood is Liberty Hall indeed; perfect freedom is allowed them in all they do; and they are not bound to follow out plans laid down in a series of programmes for their supposed amusement, though, if the day be fine, the Professor will take an oar and pull across the lake to show them the old Hall, now a farm, which was once the home of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and where her brother 'Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, lived for a time in our Arcadia of western meres.'[2] Gathered round the pleasantest of tables, the inmates of Brantwood enjoy the freest 'flow of soul'; their host directs and sustains, but never monopolises, the talk; nor need any be afraid of being victimised by that spirit of self-conscious dictation or affected silence which has been known to spoil enjoyment in the company of some literary men.

"Mr. Ruskin rises early, as we have said, and writes for three hours before his guests are down. Breakfast over, he retires to his study to answer numerous letters or complete some piece of unfinished work, or will go out on to the hill, perhaps, and make a delicately-finished study of rock and grass for the engraver's hand to copy. Between one and six o'clock, the tourist in the Lakes may see a slight figure dressed in a grey frock-coat (which the people round, ignorant of Ascot, believe unique), and wearing the bright blue tie so familiar to audiences at Oxford and elsewhere, walking about the quiet lanes, sitting down by the harbour's side, or rowing on the water. The back is somewhat bent, the light-brown hair straight and long, the whiskers scarcely showing signs of eight-and-fifty summers

[1] See Vol. XXII. p. xxi.
[2] Preface (§ 1) to *Rock Honeycomb* in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*.

numbered, and the spectator need not be surprised at the determined energy with which a boat is brought to shore or pushed out into the lake.

"Sometimes a friend breaks in on this peaceful time, and is met with both hands outstretched, whilst the gentle look in the clear blue eyes and a few low-voiced words give him full assurance that he is entirely welcome. To such the place is gladly shown; and a walk is taken up the grass paths cut through the woods, with seats placed where the views are best, to look out over mountain and lake, and be taught, maybe, in the rich colours and fleecy clouds, the utter rightness of Turner; till, ascending higher, an admiring eye must be cast on a bit of rough ground red with heather, which, lying just beyond the boundaries of Brantwood, the Professor laughingly calls his 'Naboth's vineyard.'"

1874

In October Ruskin left Brantwood to keep term, and deliver his lectures (*Val d'Arno*), at Oxford. Account of them is given below (p. liv.); Ruskin stayed on when the course was finished, to teach in his school. He spent the end of the year, and the early days of 1874, partly at Margate—being led there by desire to study Turner's skies[1]—and partly in London, where he went through a round of theatres and pantomimes.[2] He was again in Oxford in the Lent term of 1874, and had announced himself to give in March "Three Lectures on the Relations of Outline between Rock and Perpetual Snow in the Alps."[3] But as the appointed day drew near, Ruskin, who was at the time in much distress of spirit, felt himself unable to face the ordeal. "The giving up lectures," he wrote to Mrs. Arthur Severn, "does not mean any giving *in*, but that I have no heart or strength for *speaking*, and could not have looked people in the face. The sorrow so sucks the life out of me; but it increases the thoughtful power, and I'm doing really more than if I were at Oxford. But the Prince will be vexed; he really wanted to hear me lecture again." The geological lectures were accordingly postponed till the October term, and Ruskin went abroad for seven months.[4] This was a very busy tour; it affected

[1] Compare Vol. XIII. p. 470.

[2] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 38.

[3] *University Gazette*, January 23 and March 4, 1874.

[4] The itinerary of the tour was as follows: Boulogne (March 30), Paris (March 31), Chambéry (April 3), Turin (April 5), Genoa (April 6), Sesti (April 7), Pisa (April 9), Assisi (April 12), Rome (April 16), Naples (April 19), Palermo (April 22), Taormina (April 26), Palermo (April 30), Naples (May 1), Rome (May 4), Narni (May 16), Rome (May 20), Assisi (June 9 to July 11), Perugia (July 12, with frequent visits thence to Assisi, and also a day at Gubbio), Florence (July 25),

vitally Ruskin's views upon Italian art, and it provided most of the material which is worked up in the lectures on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools* and in *Mornings in Florence*. Ruskin on this occasion took no friends with him; though he was attended by his servant Crawley, a courier (Klein), and (for a short time) Mr. Allen. He started in great depression, and at Paris he found it necessary to take medical advice. But by the time he was fairly in Italy, the change of scene and work had effected a cure. "I am better," he writes to Mrs. Severn from Pisa (April 9); "indeed, nearly quite well to-day, and have already done all I had to do essential here, besides getting a lovely walk outside the walls. The courtesy and dignity of the older peasants, and the essential sweetness of character of the people generally, polluted and degraded as they are, touch me more deeply every time I return to Italy." From Pisa he went to Assisi. One of the main objects of his visit to Italy was to superintend, as a member of the council of the Arundel Society, the work of copying some of Giotto's frescoes in the two churches of St. Francis which the society had entrusted to Herr Kaiser.[1] This duty led Ruskin, as we shall see, into much fruitful study; but for the present he was content with a general inspection, and went on to Rome, *en route* for Sicily. His friends Colonel and Mrs. Yule[2] and their daughter (Miss Amy Yule) were at this time living at Palermo, and they had pressed him to come and see them. The few days which he spent at Rome were pleasant. "I am quite well," he wrote to Mrs. Arthur Severn (April 18), "and enjoying myself as I haven't done these twenty years, I think:"—

> "There's nothing here damaged that I care for (the Botticellis are so divine in their decay that I don't mind it), and I've just a sweet link or two of memory about 1841 and φίλη,[3] but no intensely happy days to mourn over, and there's something in the bigness of the places which suits me just now—I can't conceive why, but it

Lucca (July 28), Pistoia (August 6), Lucca (August 7), Florence (August 19 to September 18), Pistoia (September 19), Lucca (September 21), Spezia (September 30), Turin (October 3), Chambéry (October 4), Geneva (October 6), St. Martin (October 7), Chamouni (October 8), St. Martin (October 10), Chamouni (October 14), St. Martin (October 17), Geneva (October 19), Paris (October 20), Calais (October 21), Herne Hill (October 22).

[1] The drawings are now in the National Gallery. They were published by chromo-lithography by the Arundel Society.

[2] Sir Henry Yule (1820–1889); in Sikh wars 1845–1846, 1848–1849; under secretary to Indian public works department, 1855; secretary to mission to Burma, 1855; retired 1862; C.B., 1863; resided at Palermo, 1863–1875; member of Indian Council, 1875–1889; K.C.S.I., 1889.

[3] Lady Mount-Temple. See Vol. XVIII. p. 47, and for Ruskin's first sight of her in 1841, *Præterita*, ii. § 39.

> does. There's an aloe hedge in the back-garden here, with leaves —let me see, I mustn't exaggerate—I was going to say eighteen feet long, but they really *are* from six to nine feet long; a single aloe cluster would barely go into your back dining-room. Well, I vainly tried to explain to myself that a little saxifrage root at Brantwood was just as good. I liked the great big things *because* they were big, and bent over against me like a great green-blue wave of breaking sea. I had a nice day's work in the Sistine too, and have scaffolding up, and permission to work for six months (if I like), and if I don't bring home pretty Zipporah—I'm no professor of fine arts."

That piece of work was reserved till the visit to Sicily was over. The weather was unpropitious, for the wind was cold, and there are pages of his diary filled with the daily iniquities of the "Storm Cloud."[1] Naples he found to be "certainly the most disgusting place in Europe," combining "the vice of Paris with the misery of Dublin and the vulgarity of New York" (April 19)—"the most loathsome nest of human caterpillars I was ever forced to stay in,—a hell with all the devils imbecile in it" (April 20).[2] First impressions of Palermo were not encouraging either. "The general definition of Palermo is, I find, a town built of large stones of the colour of mud, with an iron *curled* balcony to every window and everybody's shirts, chemises, petticoats, and bedclothes hung out over them to dry" (April 21).

Next day he wrote some fuller *impressions de voyage*:—

> ". . . I am in a terribly bad humour to-day, the *black* cold wind having actually pursued me here, the only difference from London being the scorching and dangerous heat in the middle of the day. I have learned, however, three or four inestimable truths, by coming to Sicily. First, and not least, not to despise even the worst darkness of England, or storm of Coniston, as evils of a baser climate. That accursed wind takes them all over earth, and the orange groves are all blighted here, by the same storms that made me ill in passing the Cenis. Secondly, I gathered to-day the small blue iris, wild, on the rocks of Monreale, within half a mile of the Greek mosaics which represent it, and am now certain—matching the flower fresh gathered with the visible sea beyond Palermo —that Homer's *violet*-coloured sea[3] meant, as I have said it did,

[1] See his lecture in a later volume on "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century."

[2] His impressions of Naples on his return from Sicily were not more favourable: see Vol. XXII. pp. 410–411.

[3] See *Laws of Fésole*, Vol. XV. p. 426.

iris-coloured, and that the hitherto called 'violet' crocus of the Greeks were of *this* flower—the blue fleur-de-lys.[1]

"Thirdly, in the dustiest street of Palermo, or, at least, as dusty as well could be, I saw a group of serious players at bowls, but the bowls were—oranges. I thought this a very characteristic bit of street scene.

"Fourthly, I've seen Indian fig in perfection as a rock-plant, covering heights like Yewdale Crag with masses of its blue-green leaves, fixed like painted bronze.

"Fifthly, I've seen the tomb of Frederic II., and knelt at it! and am going to draw it to-morrow—God willing.

"In spite of all these, and several more valuable gains, I am on the whole in a very sulky humour; the misery and wrong on every side are so terrific, my own strength for good so lost, like a poor bee or ant drifted down a mill-race of foul water. One of the finest Gothic Saracen churches here was destroyed by the bombardment as late as '69! . . .

"Colonel Yule called this morning, to say I might take Amy to Messina if I liked. . . . I shall see Etna and Taormina, and probably be glad afterwards."

At Palermo Ruskin went of course to see the Metopes of Selinus in the Museum, and the diary (April 30) contains some notes upon them:[2]—

"The guttæ, like rough corks, absolutely simple chopped cylinders, gave me much to think of.

"Just the thing I should have liked best to see, Athena's head, gone. Her body beautiful.

"The earlier Perseus and Gorgon intensely comic.

"Horrible restorations forbid examination of the Actæon, but the crouching of the beaten dog is wonderful—the half-strangled one, held in the air, undercut, a complete dramatic piece of modernism. But Actæon's face, seen in front, is in repose, though sad; Diana's equally so. Hercules, curly short haired, with the true lovely head curve, equally dispassionate, though his foot curls over the Amazon's, but rather as a baby's curls over its mother's hand than with any expression of strength.

"The foreshortened horses of the chariot coming out of the metope, straight at us; the forelegs cut quite free, and the chariot carefully carved behind them—most new and interesting."

[1] See *Queen of the Air*, § 84 (Vol. XIX. p. 375); and Vol. XXI. p. 112.
[2] There is a reference to them, below, on p. 475.

From Palermo Ruskin went by sea to Messina, and thence by rail to Taormina. The views of Etna from that famous beauty-spot delighted him, and he wrote a full description to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

"Taormina, *Sunday, 26th April*, '74.—This morning, at five, or a little earlier, I saw the dawn come on Etna, the most awful thing I ever yet saw, in heaven or earth. By dawn, I mean rosy sunrise. I dressed by the early light at half-past four, and got out to a little lonely campo in front of a chapel, looking down, fifteen hundred feet, to the seashore, and across to Etna, whose cone rises in one long sweep. . . .

"Now that slope rises to more than 10,000 feet above the blue bay; there is 5000 feet (perpendicular) of height under snow, which is as much as in any first-rate Alp. And the summit, this morning, was throwing up white smoke in a perfectly vertical column, two thousand feet higher, and with a perfectly visible motion like that of ordinary slow smoke, at this distance—fifteen miles.

"The slightest sketch will be better than a volume of words. Look here, the sky was green and pure; the smoke column, where it was *dense*, caught the rose-light of sunrise like a white cloud, but when it became thin, came dark on the sky, slowly drifting away and returning in a nearer line, *across* the pillar of fire, which glowed through it. All in the most tender hues, but with the bloomy Italian depth in them, which is at least not to be done thus, in a blot. [Here is sketch.]

"Well, I can't go over my Etna, but the body of the cone ought to be darker against the sky, though it's snow; in shade, the purple blots at the bottom mean the mountain bare of snow, and just at the crater it is also melted away. Just at the moment when the sun touched the base of the smoke without descending to the mountain summit, it was literally the Israelite pillar of Fire and Cloud. Now, the smoke was rising at a rate which lifted the lowest wreath to the place where the pillar broke in about a minute or a minute and a half. Allowing from 2000 feet to half a mile for the height of the pillar, the smoke was rising at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles an hour, exploded with the velocity of an ordinary railroad train.

"At the instant the sunrise touched the top of the cone of the mountain itself, the belfry of the chapel beside me broke into a discordant jangle of deep-toned bells, as if to give warning to the whole village; beating first in slow time, one stroke, hard and loud; then quicker, and then with discordant clashes and hurries; the

bells very fine and solemn in tone, but dreadfully painful from the discordant and violent ringing. The quantity of horrible annoyance of moral as well as bodily nerve one has to bear sometimes from this entirely neglected and lost people (the higher in rank the worse) cannot be told; it makes me angry and sorrowful to a degree I never was yet—and you know that is saying much. Nevertheless, the discordance and almost terror of the beautiful body of sound was in a strange sympathy with the horror of the morning light—rose red—on the dreadful cone. It came lower, with no break from cloud; and down on the snow, as on Mont Blanc; and so down and down, till the great cone to the sea was all purple. Then gradually the light got pale and passed away into the white sunshine, a little arid and colourless, of an ordinary Italian morning; and now, half-past eight, it is misty and like England again. But I have got out of the power of the *black* wind at last; and a twilight walk, last night, when I saw the top of Etna for the first time, its smoke dark against the west, ought to be remembered by me for ever. But the overwhelming multitude of new impressions crush each other. Fancy, since yesterday morning at five o'clock, I have seen Charybdis, the rock of Scylla, the straits of Messina, Messina itself, now the second city in Sicily, the whole classical range of Panormus on one side, Calabria on the other, and a line of coast unequalled in luxuriance of beauty; every crag of it crested with Moorish or Saracenic or Norman architecture wholly new to me; a Greek theatre, the most perfect in Europe, now visible on one side of the valley beneath my window, and Etna on the other. And think that from the earliest dawn of Greek life that cone has been the centre of tradition and passion as relating to the gods of strength and darkness (Proserpine's city is in the mid-island, but in full sight of Etna), and you may fancy what a wild dream of incredible, labyrinthine wonder, it is to me."

The sketches of dawn and sunset on Etna, as seen from Taormina, are now in the Ruskin Art Collection at Oxford; as also in his drawing of the Tomb of Frederick II. at Palermo.[1]

Ruskin now returned to Rome, and set to work on his copy of Botticelli's "Zipporah." The study pleased him. "I have got my Zipporah," he wrote to Mr. Allen (May 20), "more to please me than anything I ever did." He was "convinced," he wrote to Mrs. Severn

[1] See Vol. XXI. pp. 150, 151, and Plate XL.; and for the latter drawing, Plate XVI. in this volume (below, p. 190). There is also at Brantwood a sunrise dated by Ruskin "Etna, ½ past four morning, 26 April 1874."

(May 13), "that copying frescoes ought now to be my main work till I am sixty." The copy had taken him fourteen working days in all. He made a study also of the little dog in the same picture. "Zipporah's pet doggie has cost me," he tells Mrs. Severn (June 3), "head for head, nearly as much trouble as his mistress. His little undulating soft mouth, with its intense enjoyment of dinner mixed with supreme impertinence, and the wink in his left eye, which shows that the principal enjoyment of his life is barking at Moses, have given me no end of trouble—but I've got him." This sketch of "Gershom's dog" is now in the possession of Mrs. W. G. Collingwood; the "doggie" is frequently referred to by Ruskin.[1] The more important study of Zipporah is at Brantwood, and forms the frontispiece to this volume. He sent it in 1876 to an exhibition at Brighton, and the note upon it which he wrote for the catalogue is here reprinted (p. 478). His work in the Sistine Chapel on this occasion is reflected also in the lecture upon Botticelli in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, and in the sixth lecture of *Ariadne Florentina*,[2] which, though originally delivered in December 1872, was not prepared for the press till 1874. Ruskin's letters to Miss Susan Beever[3] contain many charming records of these days at Rome. The Borghese Gardens, which he had never before seen, were a revelation to him:—

> "I wonder you and Mamie [Mrs. Hilliard]," he writes to Mrs. Severn (May 28), "did not make more fuss about those Borghese gardens when you found I had never seen them! Gardens, indeed! they're more like Windsor Forest, with stone pines for oaks. I got into them by mere chance last night as I was exploring; they had just cut the hay in them, and though a wet day had spoiled it, still there it lay in fresh swathes all up and down among the pines, a nightingale or two singing, and lots of rooks, giving themselves the clerical airs of jackdaws, talking—about the Immaculate Conception of Rooks, I suppose—at a great rate; the fountains playing and plashing about everywhere, rather more than one wanted after a wet day (and in fact, the Roman fountains have such a steady stream of water *always* splashing and sputtering out at you, from every conceivable corner, all day and night long, that one sometimes—such the inconsistency of nervous nature—wishes they would stop

[1] See Vol. XXII. pp. xxvii., xxviii., 486.
[2] See Vol. XXII. p. 442.
[3] In *Hortus Inclusus*, reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

for a minute or two). There was nobody in the gardens to enjoy these various pleasantnesses. The stupidity with which really nice people fall into the ways of nasty people, and let themselves be merely dragged round and round the Pincian, in a cloud of tobacco and dust, is a very curious phenomenon to me."

On this Italian tour Ruskin wrote an almost daily letter to his cousin, as in old times to his parents; and to her, as on former tours to his father, he described precisely how he spent his time:—

"Rome, Corpus Domini [*June* 4] '74.—I've never told you—though I've meant to twenty times—how I spend my Roman day. I rise at six, dress quietly, looking out now and then to see the blue sky through the pines beyond the Piazza del Popolo. Coffee at seven, and then I write and correct press till nine. Breakfast, and half-an-hour of Virgil, or lives of saints, or other pathetic or improving work. General review of colour-box and apparatus, start about ten for Sistine Chapel, nice little jingling drive in open one-horse carriage.

"Arrive at chapel, sauntering a little about the fountains first. Public are turned out at eleven, and then I have absolute peace with two other artists—each on a separate platform—till two, when public are let in again. I strike work; pack up with dignity; get away about three; take the first little carriage at door again, drive to Capitol, saunter a little about Forum, or the like, or into the Lateran, or San Clemente, and so home to dinner at five.

"Dine very leisurely; read a little French novel at dessert; then out to Pincian—sit among the roses and hear band play. Saunter down Trinità steps as it gets dark; tea; and a little more French novel; a little review of day's work; plans for to-morrow; and to bed.

"But to-day, instead of writing in the morning, I ordered carriage and went away at a quarter past seven, to San Paolo. It was a perfectly cloudless morning; and I got into the cloister, which is more beautiful by far than the Lateran, and just now full of roses, and painted the roses, as well as I could against the Byzantine pillars. When I was tired, and the sun got on the pillars, I wanted to be in shade; I went into the church and stood—and at last knelt—a long while, by St. Paul's grave.

"They were chanting very solemnly, with aiding organ, and the floor of the church was strewn with rose leaves for their Corpus Domini procession. I got thinking—more rightly, I believe, than

ever before—of St. Paul's work, and what the power of it had been; and how what had been most put to evil use in it was only corrupted by evil men. How still his work was perhaps to be done—in great part.

"Then I came away all across the fields beside Tiber, and under the Aventine home, and had my breakfast at half-past eleven; and then went and called on poor papa,[1] and found him better than I expected, and had a long nice talk with him. And he said he would like to see my drawings, so I'm going to put what I have in order, and to take him my folio, and Zipporah herself, to call, next Sunday morning, and say good-bye."

From Rome Ruskin returned to Assisi, where he settled down for several weeks of hard work. In addition to the tasks presently described, it appears from his diary that besides writing two numbers of *Fors Clavigera* he did work on *The Laws of Fésole*, *Deucalion*, and *Proserpina*. In that city of the saints he found an epitome of early Italian art[2] and a school of architecture.[3] His eyes were opened, as they had never been so fully before, to the genius of Giotto, and he entered into a communion of spirit with St. Francis which deeply coloured his later writings. Ruskin stayed at the inn, but he wrote in the Sacristan's cell; the little room is described in *Fors Clavigera*.[4] Fra Antonio became one of his dearest friends. Wherever Ruskin stayed and studied he made friends in this way, and the fact should be remembered when one reads his printed words of vituperation. "The accursed modern Italians," he was used to say;[5] and here from Assisi he wrote to Mrs. Severn (June 4) that "A beggar boy,—half idiot, whole devil, greatly irritates me. The quantity of wretches of this sort whom wholesome earthquake would swallow like Korah and make manure of! Korah was the mere representation of millions equally insolent and far more nasty who remain unburied."

But while Ruskin inveighed against his fellow-creatures in general, he endeared himself to individuals. He denounces the tribe of beggars; but at Rome, where a particular begging friar waylaid him each day outside the Hôtel de Russie to kiss his hand, "I took him round

[1] Mr. Arthur Severn's father, Joseph Severn, who died in 1879, aged eighty-five.

[2] See the passage given below, p. 207 *n.*

[3] See *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 15 (below, p. 194).

[4] Letter 46 ("The Sacristan"). Ruskin's drawing of the cell is in this edition reproduced in the volume containing that letter.

[5] Vol. X. p. 115 *n.*; and compare *Deucalion*, i. ch. v. § 7.

the neck," he says, "and kissed him instead."[1] And so it is that those who have followed Ruskin to his favourite places of sojourn, always find loving memories of him. Sir William Richmond has given some instances:—

"There was a certain Fra Giovanni, sacristan of the Church of S. Francesco d'Assisi, a great friend of mine some thirty-five years ago—alas, now he has joined the great majority. He was a tremendous snuff-taker, an eternal gossip, intensely human, with a childlike simplicity, and a mind as narrow as the blade of a knife. On returning to Assisi some years afterwards I learnt that Mr. Ruskin had been there for some months, and I gathered that he had taken hold of the very soul of the folk of Assisi, and engaged the adoration, respect, and friendship of Fra Giovanni, who could talk of nothing else but Mr. Ruskin. Dilating upon his industry, he explained the motives of the frescoes by Giotto in Italian, but after the true Ruskinian manner. Wrapped up in a pocket-handkerchief, after the fashion of the Italians, he kept letters from Mr. Ruskin, and treasured them like the relics of a saint. The Master annually forwarded a subscription towards the expenses of keeping the church clean, and also towards such repairs of the fabric as might be necessary.

"At Amiens he produced the same kind of effect. Nearly all the custodians of that cathedral, about which he wrote so charmingly, possess letters from Mr. Ruskin, written with as much care as to matter and style as if they had been intended for publication. In Perugia the same tale is told of him. There is something very touching in this. Eloquent men are apt to forget, and vain men to be content with the possession of an audience; it is only great men who prolong a friendship into space, without any chance of return through the Post Office or Telegraph, remaining content with the certainty of a bond of real sympathy which space cannot destroy."[2]

It was the same thing at the Armenian Convent,[3] and again at Lucca, where Ruskin spent some weeks of this summer, and which he visited again in 1882.[4] Ruskin felt the power he thus had of attracting

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 56.

[2] "Ruskin as I knew Him," in *St. George*, vol. v. p. 297. Sir William Richmond writes of Fra Giovanni. Ruskin's more particular friend was Fra Antonio Coletti. Two Brothers only had been allowed to remain after the secularisation of the convent: "One, the sacristan who has charge of the entire church; the other, exercising what authority is left to the convent among the people of the town" (Letter of April 14, 1874, in *Hortus Inclusus*).

[3] See Vol. XX. p. l.

[4] The following is an extract from Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's *In Tuscany*, 1901—a book which in its sympathetic portraiture of "Tuscan Types" would have

devotion from sympathetic souls. During his first days at Assisi he had written to Mrs. Arthur Severn (April 12):—

> ". . . I find the air here seems exactly good for me, and am very sorry to leave, even for a short time; but I shall see much that will be most useful to me. I hope, above all, the battlefield of Benevento, and Manfred's Saracen fortress, Nocera. . . .
>
> "My Arundel work here will require extreme patience and resolution, the difficulties are very great, and I don't believe anybody but myself could deal with them. I have a great sense of being entirely in the right place here (as of utter uselessness at Oxford).
>
> "An extraordinary fit of wellness has succeeded the extraordinary fit of illness. At Genoa I felt as if I could do nothing; and here I have suddenly great appetite, enjoyment of my work, and capability of thinking and directing without fatigue. . . .
>
> "Padre Antonio rejoices in the hope of giving me my coffee every day at one o'clock, and every face in the streets seems kind to me. Begging enough, of course, but sincere and frank; as of poor clanspeople asking a chief's help—not impostors making the most of a stranger.
>
> "If I chose to stay long, or returned annually, in seven years I could be as much a chief as Fergus McIvor—only ruling for peace and good instead of trouble. The least word of kindness opens a fountain of passion in a moment."

He relented even to one of his favourite *bêtes noires*, when he met him in the flesh. "A long and useful talk with Cavalcaselle makes me sorry," he notes in his diary (Assisi, July 10), "for what I thought against him."

greatly pleased the editor of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine:* "In turning over the leaves of the visitors' book at the inn [the Albergo dell' Universo at Lucca] I discovered unexpected and exalted testimony to its worth. This is what I found :—

> 'Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Collingwood stayed here three weeks in the October of 1882, and have been entirely comfortable in the care of M. Nieri and his servants.'

The Lucchesi remember Mr. Ruskin's several visits very well, and with much pride and pleasure. They tell many an anecdote about the 'gran scrittore inglese,' who used to go about with a man bearing a ladder, and scale the façades and interiors of their churches, peering into all manner of nooks and crannies with strange persistency and devotion. And the landlady of the Universo will tell you, not without a touch of compassion in her voice, how the 'povero Signor Collingwood' was made to lie on his back, and copy the design on the ceiling of the Master's bedroom. Small wonder when one has seen the design, which is delicate and extremely beautiful" (p. 150).

Ruskin, then, loved his fellow-men, when he came into personal contact with them. But he could never go to Italy without finding new instances of old buildings destroyed, pictures repainted, or spots sacred to him by early associations and for their own sake vulgarised by the march of "progress." Such experiences filled him with feverish impatience to snatch records of beautiful things while yet there was time. "My time is passed," he wrote from Florence in this year, "in a fierce steady struggle to save all I can every day, as a fireman from a smouldering ruin, of history or aspect."[1] The experience filled him also with furious indignation at those who were responsible for the destruction. This responsibility must be shared, he felt, by all who consented to, or even who remained passive under, the wrong-doing. These are the feelings which explain Ruskin's refusal of an honour which the Royal Institute of British Architects desired to do him at this time. In March 1874 the Institute had resolved to award to Ruskin the gold medal of the year. The intimation reached him when he was in Italy, and after taking time to consider the matter he wrote from Rome declining the medal. He set out a list of the architectural vandalisms which he had witnessed in Italy, and "under these circumstances," he said, "I cannot but feel that it is no time for us to play at adjudging medals to each other." His friend, Sir Gilbert Scott, the President of the Institute, earnestly begged him to reconsider this refusal, but Ruskin wrote from Assisi, on June 12, declining so to do. He took occasion to emphasise what he considered the root of the evil, namely, architects' "commission on the cost"—a point which will be found noticed in this volume;[2] and he cited, as further cases of vandalism, the "miserable repainting" of the Upper Church at Assisi, and "the destruction of one of the loveliest scenes in Italy—the fountains between the buttresses of Santa Chiara."[3] The correspondence, as a writer in the *Journal* of the Institute remarks, was "eminently characteristic of the lofty-minded irreconcilable, who in his actions came as near putting into practice his own counsels of perfection as is given to a man to do."[4]

Ruskin's first work at Assisi was to study the frescoes attributed to Giotto in the Upper Church, which were among the works to be

[1] See letter of August 25, 1874, in *Hortus Inclusus* (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).

[2] See p. 82.

[3] Also at Assisi.

[4] The correspondence was first published in the *Journal* for February 10, 1900. It is reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

copied for the Arundel Society. The walls of the apse and transept of that church were painted, it will be remembered, by Cimabue and Giunta Pisano: all these paintings are much ruined, or repainted; in the nave, beneath Cimabue's, are frescoes of the Life of St. Francis, always attributed to Giotto, and commonly supposed to be early and indisputable creations of his brush. In the Lower Church the triangular spaces in the vault over the High Altar contain Giotto's frescoes of the three counsels of perfection (the Marriage of St. Francis with Holy Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience) and St. Francis in Glory. In the south transept is a large fresco, attributed to Cimabue, of the Madonna and Child, with St. Francis and four angels. Ruskin, in a letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn (June 25), gave his first impressions derived from the study of these various works:—

> "I want really to tell you, now, something of what I'm about here, now that I begin to know it myself. I really didn't know what I *was* about for the first ten days.
>
> "In the first place, there's a series of paintings in the Upper Church, said to be by Giotto, which I came to direct the copyist of for the Arundel Society.
>
> "These paintings have been slightly injured by damp. Most of the figures have one eye out, and many two; those which have bodies are usually without legs, and those which have legs, usually without heads. All the blues have turned green, most of the greys pink, most of the whites black, and the greater part of the rest of the colour is gone altogether. Under these circumstances it is very difficult to arrive at a trustworthy idea of the harmony of colour in the original work, or to direct the proceedings of the copyist so as to produce an agreeable and faithful representation for the British public.
>
> "Farther, as I examined these works more attentively I began to have doubts of their *original* authenticity. As I had never studied Giotto carefully before, and as, confessedly, his pupils assisted him in the work, this impression required very careful observation to confirm or correct it. My first business was to draw some unquestionable Giotto myself. It took two whole days to get a scaffolding put up to do so, and then the sun went out for a week, somewhere. However, at last I did my bit of real Giotto in the Lower Church, and then went back to the Upper one, the result being my conviction that Giotto never touched any one of the series of frescoes vulgarly attributed to him.
>
> "Meantime I had made acquaintance with the man who is

'restoring' the frescoes of Cimabue, above these reputed Giottos. I had been swearing at him ever since I came to Assisi, but as I wanted to get up on his scaffolding, I was very glad when he asked the favour of a visit from me. To my amazement I found him a very honest and ingenious man, and to my extreme satisfaction, the Director of the Venetian Accademia di belle Arti! His treatment of the Cimabue frescoes is, to say the least of it, daring. He puts linen on the fronts of them; then cuts them up into slices and carries them about; can produce you a quarter of a yard of Cimabue as they do silk at Howell & James'. Then he scrapes the wall smooth, puts some fine new cement on it, sticks his frescoes on again—a quarter of a yard at a time—washes off his linen, then brushes and washes the fresco face, and—there you are, as fresh as a daisy.

"With these unusual opportunities I feel it my duty to go in for a course of Cimabue, whom I find as much bigger than I expected, as I find Giotto less, and, in fact, a man standing altogether alone in his time, like Tintoret. But as his frescoes never have above one-fourth of them left—the rest having dropped off bodily and left only the bricks behind, so that you have a rapturous burst of brickwork suddenly in the middle of the Marriage in Cana, or through the celestial hierarchies, and as all are eighty feet from the ground and originally rather confused compositions—I have had a good deal of difficulty in making some of them out, not to say forming a professional opinion of them.

"The next matter in hand is the roof. This is mostly painted by Giunta of Pisa, the oldest painter of all, it being a curious arrangement in Assisi that the top of everything is built and painted before the bottom. Giunta of Pisa is a very interesting painter, but in his work not only all the whites, but all the *lights* have turned black, so that one has to study him through his negatives, exactly like the figures you have in black to cut out with scissors to cast shadows with."

The opinion here expressed that "Giotto never touched" any of the frescoes of the Life of St. Francis in the Upper Church must not be taken as Ruskin's final decision in the matter.[1] He did not print it, nor in his published references to Giotto's work does he return to the theory.[2] It may be, therefore, that subsequent

[1] It should be remembered that his *Giotto and his Works in Padua* was written many years before he had been to Assisi.

[2] See *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 22, p. 206.

study modified his opinion, but this expression of it is of value and importance as tending to confirm the doubts which have recently been cast upon the genuineness of the paintings in their present state.[1]

Ruskin's main work in sketching at Assisi was devoted to Giotto's Allegories, and especially to the "Marriage with St. Poverty," and to the fresco of Cimabue above described. He was allowed to have scaffolding erected in order the better to see Giotto's great fresco.[2] He also devoted himself to a careful study of the architecture of Assisi. He made plans and measurements of the churches, with notes of the arches and traceries, his diary here resembling those which he used to write at Venice.[3] There are in it several pages which seem to have been intended for a book, or a course of lectures, of Walks in Assisi, and in planning his tour he had intended to gather material for a monograph on the place;[4] but ultimately nothing was published dealing exclusively or mainly with Assisi. His notes on Giotto's Allegories were given in *Fors Clavigera;*[5] his study of Cimabue became a lecture in the Oxford course—*The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence;* his new and deeper appreciation of Giotto was carried further in S. Maria Novella and S. Croce, and became a principal theme in *Mornings in Florence.* Some pages of his notes at Assisi, which he marked as being in connexion with the Oxford lectures, are now incorporated with them (pp. 194, 195). Ruskin summed up his work at Assisi in a letter to his cousin (July 10):—

> ". . . I'm off to-day to Perugia, after coming to grief by attempting too much, as usual, but I'm not sure whether the try to get all I've been at was not the wisest thing in order to learn. I've got (1) Giotto's Poverty, and (2) a scrawl of his Hope and Charity, and (3) Cimabue's Madonna, and (4) Cimabue's St. Francis, and (5) Giotto's St. George, and (6) a separate study of the roses round Poverty's head, and (7) a nice one of Love, Death, and the Devil, and (8) my old pet griffin, better done, and (9) the other griffin on the other side of him, and (10) the rose window above, and (11) a capital, carefully done, of building in main street, and (12) a bit of the convent cloister, and all the measures of the Upper and Lower Church, and

[1] See on this subject F. Mason Perkins's *Giotto*, 1902, pp. 71–73.
[2] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.
[3] See Vol. IX. pp. xxv. *seq.*
[4] *Letters to Norton*, vol. ii. p. 69 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).
[5] Letters 41, 45, 48, 76.

a good bit of lecture done on Cimabue and Giotto, and it's pretty well for a month and a day only, and so hot."[1]

The studies thus referred to exercised a profound influence upon Ruskin's estimate of Italian art, and of spiritual things beyond and behind it. In an earlier Introduction some previous developments of his views were noticed.[2] The last movement of his mind had been away from evangelical faith; it had coincided with his growing admiration of the great worldly, irreligious painters; his religion had become "the religion of humanity," though "full of sacred colour and melancholy shade"; his teaching had been of such exhortations as may be based on intellectual scepticism. But while engaged on drawing Giotto's frescoes, "I discovered," he says, "the fallacy under which I had been tormented for sixteen years,—the fallacy that Religious artists were weaker than Irreligious. I found that all Giotto's 'weaknesses' (so called) were merely absences of material science. He did not know, and could not, in his day, so much of perspective as Titian,—so much of the laws of light and shade, or so much of technical composition. But I found he was in the make of him, and contents, a very much stronger and greater man than Titian; that the things I had fancied easy in his work, because they were so unpretending and simple, were nevertheless entirely inimitable; that the Religion in him, instead of weakening, had solemnized and developed every faculty of his heart and hand; and finally, that his work, in all the innocence of it, was yet a human achievement and possession, quite above everything that Titian had ever done!"[3]

This "discovery" influenced Ruskin's whole outlook. It affected, to begin with, his estimate of painters. At first, as we have seen in the letter to Mrs. Arthur Severn, he was inclined to exalt Cimabue to pre-eminence, even at the cost of lowering Giotto. To Cimabue he continues in the lecture in this volume[4] to award very high place; but further study of Giotto[5] caused him to render to that painter

[1] Of the drawings here mentioned, No. 1 is often referred to by Ruskin as being in his School at Oxford; but it was afterwards removed No. 3 was engraved as the frontispiece to *The Bible of Amiens*. No. 10 is referred to below, p. 188. No. 11 (at Brantwood) was No. 150 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901.

[2] Vol. VII. pp. xxxix., xl.

[3] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.

[4] See p. 197.

[5] Ruskin, as we have seen, had first studied the repainted frescoes by Giotto in the Upper Church.

his full and due award.[1] And so, at Florence presently, Ruskin set himself to write of Giotto and his works in Florence as twenty years before, with a more reserved admiration for the master, he had written of *Giotto and his Works in Padua*. His admiration for Angelico also revived. Writing from Perugia he says to Mrs. Arthur Severn (July 19):—

> "I have not drawn anything from Angelico for twenty-five years, and am greatly surprised to find my early enthusiasm for him entirely revive. There *is* nothing like him in his own way. Lippi gives me more complete satisfaction, but the passion and heavenliness of Angelico almost force one to believe what he chooses. I have learned a great deal in this last six weeks, but at heavy cost of worry and effort. I don't know if it could have been done with less. I am very glad to have put myself right about Angelico. I had been very unjustly dwelling on his weaknesses, and had not seen his best work for too long a time."

The revelations which came to Ruskin in the Church of St. Francis affected also his religious attitude. His writings henceforth became, as he says,[2] "much more distinctly Christian in tone." This development was partly connected with a crisis in his personal history to which reference will be made in a later volume; and partly, as we have here already seen, directly caused by artistic theories. But something, we cannot doubt, was due also to the spirit of the holy place at which the new revelations had come to him. At Assisi Ruskin was studying not only the painted frescoes but the Bible with his usual intentness:—

> "*June* 25.—This morning a wonderful lecture from Fra Antonio on corruption of the age."
>
> "*June* 28.—Hot and weak, having slept little, lying awake till past two thinking of what I could do for England, or how I should know what was right. Read first vision of Ezekiel."
>
> "*July* 3.—I challenged Fra Antonio to raise one of his dead friars out of the cemetery if he wanted me to believe—this morning over our coffee. On which, for the sake of the end of it, he recounts Dives and Lazarus very grandly."
>
> "*July* 30 (Lucca).—Beginning the great central *Fors*, I chance

[1] The alternations of Ruskin's placing of the two painters are recorded in successive letters to Professor Norton (June 19, June 21, August 12), reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

[2] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.

on and read carefully, and as an answer to much thought last night, Isaiah vi."[1]

"*September* 9 (FIESOLE).—Sketched distant Florence, and stood long by the green pillar of façade of Badia, and knelt in the road to the little lamp-lighted shrine as I returned to the Convent of St. Domenico in the twilight."

Ruskin had been living at the home of St. Francis, drawing the pictures of his life and passion, writing in the cell of his convent, handling the relics of the saint,[2] and feeling ever more and more in sympathy with him who "in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers sisters, brothers,"[3] and who "took the doves out of the fowler's hands."[4] His mood was one of spiritual exaltation, and "he dreamt that they had made him a brother of the third degree of the order of St. Francis—a fancy that took strong hold of his mind."[5] He held himself, he wrote in *Deucalion*,[6] "a brother of the third order of St. Francis," and was half inclined to imitate the saint's renunciation; and, though the calls of duty, the multitude of his practical schemes and the pleadings of common-sense led him away from the monastic ideal,[7] yet we cannot doubt that his spiritual intercourse with St. Francis left some permanent impress on his religious life.

[1] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 45, dated Lucca, August 2, 1874.

[2] On April 14 he writes to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

"Had coffee with Father Antonio, and a quiet go in at the relics. St. Francis' sackcloth—very rough indeed—various bones, the box which the Virgin's veil used to be kept in at Jerusalem, and—really a very precious thing—the very (so esteemed) Thorn of Christ's crown which St. Louis gave to the Convent. The Thorn is one of the Eastern acacia, and I never had completely and comfortably in my own hand a reliquary so precious before; for at all events, this *is* the Thorn which St. Louis brought, and before which how often he must have poured out his soul."

See also the letter of the same date in *Hortus Inclusus* (reprinted in a later volume of this edition). He "fondly kept a little 'pinch'" of St. Francis's cloak (*Love's Meinie*, § 132): the little reliquary containing this is still at Brantwood. Mr. Oscar Browning, who visited Assisi in the winter of 1874, "heard the impression which Ruskin had left on the Sacristan. He said that Ruskin had discussed at great length the propriety of being a Roman Catholic, and in that case of joining the third order of St. Francis. The Sacristan prayed every day for his conversion, and remarked to me, 'C'è una piccola cosa, ma credo che san Francesco lo farà'" ("Recollections of Ruskin," in *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 142). But the Sacristan's prayer did not avail.

[3] Tennyson: *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*.

[4] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 41.

[5] So, Mr. Collingwood in his *Life and Work of Ruskin*, 1900, p. 304. Mr. Collingwood there adds that at Assisi Ruskin "fell dangerously ill again, as at Matlock in 1871." The diary, however, contains no trace of such illness; it accounts for busy work during every day which he spent at Assisi.

[6] Vol. i. ch. x. ("Thirty Years Since").

[7] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 41.

From Assisi and Perugia Ruskin went to Lucca. It was a journey only from the influence of St. Francis to that of Ilaria—his "Lady of Caretto," the type to him of all that is noble in woman, and right in art. He worked hard at studies from this monument, as also upon Niccola Pisano's sculpture over the door of the cathedral. A study of Ilaria's head, made at this time, is here given (Plate XIX.); and in the Oxford lectures of 1874, the fruits of his close study of the doorway are contained (pp. 224–227).

There is perhaps no town in Italy which preserves intact so much as Lucca of the charm of older times, and Ruskin's diary shows his enjoyment in it:—

> "*July* 28.—The happiest walk in moonlight I have had this twenty years in this blessed place, still preserved to me."
>
> "*August* 11.—Yesterday up hills to north of town, by tributary stream of Serchio, in glorious afternoon, and the vines, olives, rocks, and Carrara hills beyond one glow of calm glory and perfect possibilities of human life."

So, in more detail, he wrote to Mrs. Arthur Severn (August 18):—

> "I've had the most wonderful walk to-night that I've yet found in Italy. The hills to the south are all of marble, and the ravines in them one sweet wilderness of olive, and moss, and vine, and chestnut; but I came on a little cottage among the rocks to-night, with its threshing-floor — or rather winnowing-floor — *area* of the Latins, merely a wide space of the mountain path under rocks of naked marble, while, beneath, the olives clothed all the slope of the hillside to the plain of Lucca. I never saw anything in this world so exquisitely wild and so delicately *homely* at once—the whole level space of path covered with the golden chaff of the just winnowed corn, the quite stern, yet finishedly beautiful marble at its side, the cottage with the steps to its door cut in the rock, and an arcade of vines over the path from its roof. And I saw much more to-night—as beautiful, though not as strange—in fact, I know no place at all comparable with this Lucca, the *distant* lines of mountain being so grand and so placed against the light, and the nearer hills of such rock and foliage."

After Lucca came a month at Florence, where he plunged into the work in the Spanish Chapel which led to his writing *Mornings in*

Florence. Here, as ever with Ruskin, the days proved all too short, the years too few. He had known Florence well thirty years before, and he was now a Professor of the Fine Arts, but as he grew older he felt only how much he had yet to learn. "Yesterday through the Uffizi," he writes in his diary (July 27), "wishing I was a boy again, and feeling myself just able to begin to learn things rightly." So, again, at St. Martin presently, he wrote, "I have everything to learn—at fifty-five. Thank heaven that I am still docile and am gaining firmness" (October 15). If Ruskin is stimulating, suggestive, provocative above most teachers, is not the reason that he was always learning? "Botticelli," he wrote to Professor Norton (June 19), "remains where he was, because he couldn't get higher in my mind." But when the pictures at Florence were re-studied, his admiration for the painter went higher still. "At Academy," he notes in his diary (August 29), "saw Sandro's Madonna Enthroned and Madonna Crowned,[1] and was more crushed than ever by art since I lay down on the floor of the Scuola di San Rocco before the Crucifixion."[2] He worked unceasingly at studies from the "Spring,"[3] and in the Spanish Chapel. He was much disturbed, as he complains vociferously in his diary,[4] by street noises; even at Fésole he was tempted to pray for deafness:—

> "(*Diary, August* 24.)—Slept well after finding the sacred places of Fiesole still safe, though gambling boys, shrieking, howling, swearing in the sweet field of the cloister and beside the cypresses of Turner's view, so that deafness would now be a mercy to me, in Italy. I've never quite conceived of deafness though. Fancy never hearing water ripple or dash, or a bird sing, or a leaf rustle! Worked splendidly on Emperor and his crown, and got pretty sketch of San Domenico of Fiesole, in calm sweet evening."

It was now that Ruskin noted and copied the inscription on San Domenico which he recited at Oxford.[5] His life of eager, unceasing work at Florence is described in letters to Mrs. Arthur Severn:—

> "(*September* 3.)—I don't know what I'm about now, really. (I'm so at my wit's end between Botticelli's Graces and Simon Memmi's

[1] The pictures are described in the Oxford lectures: see below, pp. 272, 273.
[2] See Vol. IV. p. 354.
[3] The picture seems at that time to have been "skied," for Ruskin mentions in his diary that he got up to it on a high ladder.
[4] Compare *Deucalion*, i. ch. v. ("The Valley of Cluse").
[5] See below, p. 268.

Virtues.) . . . The days are flying like minutes, and I seem to get nothing done. . . . Logic's eyebrows are enough for a day's work, and the weather is so fine that I never get forced to stop, and the more I work the less I seem to do. To-day I've been *up* at my dear Spring, drawing the roses by measure for my book vignette.[1] They are so altogether inimitable, I try and try again till I fall asleep with trying."

"*Friday evening, Sept. 18th,* '74.—I must tell you exactly how this last day but one in Florence has passed. It has been a nice active one.

"Up at six. Red dawn. Bothered in shaving by aphorisms coming into my head.[2] Dressed by ten minutes to seven. Read Esdras ii. xiv., to verse 15.

"Coffee. Put down bothering aphorisms. Put on boots. Walk to Santa Croce quietly. Set to work thinking over Giotto's fresco of St. Francis before the Soldan. Sketch Soldan's crown. Do eyes. Feeble attempt at beard.

"Sketch draperies of Soldan's discomfited Magi. A. Magus giving in. B. Magus shut up. C. Exit Magus. [Here sketch.] Proceeded to examine St. John in Patmos.[3] Sketched Woman, Baby, Dragon, and Moon, and thought it time to go to breakfast. Found letters from Joanie. . . . *Fors* for October, proof. Ate breakfast, read letters and *Fors* proof, out at eleven for Spanish Chapel. Drew Pope Clement and his mitre. Ditto, Geometry's back hair coming loose in an infinite curve. Deciphered inscription in St. Thomas Aquinas' book.

"Got ladder in green cloister. Examined picture of St. Anne and baby. Came back and had a final try at Logic's white jacket. Had to give in—no use. I never yet have been able to draw a girl's shoulder; it's just where the arrow points, under the hair. [Here sketch.]

"Then . . . had to finish Zoroaster's beard, and Tubal-cain's anvil . . . and then went home to dinner and wrote to Di Ma.[4]

"Then drove up to Bellosguardo and saw sunset, and walked home, and wrote out notes till ten o'clock . . . Must go to bed."

Ruskin's Italian work was now at an end, but he had still to give finishing touches to the lectures on Alpine form which he had announced

[1] The rose which was already appearing on the title-pages of most of his books: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 22, § 2.

[2] Probably the aphorisms in *Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. pp. 359–364).

[3] See below, p. 356 *n.*

[4] A pet name for Mrs. Arthur Severn.

for the October term. For this purpose he decided to revisit the Savoy mountains, and the first week in October saw him established once more in his favourite quarters at the Hôtel du Mont Blanc, St. Martin, within a walk of Chamouni:—

"It was a strange experience to-day," he writes to Mrs. Arthur Severn (October 6), "passing by Mornex . . . and then up the vale to Chamouni, which I first saw when I was fourteen. Would you believe it, there is actually not a rock, not a cottage, not a tree, traceably changed in the forty years. I am writing in a room which seems to me the same in wall, floor, furniture, that it was when my father and mother and I first saw Mont Blanc near, from it, in 1833. Nothing is changed—except Mont Blanc and I! Both of *us* fatally. He, as thin and wasted in snow, as I in heart and flesh. I never saw anything so sorrowful, so unbelievable, in the courses of nature. This great mountain, which one thought so eternal, faded like a white rose. I can only give you an idea of the change, and it is not an exaggerated one, by telling you that what looked once like a bride-cake, looks now like an ill-plastered wall.

"Stay, there is one thing changed in the valley, and that one, very slight, has prevented all the rest. The road, which once was little more than a beautiful winding lane, well made, is now everywhere widened and in most places levelled and straitened. This enables vast omnibuses, like our tramway ones, to carry the mob up to Chamouni from Geneva in a day. Away they bowl, as if to Epsom; the harder they go the merrier. And I don't believe one fool in a dozen dozen so much as looks up at the cliffs on each side, or at a flower, or a tree, in the most wonderful piece of mountain scenery I know in the world.

"The result is, fortunately, that as no inn will pay now, even of the old ones on the *road*, no new ones are built. The season is over. The road, where widest, was silent; I kept aside to the old lane I knew, and except the cattle bells, and sweet chimes of Magland chiming for a baptism—the cliff echoes so taking them up that I guessed all round the valley before I guessed the real steeple, and thought myself wrong again twice before I came to it—I heard nothing all the way but my own tread and the plash of the river."[1]

He found much to do and much to enjoy. At Chamouni he had

[1] Compare the description in *Deucalion*, i. ch. v. ("The Valley of Cluse").

converse once more with his old guide, Joseph Couttet, now eighty years of age—"a beautiful old man."[1] The wasting of the snows gave him much to think of, and he began "rewriting" his glacier lectures.[2] He made, too, on this occasion the sketch—"one of the best I ever made of the thing I have loved best"[3]—of Mont Blanc which is now in the Oxford Collection. He explained to his cousin the postponement of his return home:—

> "(St. Martin's, 10*th October.*)—I am much better, and you will not regret the pain of your disappointment (what cool assumption of it!) when you know how good my stay is for me.
>
> "There is no other spot in the world, now so happy for me, as the seat where I have just been breakfasting. The room is like this [sketch plan]. A, in ⌒ that much of it my armchair. Little B, breakfast-table. Big B, my bed. F, fireplace with bright wood-fire. D, door. S, the sun, drawn rather too near. W. 1, little recessed window, looking out on Mont Blanc. W. 2, other little recessed window, looking out on Vale of St. Martin's and hills beyond. Now you see, sitting at A, I have Mont Blanc on my right, now grey against cloudless and dazzling morning light (you see the position of the sun—an afterthought), and seen *over* a simple wooden cottage roof backed by trees—a beautiful little rustic scene itself. By turning my head I see over my shoulder, out of Window 2, the most lovely slope of pasture, wood, and cottage which I know in Savoy, backed by mountains, snowless in summer, but now silvered like Geneva frost-work, and all glowing in the solemn and pure light of morning. (I had no conception of the greater intensity of the light here, as compared with Italy. Orion, last night, shone like a flash of lightning held still, quivering in every star. I never saw such a 'blaze of jewellery' with even my child's eyes.)
>
> "Well, this room, you know, was always my father's when we came here—and *he* was always happy here, and *I* was always good. And there is therefore no other room so delightful to me. The Denmark Hill rooms are to me—chambers of parting only. But this—of life."

The entries in his diary made at St. Martin have the old note of rapture. "Rosy sunset intense; beyond all glows I ever remember;

[1] *Letters to Norton,* vol. ii. p. 107 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition).
[2] *Ibid.,* p. 104.
[3] Vol. XXI. p. 144.

rocks turned to garnets, carbuncles; snow to rose leaves" (October 10). "Divine, unchanging days and nights; the sun like a golden hand on an azure dial, enamelled all with pine and snow. The best day for work I ever had in my life" (October 11). "Exquisite ineffable beauty, and joy of heart for me, all along Valley of Cluse: the same at the Reposoir. Got out to walk, first under the Chapel; then at my old mill ravine. Found the Brezon fountain yet unharmed, except by cattle; and the Brezon in gold and emerald, sun behind it, as Parnassus. So walked to Bonneville. There, at first, still all sweet: then a cloud seemed to come over my mind and the sky together" (October 18).

So also was it to be with the mingled sunshine and cloud of Ruskin's inner life. The year next to come was to be one of overmastering cloud, but for the present there were "loveliest letters from Ireland." The long change of scene in Italy, the peace and mountain air of Chamouni, had, as he says, put new life into him, and he returned to a term of great energy at Oxford. In the few days which he spent in London he saw the dearest object of his affections; had stimulating talks with Carlyle;[1] and saw something of Burne-Jones. At Oxford he gave first the postponed, and now much expanded, lectures on Mountain Form; and then the course on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, for the first time printed in this volume—in all twelve lectures. He also attended twice a week at the Drawing School. The lectures on Glaciers went well, and he notes in a letter to a friend that there was a large audience of Masters at them.[2] The lectures on Florentine artists were equally successful. He sent the following note to Mrs. Arthur Severn after the first of them:—

> "10*th Nov.* '74.—I was very grateful for your little note received this morning—it warmed me through.
>
> "I've had a nice breakfast of my diggers, and gave the best lecture, everybody says, I ever gave in Oxford. They are wrong; but they 'know what they like,' and since it pleased them best, I admit that, in a practical sense, it was the best. It *wasn't bad*, certainly![3] Then I went to my diggings, and accepted a

[1] Some of these are recorded in *Præterita*, ii. §§ 229 *seq.*

[2] A letter of November 1874 to Mr. Alfred Tylor, F.G.S.

[3] So, in a letter to Mr. Allen (December 1874): "If you knew how many and what other things I've to think of, and how sad some of them are, you wouldn't wonder. But all seem to be gathering to help of *Fors*. My lectures have been better and more liked than usual, though done—twelve in six weeks—from hand to mouth."

challenge to use the biggest stone hammer—and used it—with any of them."

He had, as we have seen,[1] put the diggings in train before he went abroad, and he now entered keenly into the work himself:—

"I am rather pleased by my work here," he writes to Mrs. Arthur Severn (undated); "the diggings involve many questions, and are in fact a business I should like to take up wholly, with no lectures. Little gutters want bridging, sloughs swallow up stones, banks won't slope steep enough, and there's a new problem every day I'm there, and two if I'm not. The great problem is to get stones enough. The second to get hammers enough. The men go at them so hard they break the hammers sometimes in ten minutes! I've broken a good lot of stones to-day—and my own hands, a little."

During this term, too, Ruskin mixed a good deal in the social life of the University. He notes in his diary dinners with the Prince, pleasant visits from Professor Henry Smith and Mr. Nettleship, meetings with Bishop Colenso and Sir Thomas Acland, a dinner with the Political Economy Club, and "nice breakfasts of undergraduates." It was in this term, too, that Ruskin organised the symposia of which we have heard[2]—"meditative dinners," as he calls them, at which a circle of the dons discussed various University questions with him. These discussions seem to have interested him greatly; he notes in his diary the names of those who were present, the topics discussed, and the questions which he desired to propound. It was in every way one of his most active and useful terms at Oxford, as the whole year was one of the most fruitful in his life, and at times one of the happiest. Fate had other things in store for the near future, but for the present we pass to give account of the writings of 1873 and 1874 collected in this volume.

VAL D'ARNO

The lectures, which stand first in this volume, "on the Tuscan Art directly antecedent to the Florentine Year of Victories" (1254) were very carefully written by Ruskin; contrary to his usual custom, they

[1] Vol. XX. pp. xli. *seq.*
[2] Vol. XX. p. xxxiv.

were all composed, and indeed already in type, before they were delivered, and they were subsequently published in the same form.[1] They were greatly enjoyed by Carlyle, to whom Ruskin had sent advance copies of some of them, and who thus acknowledged their receipt:—

"5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea.
"31 *October*, 1873.

"Dear Ruskin,—After several weeks of eager expectation, I received, morning before yesterday, the sequel to your kind little note, in the shape of four bright 4to lectures (forwarded by an Aylesbury printer) on the Historical and Artistic development of Val d'Arno. Many thanks to you for so pleasant and instructive a gift. The work is full of beautiful and delicate perceptions, new ideas, both new and true, which throw a bright illumination over that important piece of History, and awake fresh curiosities and speculations on that and on other much wider subjects. It is all written with the old nobleness and fire, in which no other living voice to my knowledge equals yours. *Perge, perge*—and, as the Irish say, 'more power to your elbow!'

"I have yet read this *Val d'Arno* only once. Froude snatched it away from me yesterday; and it has then to go to my brother at Dumfries. After that I shall have it back. Your visit to me still hangs in the vague; your very pen to me-wards continues uncomfortably stingy; but we will hope, we will hope. I am not very well; but it is mainly Old Age that ails me, so that there is nothing to be said, or complained of. Have you read poor Mill's *Autobiography;* and did you ever before read such a book?

"Adieu, dear Ruskin; work while it is called to-day!

"Yours affectionately,
"T. Carlyle."

Carlyle had some personal reason to like the lectures, for in them Ruskin quoted his master's works and enforced his teaching.[2] At Oxford, however, the lectures were not so popular as some other of the Professor's courses. "Displeased at having thin audience," he wrote in his diary (October 23, 1873) after the second lecture; and again (November 7), after the sixth, "Yesterday much beaten about; bad day altogether, and thinnest audience I ever had at lecture. Didn't like the lecture myself. Burgess said it was good." The fact is that, in writing the lectures so carefully, Ruskin had packed them too full

[1] See § 157 *n.*, p. 96.
[2] See below, pp. 37, 131.

to make them readily understandable;[1] they were very allusive, and in this edition it has been thought desirable to append a good many notes. The connexion between the artistic criticism and the historical analysis is in fact close and essential, but it is not always readily apparent. Ruskin's mind, says Professor Norton of these lectures, "was so susceptible to impressions, so receptive of suggestion, so keen in its pursuit of each successive interest, that every new piece of work was apt to open into unexpected directions, and its main stream, diverted into numberless channels, left its original course unfulfilled and spread over a wide delta in a network of streamlets. . . . The lectures are deficient in systematic order, and in thoroughness of treatment. But imperfect in construction and fragmentary in teaching as they are, they are the work of a master so variously accomplished and of such keen vision, that they afford instruction which no other treatises on the subject supply, and which no student of Italian art, competent, through knowledge gained from other sources, to take advantage of what they offer, can neglect without loss."[2]

There was in the lectures hardly enough of "Tuscan art" to please those who came to hear about pictures and buildings; while the sketches of Florentine history in the thirteenth century presupposed more familiarity with persons and incidents than perhaps every hearer possessed, or than every reader has always in his mind. The book, in spite of Carlyle's enthusiastic praise, and though it is full of happy things, has remained one of the less widely read of the author's works. The additional illustrations introduced in this volume will, it is thought, make several passages of the text more readily interesting; and here, in the introduction, some rough index of the contents may not be out of place.

Ruskin's purpose in this course of Florentine studies has been clearly stated by Professor Norton:—

"Their main subject was the splendid revival of the Fine Arts in Tuscany during the thirteenth century. Here, and at this time, they had been instinct with creative imagination, and with passionate emotion. Sculpture, architecture, painting, poetry, had never displayed higher power, nor expressed an intenser life. It was Mr. Ruskin's intention to trace the sources of this revival in the social, political, and religious influences by

[1] See his note on p. 42, where he apologises for "packing sentences together."
[2] Introduction to the American ("Brantwood") edition of *Val d'Arno*, pp. v., vii.

which the Italian nature was moulded, and the current of its native forces determined. He proposed to study the course of the fates of that land which is still tutress in art of the modern world,[1] to show the gradual ascendency of the elements of order in society, resulting in the increase of security and wealth, as well as the invigoration of intelligence, the quickening of the moral sense, the refining and deepening of sentiment, the improvement of manners, and the ardour for expression in monumental works, that they should bear witness to the power, the pride, and the piety of the community." [2]

Such a survey required the introduction of many topics often omitted in artistic criticism. Ruskin anticipated a certain restlessness in his audience (§ 255) as he touched on institutions, laws, theology. But the early Florentine artists were in a sense theologians, and the study of "Isaiah and Matthew" is necessary to understand them (§ 257); "the hieroglyphs upon the architecture of a dead nation" cannot be read "without knowing the sculptures and mouldings of the national soul" (§§ 6, 129); "the great fact which I have written this course of lectures to enforce upon your minds is the dependence of all the arts on the virtue of the State and its kindly order" (§ 271).

Up to the middle of the thirteenth century, says Ruskin, there is no surviving art except that which was derived from the Greeks (§ 8). He proceeds to discuss in this book the historical conditions in which, in Tuscany, the Christian and the Greek influences combined to create a new birth of art; hitherto, the nations had been "too savage to be Christian" (§§ 54, 248).

He maps out roughly the external forces which influenced the Italian states—the "profane chivalry" of Germany, adverse to the Popes and allied with the Ghibellines; the "pious chivalry" of France, the ally of the Church and the Guelphs; and the Eastern powers, at once the enemies and the tutors of the West (§§ 51–53).

There were three movements which converged to create the state favourable to the artistic revival. First, freedom of thought: here the source is Germany, and the struggle is illustrated by the long conflict between the Emperor Frederick II. and the Popes (§§ 3, 58). Secondly, the development of the class of craftsmen, the refinements of new art being centrally represented by the Sainte Chapelle (§§ 59, 67, 78).

[1] Quoted from *Val d'Arno*, § 6.
[2] Introduction to the American ("Brantwood") edition of *Val d'Arno*, p. vi.

Thirdly, the development of trade (§ 60). Incidentally, Ruskin gives a picture of the ideal state in the Middle Ages (§ 73).

Passing more into detail, and coming to the history of Florence in particular, Ruskin's summary is this: that the history is that of the struggle of the craftsman as against the priest (as in the war of the Pisans with Gregory IX., § 91), and against the pillaging soldier (as in the war of the Lombard League against Frederick II., §§ 91, 96). This latter point is what gives unity to the complicated story of Florence in the thirteenth century. The significant date is 1250, the year of the first Trades Revolt. "Shield and Apron" is the title of Ruskin's third lecture; or, as he first called it, "The Bottega."[1] The life of the workshop is its theme, the rise of the men "whose bearing is the Apron, instead of the Shield" (§ 72). The next lecture is called "Parted per Pale"; or, as again he first called it, "Peace and War" —the subject is the struggle of Labourer against Knight, the title referring to the shield of Florence (§§ 109, 110). "Resolute maintenance of fortified peace": that is the ideal of the true burgess (§ 108), symbolised by the building of the Palazzo Vecchio (§ 106). But the Florentines were not content with the passive enjoyment of such peace for themselves; they became armed missionaries of free trade (§ 122). "Pax Vobiscum" is the title of Lecture v. (or, in the original draft, "Peaceful Florence"): her "Year of Victories" crowned honest efforts to make peace by means of war. (Lectures vi. and vii. revert to artistic criticism, in a connexion to be explained presently). The Florentine revolutions were in the name of "Libertas"; but the "Franchise" (titie of Lecture viii.), of which Ruskin speaks, is not the same as modern ideas of liberty. In the next lecture he describes some of the feuds which raged "tumultuous and merciless as the Tyrrhene Sea," but also "with the uses of naturally appointed storm" (§ 248). In the last lecture ("Fleur-de-Lys"), he pursues the historical sketch, and describes the institutions of Florence in the days of her glory (§ 271).

Ruskin's historical allusions and descriptions in the lectures thus summarised are by no means continuous, and some readers may like to consult the brief chronology of events, with references to the paragraphs in the book, which is now appended to the lectures (pp. 177, 178).

Into this historical groundwork the study of Tuscan Art is dovetailed. The art primarily studied is that of the two architects and

[1] Compare *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 17 (Vol. XXIV. p. 32).

sculptors, Niccola Pisano (1206–1278) and Giovanni, his son (died 1320). Lecture i. ("Nicholas the Pisan") discusses Niccola's indebtedness to Greek art, and describes him as "the master of Naturalism in Italy" (§ 17), and also as the author of "your first architecture of Gothic Christianity" (§ 24). In Lecture ii. ("John the Pisan") the Gothic traceries in Giovanni's Campo Santo of Pisa are noticed and contrasted with his "utterly Greek fountain of Perugia" (§ 43)—the "Greek profane manner of design properly belonging to *civil* buildings, as opposed to ecclesiastical and military ones" (§ 44). This starts Ruskin off on the historical sketch summarised above; and if the art of the Pisani be considered the main subject, the following sections and chapters down to ch. v. § 129, or even ch. vii. § 180, are parenthetical. We pick up Niccola again, however, at § 84, when he is called in to pull down the towns of the nobles. The election of Urban IV. as Pope, and his founding of the Cathedral of Orvieto, bring us back to Giovanni and his work there (§ 180), and again on the death of that Pope he is sent for to build his tomb (§§ 40, 43, 180, 189, 261).

So, again, the gradual establishment of "fortified peace" in Florence and the destruction of the palaces of the nobles lead to remarks on the character of the early Florentine architecture thus destroyed (§ 136). From them Ruskin passes in Lecture vi. ("Marble Couchant") to the striped horizontal style of the later Tuscan architecture, a consideration of the proper relation of ornament to construction (§ 146), and a discussion of the Pisan traceries. In Lecture vii. ("Marble Rampant") the subject is continued, the principles of Cyclopean architecture are discussed, and the exquisite adjustment of the stones by the Pisani described (§ 167)—an adjustment all the more necessary when the ornament is to flow or climb (§ 168), and the marble thus becomes "rampant" (§ 169). In this connexion the grace and luxuriance of Giovanni's work at Orvieto are described (§ 176). The occasion of it takes us away again, however, to history, and further discussion of the bas-reliefs in Orvieto is consigned to the author's Appendix, in which he gives notes on the illustrations to the book.

The *manuscript* of the first draft of Lectures i.–v. is contained in a parchment-covered note-book, now at Brantwood. A page of it is here reproduced (p. 22), and a few variations between the text and this MS. are noted (*e.g.*, on pp. 49, 57). The text of *Val d'Arno* was not revised by the author; a few misprints, etc., in earlier editions are now corrected (see below, p. 7).

THE ÆSTHETIC AND MATHEMATIC SCHOOLS

The second course of lectures given in this volume has not hitherto been printed. The subject follows, and in part resumes, the study of Tuscan Art in *Val d'Arno*. The lectures were, as we have seen, successful in delivery. So far as the lectures were written, they were written with great care; they embody the results of the close studies which have been indicated in earlier pages of this Introduction; and they contain some of Ruskin's most interesting and penetrative criticisms of particular artists and particular works of art. Though, therefore, the manuscript is incomplete—for much of the course was trusted to *extempore* delivery, and the manuscript was left by Ruskin in some confusion—it has seemed desirable to include the lectures in this collection of his Works. As here arranged, the lectures are clear and consecutive; and at points where Ruskin left the development of his argument to *extempore* delivery, his memoranda are given and references supplied to other passages which illustrate them. The main omission is of the lecture on Giotto; but what Ruskin wrote for it was afterwards used either in *Mornings in Florence* or in the notes for an Eton lecture called "Giotto's Pet Puppy," here printed (p. 471). *Mornings in Florence* thus completes the lectures, and adds to them a study of the Sienese frescoes in the Spanish Chapel. The lectures on Botticelli should be read in connexion with the sixth in *Ariadne Florentina*, which, as already stated, was revised at the same time. The present volume thus brings together the greater part of all Ruskin's later criticisms upon Tuscan Art.

Had Ruskin himself prepared the lectures for publication, he would doubtless have given them some title less lengthy than they must now bear. The meaning of his distinction between "æsthetic" and "mathematic" is most clearly expressed in § 25; but he himself began towards the end of the course to regret the terms as somewhat clumsy (§ 89), and his love of classification and generalisation led him, as he notes, into some apparent difficulties (p. 199 *n.*).

The *manuscript* from which the lectures are printed is at Brantwood. Some passages have, as already stated, been added from Ruskin's diary written at Assisi, and notes, taken by Mr. Wedderburn at the time of the delivery of the lectures, have also been drawn upon.

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE

The spirit in which Ruskin wrote this well-known handbook is sufficiently explained in his own title-page and Preface (p. 293). The scheme of it grew considerably under his hands; for at first, as appears from a letter to Professor Norton of September 16, 1874, the book was intended to contain three chapters only, thus:—

> "First Morning: Sta. Croce and Gospel of Works.
> "Second: The Spanish Chapel and Gospel of Faith.
> "Third: *Mio bel San Giovanni.*"

As published by Ruskin, it consisted of Six Mornings. A Seventh, written by Mr. R. Caird, is now added. Mr. Caird was studying in Italy in 1876–1877, and Ruskin had made his acquaintance. He had sent some suggested corrections for *Mornings in Florence*, and Ruskin then asked him to write a careful description of the second great fresco by "Memmi" in the Spanish Chapel. Mr. Caird wrote full notes of the fresco, and Ruskin, as will be seen from the following letter, was much pleased with the work:—

> "I am so *very* glad to hear from you," he wrote from Venice (May 3, 1877), "for I have been at last reading your most careful and valuable description of Spanish Chapel with extreme attention, and I propose with your permission to publish it, with a comment or two, as supplementary to *Mornings in Florence,* in the same form. It is too connected and valuable to be broken up for the pieces I should use, in my own account, and at any rate as that can't be given now for ever so long, yours had better take its position at once."

Ruskin expresses the same intention in *Mornings in Florence* (§ 120, see p. 412); and among other material preserved at Brantwood and intended for a continuation of that book was Mr. Caird's chapter, set up into type. Owing, however, to Ruskin's serious illness of 1878, which prevented the completion of so much of his work, this additional chapter, which he had intended to publish forthwith, was never issued by him. It is now added from the printed proof. Some other notes by Mr. Caird are given on pp. 455–457.

M. de la Sizeranne introduces his charming study of Ruskin with a description of a party of English girls, whom he encountered on the Feast of S. Thomas Aquinas in the Spanish cloister of S. Maria Novella, standing reverently before the fresco of the Sciences, while one of them read from a little book words "which seemed like a tuft of flowers springing from the dust of the past."[1] It was one of the "Mornings in Florence" that was being read, and the thin little parts of this guide-book, pleasantly bound in red and gold and easily pocketable, have been now for thirty years as familiar a companion to the tourist in Florence as Baedeker itself. For the benefit of readers at home, a large number of illustrations have here been introduced.

In writing his analysis of the frescoes in the Spanish Chapel, Ruskin was returning in his maturity to works which had fascinated him thirty years before. The reader may be interested in reading, as an introduction to the latter part of *Mornings in Florence*, the following account of Ruskin's first impressions which he sent in a letter to his mother, dated Florence, June 9, 1845:—

> "You know it is quite impossible to be always among saints without feeling better bred for it; and to-day I was all the morning among a host, not of mere saints, but of downright Virtues, in the Chapelle des Espagnols of Santa M. Novella, where the two friends Simone Memmi and Taddeo Gaddi—friends because fellow-pupils of Giotto, and equally venerating and loving their master—worked hand in hand: each trying to set off and adorn the other's works, so that Vasari exclaimed in a pretty burst of feeling, 'Oh, noble souls, that without ambition or envy did love each other, so brotherly, and were glad each in his friend's honour as in his own.' And there are the Virtues and Sciences sitting side by side about St. Thomas Aquinas, and each Virtue has beneath her, her favourite saint; and each Science, her keenest votary. There is Charity—not our hospital Charity with three babies strangling her, but divine Charity, clothed in red for blood, and with a flame of fire upon her head and a bow in her hand; and under is St. Augustine. And there is Faith guarding Christ's flock, and a pack of wolves driven away by a whole troop of black and white dogs who bite very hard indeed, so that the wolves roar again; and the black and white dogs who look very sensible about the face are the Dominicans (Domini canes: ask my father), who wore, as you know, black and white robes.

[1] *Ruskin et la Religion de la Beauté*, par Robert de la Sizeranne, 1897, p. 4.

> And there is Music, or rather St. Cecilia, and under her is Tubal-Cain, beating on his anvil with two hammers, and starting at the change of sound. And there is—but there isn't anything that isn't there, and all so beautiful and pure, and seen by the soft cloister light; for it is in the Chapter House that opens off the *green* cloister, so called because of the *green* frescoes of Paolo Uccello (Paul Bird) who painted all the Old Testament there, only inferior to Benozzo Gozzoli's. The outpouring of *mind* in these frescoes is something marvellous. The Pitti Palace is such paltry work after them: such labour of oil and varnish over a single head, while the brush of the great old men is rolling out creation after creation—hosts of solemn figures and mighty spirits, all in the pure air and bright light, and all not as if you came to look at them, but as if they came to speak to you."

Yet "youth shows but half"; the message which Ruskin came in after years to hear and to understand in these frescoes of the Spanish Chapel is declared in the present volume.

Some loose sheets of the *manuscript* of *Mornings in Florence* are among Ruskin's papers at Brantwood, and one of these is here reproduced (p. 362). In 1882 Ruskin revised the *text;* the proofs with his corrections are in Mr. Allen's possession. The revision is here followed, the variations being described either in footnotes or in the Bibliographical Note (p. 288).

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

This publication, issued in 1881, consisted of a Preface and a series of photographs of the bas-reliefs, to illustrate the descriptions of them in *Mornings in Florence.* The photographs were taken specially for Ruskin. They are here reproduced—necessarily on a reduced scale—from his negatives. The precise share which Giotto had in the construction of the Campanile, and the portion of the sculpture which is of his design or execution, are unsolved, and perhaps insoluble, questions. What is known is that on April 12, 1334 (two years before his death) he was appointed by public decree *Capo-Maestro* of Sta. Reparata (as the cathedral then in course of construction was still called). Vasari's statement is that "on the 9th of July 1334, Giotto commenced the campanile of Santa Maria del Fiore . . . all

the historical representations which were to be the ornaments being designed with infinite care and diligence by Giotto himself, who marked out on the model all the compartments where the friezes and sculptures were to be placed, in colours of white, black, and red. . . . And if that which Lorenzo di Cione Ghiberti has written be true, as I fully believe it is, Giotto not only made the model of the campanile, but even executed a part of the sculptures and reliefs—those representations in marble, namely, which exhibit the origin of all the arts. Lorenzo also affirms that he saw models in relief from the hand of Giotto, and more particularly those used in these works: an assertion that we can well believe, for design and invention are the parents of all the arts and not of one only. This campanile, according to the design of Giotto, was to have been crowned by a spire or pyramid, of the height of fifty braccia; but as this was in the old Gothic manner, the modern architects have always advised its omission: the building appearing to them better than it is."[1] In the Opera del Duomo at Siena there is an old drawing which is believed to represent Giotto's design and shows the tower.[2] The passage in Ghiberti's *Commentary on Art* is this: "Giotto was most excellent in every branch of the art, and in the art of sculpture also. The first stories in the building which was built by him, of the bell-tower of Santa Reparata, were chiselled and designed by his hand. In my time I have seen models by his hand of the stories mentioned, most excellently designed." Giotto died in 1336, when the Campanile, it is supposed, had not advanced far beyond the stage containing the first story with the bas-reliefs. Andrea Pisano, and afterwards Francesco Talenti, were commissioned to finish the tower.

It will thus be seen that there is excellent evidence for the traditional belief which connects the design of the tower, and the execution of some of the sculpture, with Giotto, for Ghiberti was born hardly fifty years after Giotto's death. The amount of his handiwork is a question to be decided, if at all, by internal evidence of style. Ruskin's opinion on such points is expressed in *Mornings in Florence* (see pp. 423, 424, 425, 430–433); compare also *Ariadne Florentina*, § 58 (Vol. XXII. pp. 336–337). It is entitled to the more weight from the close study which he had given to the bas-reliefs. He had photographed them, drawn some of them, and repeatedly made

[1] Vol. i. p. 114 (Bohn's edition).
[2] A reproduction of the drawing is given in F. Mason Perkins's *Giotto*, p. 132.

careful notes of their characteristics. In these later studies of "The Shepherd's Tower" he was returning to a building under which he had lived thirty years before,[1] and which he had selected in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* as the most perfect in the world.[2]

Appendix I. contains Notes for an Eton lecture, which are headed in the MS. "Giotto's Pet Puppy." The notes refer to the puppy which is sculptured on one of the bas-reliefs of Giotto's Tower (see below, p. 418). Particulars of the lecture are given on p. 469.

Appendix II. contains a passage on Giotto and Niccola Pisano, which seems to have been written for the lectures on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools* (see p. 470).

In Appendix III. a Note is reprinted which Ruskin sent in 1876 to accompany the exhibition of his copy of Botticelli's "Zipporah," and of other details from the "Scenes in the Life of Moses" (see p. 470).

The *illustrations* in this volume are numerous, as the nature of its subject-matter requires. The *frontispiece* is a photogravure of Ruskin's study of Zipporah already referred to. The drawing, in water-colour ($56 \times 21\frac{1}{2}$), is at Brantwood. Of the two plates given in this Introduction, the one of Brantwood (A) is from a photograph; the other, of Ruskin's study (B), is a woodcut from a drawing by Mr. Alexander Macdonald. The drawing was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1881; the woodcut appeared in the *Art Journal* for December in that year. For particulars of the objects shown in the drawing, see p. lxviii.

In *Val d'Arno* all Ruskin's original illustrations are given, with some rearrangement (as shown on p. 5), while four additional plates are included, and five other illustrations are inserted in the text. Two of the additional plates (III. and IV.) are drawings by Ruskin of subjects at Pisa which are mentioned in the text; the drawings are both at Oxford. The Greek sarcophagus in the Campo Santo at Pisa, described at length in the text, is given from a photograph (V.); and the original fountain of Siena is also shown (VII.). This last is printed from a woodcut founded on an old photograph, as explained in a note upon the text (p. 30).

The other illustrations introduced into *Val d'Arno* are woodcuts, or line blocks, necessary for the better understanding of the text. Three of them (Figs. 2, 3, and 4) are traced from drawings by Ruskin, now

[1] See Vol. IV. pp. 351–352 *n.*
[2] See Vol. VIII. p. 187.

at Oxford, which he showed when delivering the lectures. The sketch of the Campo Santo at Pisa (Fig. 1), introduced at the point where Ruskin refers to a photograph, is an outline by Mr. Hugh Allen; the other illustration (Fig. 5) gives outlines to enable the reader to follow Ruskin's comparison between figures by Orcagna and Michael Angelo respectively.

The lectures on Florentine artists (*The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*) are illustrated by eleven plates from drawings and photographs. Ruskin's drawings are of Frederick II.'s tomb at Palermo (XVI.); the head of Ilaria on Jacopo della Quercia's monument of her (XIX.); a compartment of the Baptistery at Florence (XX.); and the head of one of the Graces in Botticelli's "Spring." This latter plate (XXV.) was engraved by Mr. W. Roffe from Ruskin's study, and he had intended to use it in one of his later volumes. The drawings of the tomb and of the Baptistery are at Oxford; those of the head of Ilaria and of the Grace, at Brantwood. The other plates are from photographs, and illustrate passages in the lectures which are not readily followed without some representation of the buildings, sculptures, and pictures described. Plate XV. shows the door of the Duomo at Assisi to which Ruskin pointed as an example of what he called the "Lombard" style (p. 188). Plate XVII. shows the façades of the Duomo and of S. Francesco, which he contrasted (p. 194). Plate XVIII., showing Niccola Pisano's sculpture of "The Deposition of Christ," will serve to enable the reader to follow Ruskin's close analysis of that work. Plate XXI., showing two of the panels from Ghiberti's Gates, serve a similar purpose. The reproductions of Botticelli's "Madonna and Child, with St. Michael" (XXIII.), and of a portion of the same artist's "Scenes in the Life of Moses" (XXIV.), showing the little dog frequently noticed by Ruskin, will similarly make the present volume more complete in itself.

The illustrations now given in *Mornings in Florence* will in the same way add not a little, it is thought, to the enjoyment of those who read the book away from the place itself. The sepulchral slab of Galileus de Galileis (XXVI.) is reproduced from a photograph which Ruskin placed on sale to illustrate *Mornings in Florence;* the photograph was made from a careful drawing by Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo. Ghirlandajo's "Birth of the Virgin" and "Salutation" (XXVII.), here reproduced from photographs, will recall those famous works to the reader's mind, and enable him the better to follow Ruskin's comparison of them with Giotto's treatment of similar subjects. Of these

latter, satisfactory reproductions by photogravure are impossible; the subjects have been successfully cut on wood by Mr. H. S. Uhlrich (XXVIII. and XXIX.), who has similarly treated Giotto's "Presentation of the Virgin" (XXX.) and "St. Louis" (XXXIV.). Botticelli's "Fortitude" and "Judith" have been well photographed, and are here reproduced by photogravure (XXXI.). The scenes from the life of St. Francis, by Giotto, in the Bardi Chapel of S. Croce, are also reproduced from photographs (XXXII. and XXXIII.). We next come to the frescoes in the Spanish Chapel, which are the subject of Mornings IV., V., and VII. A key-plan of the interior is first provided (XXXV.), drawn by Mr. Hugh Allen, in order to make readily intelligible the references in the text. Each of the two principal frescoes described by Ruskin is shown by photogravure (XXXVI. and XXXIX.), and three of his studies from particular figures in them are added (XXXVII., XXXVIII., and XL.); these studies are at Oxford.

Lastly, all the photographs issued by Mr. Ruskin in his supplementary folio, *The Shepherd's Tower*, are here represented; the plates (XLI.–XLIX.) are reduced from the original photographs.

E. T. C.

NOTE ON PLATE B (p. xxviii.)

The drawing of Ruskin's study by Mr. A. Macdonald is in the possession of Mrs. Talbot of Barmouth, to whom in 1881 Ruskin sent a sketch-plan (see opposite), with the following inventory of the objects shown in the drawing:—

1. On table nearest—the large book. Lectionary executed in 1160 for the Abbey of Ottobeuren in Bavaria (Benedictine).

2. The small book. A missal of the fifteenth century, dear to me because of some writing in its calendar by a friend; otherwise notable only for its perfect contemporary clasp and binding, with shield bearing or; an eagle sable; gules, five stars or (parted per pale).

3. Byzantine enamelled crucifix, eleventh or twelfth century, bought at Venice, 1852, and a perpetual lesson in all sorts of things.

4. The table on which these lie is my proper working table when I am in full work (in summer), close to my chief bookcase, which is behind me as I sit at this table. The green table at the other end of the room with my inkstand on it is my winter's work table, nearer the fire, and with more light.

5. On the extreme left, in shade, upright. My natural history bookcase, the drawers below having the drawings and materials for *Deucalion*, Swiss sketches of mountain form, etc.

6. Seen over the missals. My last and best sketch of the two northernmost porches of St. Mark's at Venice, painted in spring of 1877.

7. Flat table against which it leans. Contains my favourite proofs and etchings of the *Liber Studiorum*—namely, Grande Chartreuse, Devil's Bridge, Source of Arveron, Æsacus and Hesperie, Clyde, Raglan, Alps from Grenoble, Cephalus, Rizpah, and some others variously illustrative—twenty-five in all. The arrangement of this table was the origin of all the Cabinets of Turner drawings in the National Gallery and at Oxford. It belonged to my old study (at Denmark Hill).

8. To the right of this table, my special Brantwood table, containing, as seen by the half-open door, a few favourite drawings of my own, with my Bewick's, Hunt's, and Turner Alpine sketches. On the table are lying some stones on which I was at work when Mr. Macdonald made the drawing. I forget what the books were. The drawers have my drawing materials.

9. On the left, in shade, on near side of window. My botanical bookcase, with drawers containing materials for *Proserpina*, and those for general work—the drawers of the table No. 8 on that side containing MS. immediately in hand, whatever they may be.

10. Green table, as aforesaid, for winter work—and afternoon tea. Armchair behind it—only for novel reading, or other idleness—never used for work, and of late taken possession of by my cat, conclusively.

11. Open bookcases behind this chair for mixed books of common reference—my Horace, small Latin and Greek grammars, Morphy and Staunton's chess, and the like—a few pet Greek vases at the top of it, lately removed and put over fireplace. See No. 12.

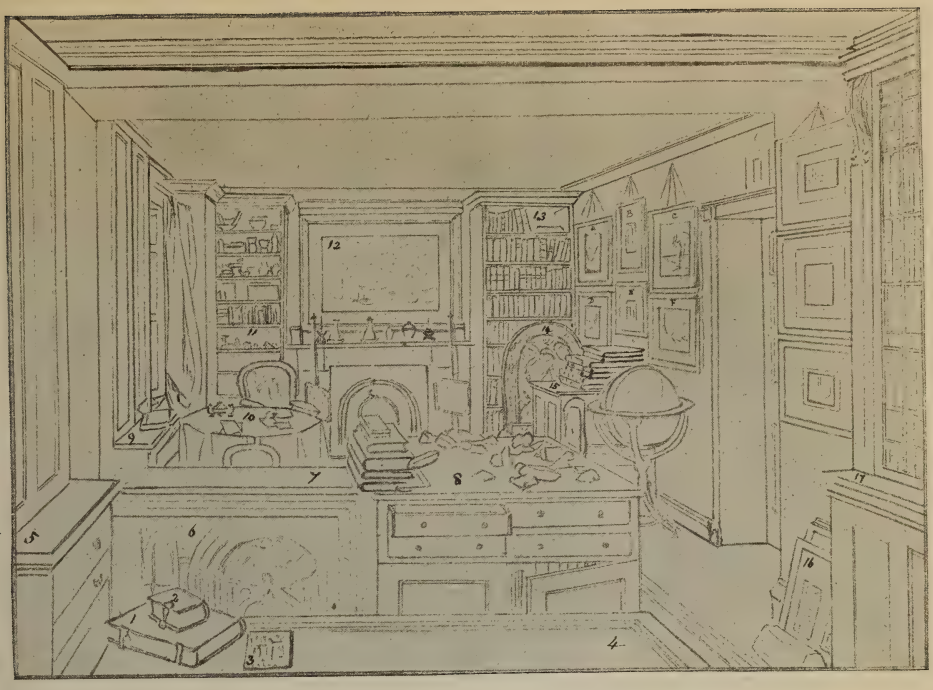
12. Turner's early drawing of Geneva—for the first years of Brantwood thus placed. Displaced for the Luca della Robbia (No. 14), which being now put over the chimney-piece instead, leaves room on each side for the Greek vases of No. 11.

13. To the right of the drawing. Historical bookcase, containing Sismondi's *Ital. Republics*, Carlyle's *Frederick*, Gibbon, History of French Cities, and other materials for the carrying on of *Our Fathers have Told Us*.

14. Luca della Robbia's Madonna, bought for me at Florence, 1880, now put over chimney-piece as the centre of the room.

15. Table between this and the globe. Contains all my larger prints and folios for general work, and carries any larger books needed for it.

16. Framed leaves from St. Louis' Psalter—the most precious MS. in my possession—supported by a basaltic piece of the volcanic ash of Yewdale crag, at the right-hand corner of picture.



– The Turner drawings are all my favourites, –

A B C

D E F

A. Farnley. B. Terni. C. Arona
D. Bonneville E. Narni. F. Schuyler

– The picture over the door was a little illumination of the Entombment. A copy of Tintoret's Visitation is now put in its place.

The Turners are Isola Bella and the Superga of Turin of the Oakewill series.

Ever your loving WRC

I

VAL D'ARNO

(LECTURES DELIVERED 1873, PUBLISHED 1874)

Allen & Co Sc

The Ancient Shores of Arno

VAL D'ARNO.

TEN LECTURES

ON

THE TUSCAN ART

DIRECTLY ANTECEDENT TO

THE FLORENTINE YEAR OF VICTORIES.

GIVEN BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN MICHAELMAS TERM, 1873.

By JOHN RUSKIN,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART.

GEORGE ALLEN,

SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1874.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The lectures, afterwards published under the title of *Val d'Arno*, were delivered under the title of "Val d'Arno in the Thirteenth Century" before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1873. The titles of the lectures, as afterwards published, were also announced in the *University Gazette* (October 14, 1873). Each lecture was delivered first in the University Galleries, and afterwards repeated to a more general audience, on the undermentioned dates: Lecture I., October 20 and 22; II., October 23 and 24; III., October 27 and 29; IV., October 30 and 31; V., November 3 and 5; VI., November 6 and 7; VII., November 10 and 12; VIII., November 13 and 14; IX., November 17 and 19; and X., November 20 and 21.

The lectures were published in the next year in a volume of which there have been the following editions:—

First Edition (1874).—This was the eighth volume in the "Works" Series, the general title-page being:—

> The | Works of John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford. | Volume VIII. | Val d'Arno. | [*Rose*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1874.

The particular title-page was as given on the preceding leaf, here.

Octavo, pp. iv. + 230. Imprint (at the foot of the last page): "Watson and Hazell, Printers, London and Aylesbury." Headlines as in this edition.

Issued on November 7, 1874, in the usual "Ruskin calf," lettered across the back, "Ruskin. | Works. | Vol. | VIII. | Val | D'Arno." Price 27s. 6d. 1000 copies.

Some of the lectures were printed in rough 4to form for use in the lecture-room.

This edition contained no "Contents" or List of Plates, but it contained on a flysheet instructions for the placing of the plates (though not their titles); these instructions are headed "Val d'Arno. Directions to Binder," and should be included in perfect copies of the first edition. The following is a list of the illustrations (as added in later editions, with the number of the plate in this volume added):—

	In ed. 1.	In this volume.
"The Ancient Shores of Arno" . . .	*Frontispiece*	Plate I.
I. The Pisan Latona. Angle of Panel of the Adoration, in Niccola's Pulpit . .	*To face page* 1	,, II.
II. Niccola Pisano's Pulpit	,, ,, 17	,, VI.
III. The Fountain of Perugia	,, ,, 27	,, VIII.
IV. Norman Imagery	,, ,, 40	,, IX.
V. The Door of the Baptistery, Pisa . . .	,, ,, 108	,, X.
VI. The Story of S. John. Advent . . .	,, ,, 113	,, XI.
VII. The Story of S. John. Departure[1] . .	Plate VI.	

[1] The small editions here added "Plate VI.;" after IX. "Plate VIII.," and after XI. "Plate X." (in order to indicate the identity of subject).

	In ed. 1.	In this volume.
VIII. The Charge to Adam (Giovanni Pisano) .	*To face page* 123	Plate XII.
IX. The Charge to Adam (Modern Italian) .	Plate VIII.	
X. The Nativity (Giovanni Pisano) . .	*To face page* 229	,, XIV.
XI. The Nativity (Modern Italian) . . .	Plate X.	
XII. The Annunciation and Visitation . .	*To face page* 189	,, XIII.

Plate IV. was an engraving on steel (here also used); the others were autotypes.

Second Edition (1882).—This was a reprint of the first, except for alterations on the title-pages, and for the insertion of several references (as, *e.g.*, in § 180, line 6, and § 181, line 2). The only change on the general title-page is that of the date. On the particular title-page the author's description is "Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of | Corpus Christi College, Oxford"; the date is changed; and below it is added "[All Rights Reserved]." It should be noted that there is on the title-page no indication of the issue being a Second Edition. Imprint (at foot of the last page): "Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury."

Issued in December 1882 in mottled-grey paper boards, with white paper label on the back which reads "Ruskin. | Works. | Vol. VIII. | Val | D'Arno." Price 22s. 6d. 1000 copies. Copies were also issued in calf, the price being reduced to 20s. in 1893 and to 19s. in 1900. In 1893 copies were also put up in green, lettered on the back "Ruskin | Vol. VIII. | Val d'Arno." Price 14s. 6d. (reduced in 1900 to 12s. 6d.). This issue is still current.

Small Edition (1890).—The title-page is the same as in the Second Edition, except that to the publisher's address "and | 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London" is added, and that the date is changed.

Small crown 8vo, pp. viii.+256. Imprint (at the foot of the reverse of the title-page, and at the foot of the last page): "Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury." Contents, pp. v.–vi. (here p. 9). List of Plates (see above), p. vii. Headlines as in the previous editions.

Issued in April 1890 both in chocolate and in green cloth, lettered across the back, "Ruskin. | Val | D'Arno." Price 7s. 6d. 3000 copies. The text remained unchanged. The plates were again autotypes.

Second Small Edition (1900).—Title-page as before, except that the publisher's address is "George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington | and | 156, Charing Cross Road, London. | 1900." Above it is "*Sixth Thousand.*" Imprint (at foot of the reverse of the title-page, and at foot of the last page): "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press." The text is unchanged, but an Index (by Mr. Wedderburn) is added, pp. 257–292.

Issued in June 1900. 1000 copies. Price 7s. 6d. (reduced in January 1904 to 6s.). This issue is still current.

Unauthorised American Editions have been issued; and in 1891, *an authorised* ("Brantwood") *Edition* was issued by Messrs. Charles E. Merrill and Co., New York, with an Introduction by Charles Eliot Norton, pp. v.–xii.

Variæ Lectiones.—There are few alterations in the text except the additions of references in ed. 2, which need not be detailed. The rearrangement of the plates in the present edition has involved consequential alterations in the text; *e.g.*, in § 282, "Plate I." for "Frontispiece," and so forth. Other alterations are as follow :—

§ 2, the quotation from Dante, hitherto somewhat misprinted, has in this edition been corrected.

§ 8, line 4, the MS. and ed. 1 read "death *of* its heart," which seems the right word, and is therefore here restored; other editions read "death *in* its heart."

§ 15, the reference to *Aratra Pentelici* has hitherto been given as "Plate 19"; it should have been "Plate 20." In the present edition it is Plate 22.

§ 46, in the first line from Dante, ed. 1 has "mure" for "mura."

§ 77, in the passage from Sismondi, "Genevese" in previous editions is here corrected to "Genoese."

§ 81, in the reference to *Sesame and Lilies*, eds. 1 and 2 added "p. 58" (*i.e.*, of the "Works" Edition); to which the small editions added "(P. 86 of the Small Edition of 1882)."

§ 82, so here, eds. 1 and 2 added "p. 106" and the small editions added further "(P. 158 of the Small Edition of 1882)."

§ 83, line 11, see p. 51 *n.*

§ 105 (here p. 64, author's note), "chap. 3" (in all previous editions) is here corrected to "chap. 8."

§ 106, in the reference to Villani, "chap. xi." in previous editions is here corrected to "chap. xl."

§ 109, in the quotation from Villani, "una volta" in previous editions is here corrected to "uno volto."

§ 125, the references to Villani are here corrected from "chapters 61 and 62" (in all previous editions) to "62 and 63."

§ 152, line 25, and § 162, line 6, "tufo" in previous editions is here corrected to "tufa."

§ 186, line 7, the small editions read "or San Michele" for "Or San Michele."

§ 202, third line from end, the small editions misprint "Δογος" for "Λόγος."

§ 225, in the quotation from *Shooting Niagara*, Carlyle's characteristic capitals and italics are in this edition followed.

§ 259, last line but one, "1251" in previous editions was a slip of the pen for "1248."

Greek accents are here corrected or supplied in §§ 130, 243, 253. The references to plates are in some cases altered in this edition (see above).]

CONTENTS

LECTURE I

PAGE

Nicholas the Pisan 11

LECTURE II

John the Pisan 26

LECTURE III

Shield and Apron 41

LECTURE IV

Parted per Pale 55

LECTURE V

Pax Vobiscum 69

LECTURE VI

Marble Couchant 84

LECTURE VII

Marble Rampant 98

LECTURE VIII

Franchise 114

LECTURE IX

PAGE
The Tyrrhene Sea 127

LECTURE X

Fleur-de-Lys 146

Appendix (Notes on the Plates) 165

The Pisan Latona

VAL D'ARNO

LECTURE I[1]

NICHOLAS THE PISAN

1. On this day, of this month, the 20th of October, six hundred and twenty-three years ago, the merchants and tradesmen of Florence met before the church of Santa Croce;[2] marched through the city to the palace of their Podesta; deposed their Podesta; set over themselves, in his place, a knight belonging to an inferior city; called him "Captain of the People"; appointed under him a Signory of twelve Ancients chosen from among themselves; hung a bell for him on the tower of the Lion, that he might ring it at need, and gave him the flag of Florence to bear, half white, and half red.[3]

The first blow struck upon the bell in that tower of the Lion began the tolling for the passing away of the feudal system, and began the joy-peal, or carillon, for whatever deserves joy, in that of our modern liberties, whether of action or of trade.

2. Within the space of our Oxford term from that day, namely, on the 13th of December in the same year, 1250, died, at Ferentino, in Apulia, the second Frederick, Emperor of Germany; the second also of the two great lights which in his lifetime, according to Dante's astronomy,

[1] [First delivered on October 20, 1873.]

[2] [Ruskin here summarises the account in Villani's *Istorie Fiorentine*, book vi. ch. 39 (vol. ii. pp. 113–114 of the edition of the book in *Classici Italiani*, Milan, 1802).]

[3] [On the significance of this day, see further §§ 102–104, 232, 259 (below, pp. 62–63, 135, 151–152).]

IMMACULATE HEART
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ruled the world,—whose light being quenched, "the land which was once the residence of courtesy and valour, became the haunt of all men who are ashamed to be near the good, or to speak to them."

> "In sul paese, ch' Adise e Pò riga,
> Solea valore e cortesia trovarsi,
> Prima che Federigo avesse briga;
> Or può sicuramente indi passarsi,
> Per qualunque lasciasse, per vergogna
> Di ragionar co' buoni, ad appressarsi."
> *Purg.*, cant. xvi. [115–120].[1]

3. The "Paese, ch' Adise e Pò riga" is of course Lombardy; and might have been enough distinguished by the name of its principal river. But Dante has an especial reason for naming the Adige. It is always by the valley of the Adige that the power of the German Cæsars descends on Italy;[2] and that battlemented bridge, which doubtless many of you remember, thrown over the Adige at Verona, was so built that the German riders might have secure and constant access to the city. In which city they had their first stronghold in Italy, aided therein by the great family of the Montecchi, Montacutes, Mont-aigu-s, or Montagues; lords, so called, of the mountain peaks; in feud with the family of the Cappelletti,—hatted, or, more properly, scarlet-hatted, persons. And this accident of nomenclature, assisted by your present familiar knowledge of the real contests of the sharp mountains with the flat caps, or petasoi, of cloud (locally giving Mont Pilate its title,[3] "Pileatus"), may in many points curiously illustrate for you that contest of Frederick the Second with Innocent the Fourth, which in the good of it and the evil alike, represents to all time the war of the solid, rational, and earthly authority of the King, and State, with the more or less spectral, hooded, imaginative, and nubiform authority of the Pope, and Church.

[1] [Compare "Verona and its Rivers," § 29 (Vol. XIX. p. 445).]
[2] [Compare, again, "Verona and its Rivers," Vol. XIX. p. 431.]
[3] [On this name, see Vol. VII. p. 164 *n.*]

4. It will be desirable also that you clearly learn the material relations, governing spiritual ones,—as of the Alps to their clouds,[1] so of the plains to their rivers. And of these rivers, chiefly note the relation to each other, first, of the Adige and Po; then of the Arno and Tiber. For the Adige, representing among the rivers and fountains of waters the channel of Imperial, as the Tiber of the Papal power, and the strength of the Coronet being founded on the white peaks that look down upon Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, as that of the Scarlet Cap in the marsh of the Campagna, "quo tenuis in sicco aqua destituisset,"[2] the study of the policies and arts of the cities founded in the two great valleys of Lombardy and Tuscany, so far as they were affected by their bias to the Emperor, or the Church, will arrange itself in your minds at once in a symmetry as clear as it will be, in our future work, secure and suggestive.

5. "Tenuis, in sicco." How literally the words apply, as to the native streams, so to the early states or establishings of the great cities of the world. And you will find that the policy of the Coronet, with its tower-building; the policy of the Hood, with its dome-building; and the policy of the bare brow, with its cot-building,—the three main associations of human energy to which we owe the architecture of our earth (in contradistinction to the dens and caves of it),—are curiously and eternally governed by mental laws, corresponding to the physical ones which are ordained for the rocks, the clouds, and the streams.

The tower, which many of you so well remember the daily sight of, in your youth, above the "winding shore" of Thames,[3]—the tower upon the hill of London; the dome which still rises above its foul and terrestrial clouds; and the

[1] [Compare § 110, below, p. 67.]
[2] [Livy, i. 4, 5.]
[3] [See Pope's *Windsor Forest*:—

"Oh, wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore."]

walls of this city itself, which has been "alma," nourishing in gentleness, to the youth of England, because defended from external hostility by the difficultly fordable streams of its plain, may perhaps, in a few years more, be swept away as heaps of useless stone; but the rocks, and clouds, and rivers of our country will yet, one day, restore to it the glory of law, of religion, and of life.

6. I am about to ask you to read the hieroglyphs upon the architecture of a dead nation, in character greatly resembling our own,—in laws and in commerce greatly influencing our own;—in arts, still, from her grave, tutress of the present world. I know that it will be expected of me to explain the merits of her arts, without reference to the wisdom of her laws; and to describe the results of both, without investigating the feelings which regulated either. I cannot do this; but I will at once end these necessarily vague, and perhaps premature, generalizations; and only ask you to study some portions of the life and work of two men, father and son, citizens of the city in which the energies of this great people were at first concentrated; and to deduce from that study the conclusions, or follow out the inquiries, which it may naturally suggest.

7. It is the modern fashion to despise Vasari.[1] He is indeed despicable, whether as historian or critic,—not least in his admiration of Michael Angelo; nevertheless, he records the traditions and opinions of his day; and these you must accurately know, before you can wisely correct. I will take leave, therefore, to begin to-day with a sentence from Vasari, which many of you have often heard quoted, but of which, perhaps, few have enough observed the value.

"Niccola Pisano finding himself under certain Greek sculptors who were carving the figures and other intaglio ornaments of the cathedral of Pisa, and of the temple of St. John, and there being, among many spoils of marbles,

[1] [For Ruskin's views of Vasari, see the passages collected at Vol. XII. p. 258 *n.*; to which add, in this volume, pp. 218–219, 370, 395 *n.*]

brought by the Pisan fleet,* some ancient tombs, there was one among the others most fair, on which was sculptured the hunting of Meleager." †

Get the meaning and contents of this passage well into your minds. In the gist of it, it is true, and very notable.

8. You are in mid-thirteenth century; 1200–1300. The Greek nation has been dead in heart upwards of a thousand years; its religion dead, for six hundred. But through the wreck of its faith, and death of its heart, the skill of its hands, and the cunning of its design, instinctively linger. In the centres of Christian power, the Christians are still unable to build but under Greek masters, and by pillage of Greek shrines; and their best workman is only an apprentice to the "Graeculi esurientes"[1] who are carving the temple of St. John.

9. Think of it. Here has the New Testament been declared for 1200 years. No spirit of wisdom, as yet, has been given to its workmen, except that which has descended from the Mars Hill on which St. Paul stood contemptuous in pity.[2] No Bezaleel[3] arises, to build new tabernacles, unless he has been taught by Daedalus.

10. It is necessary, therefore, for you first to know precisely the manner of these Greek masters in their decayed power; the manner which Vasari calls, only a sentence before, "That old Greek manner, blundering, disproportioned,"—Goffa, e sproporzionata.

* "Armata." The proper word for a land army is "esercito."

† Vol. i. p. 60, of Mrs. Foster's English translation,[4] to which I shall always refer, in order that English students may compare the context if they wish. But the pieces of English which I give are my own direct translation, varying, it will be found, often, from Mrs. Foster's in minute, but not unimportant, particulars.

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[1] [Juvenal, iii. 78; quoted also in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 206 (Vol. XX. p. 351).]

[2] [Acts xvii. 22; referred to also in Vol. VII. p. 408, and Vol. XVIII. p. 136.]

[3] [Exodus xxxvi. 1, etc. Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 111 (below, p. 266).]

[4] [In Bohn's Library; referred to in the editorial notes of this edition as "Bohn's."]

"Goffa," the very word which Michael Angelo uses of Perugino.* Behold, the Christians despising the Dunce Greeks, as the Infidel modernists despise the Dunce Christians.

11. I sketched for you, when I was last at Pisa, a few arches of the apse of the duomo, and a small portion of the sculpture of the font of the temple of St. John.[1] I have placed them in your Rudimentary Series, as examples of "quella vecchia maniera Greca, goffa e sproporzionata." My own judgment respecting them is,—and it is a judgment founded on knowledge which you may, if you choose, share with me, after working with me,—that no architecture on this grand scale, so delicately skilful in execution, or so daintily disposed in proportion, exists elsewhere in the world.

12. Is Vasari entirely wrong then?

No, only half wrong, but very fatally half wrong. There are Greeks, and Greeks.

This head with the inlaid dark iris in its eyes,[2] from the font of St. John, is as pure as the sculpture of early Greece,[3] a hundred years before Phidias; and it is so delicate, that having drawn with equal care this and the best work of the Lombardi at Venice (in the church of the Miracoli),[4] I found this to possess the more subtle qualities of design. And yet, in the cloisters of St. John Lateran at

* Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 46 [Vol. XXII. p. 329].

[1] [Plates III. and IV. The drawing of the apse is No. 76 in the *Reference* Series (Vol. XXI. p. 33). The portion of the sculpture of the font—the head described in § 12—is No. 99 in the same series (*ibid.*, p. 35). Ruskin made the sketches in May 1872 (see Vol. XXII. p. xxvi.).]

[2] [See Plate XXXVIII. in Vol. XXI. The drawing is No. 99 in the Reference Series (*ibid.*, pp. 147–148).]

[3] [Ruskin refers to this passage in a letter to Professor Norton from Lucca, August 18, 1874 (see a later volume), remarking that he was driven by a native Etruscan "with the same black eyes that are inlaid on the Font of Pisa"; and explaining that "the effete Greek of St. John Lateran is real Byzantine—polluted at Rome to its death."]

[4] [See Vol. XI. p. 393; and for the work of the Lombardi generally, Vol. V. p. 75. Ruskin's drawing of the Church of the Miracoli is not known to the editors.]

Arches of the Apse of the Duomo, Pisa
1872

Study of a Panel on the Font of the Baptistery, Pisa

1872

Rome,[1] you have Greek work, if not contemporary with this at Pisa, yet occupying a parallel place in the history of architecture, which is abortive, and monstrous beyond the power of any words to describe. Vasari knew no difference between these two kinds of Greek work. Nor do your modern architects. To discern the difference between the sculpture of the font of Pisa, and the spandrels of the Lateran cloister, requires thorough training of the hand in the finest methods of draughtsmanship; and, secondly, trained habit of reading the mythology and ethics of design. I simply assure you of the fact at present; and if you work, you may have sight and sense of it.

13. There are Greeks, and Greeks, then, in the twelfth century, differing as much from each other as vice, in all ages, must differ from virtue. But in Vasari's sight they are alike; in ours, they must be so, as far as regards our present purpose. As men of a school, they are to be summed under the general name of "Byzantines"; their work all alike showing specific characters of attenuate, rigid, and in many respects offensively unbeautiful, design, to which Vasari's epithets of "goffa, e sproporzionata" are naturally applied by all persons trained only in modern principles. Under masters, then, of this Byzantine race, Niccola is working at Pisa.

14. Among the spoils brought by her fleets from Greece, is a sarcophagus, with Meleager's hunt on it, wrought "con bellissima maniera," says Vasari.

You may see that sarcophagus[2]—any of you who go to Pisa;—touch it, for it is on a level with your hand; study it, as Niccola studied it, to your mind's content. Within ten yards of it, stand equally accessible pieces of Niccola's own work and of his son's. Within fifty yards of it, stands the Byzantine font of the chapel of St. John.

[1] [There is at Brantwood a beautiful drawing by Ruskin of part of these cloisters; for his praise, at an earlier period, of some of the work in them, see Vol. VIII. p. 177 *n.*]

[2] [Plate V.]

Spend but the good hours of a single day quietly by these three pieces of marble, and you may learn more than in general any of you bring home from an entire tour in Italy. But how many of you ever yet went into that temple of St. John, knowing what to look for; or spent as much time in the Campo Santo of Pisa, as you do in Mr. Ryman's shop[1] on a rainy day?

15. The sarcophagus is not, however (with Vasari's pardon), in "bellissima maniera" by any means. But it is in the classical Greek manner instead of the Byzantine Greek manner. You have to learn the difference between these.

Now I have explained to you sufficiently, in *Aratra Pentelici*, what the classical Greek manner is.[2] The manner and matter of it being easily summed—as those of natural and unaffected life;—nude life when nudity is right and pure; not otherwise. To Niccola, the difference between this natural Greek school and the Byzantine, was as the difference between the bull of Thurium and of Delhi (see Plate 22 of *Aratra Pentelici*[3]).

Instantly he followed the natural fact, and became the Father of Sculpture to Italy.

16. Are we, then, also to be strong by following the natural fact?

Yes, assuredly. That is the beginning and end of all my teaching to you. But the noble natural fact, not the ignoble. You are to study men; not lice nor entozoa. And you are to study the souls of men in their bodies, not their bodies only. Mulready's drawings from the nude[4] are more degraded and bestial than the worst grotesques of the Byzantine or even the Indian image makers. And your modern mob of English and American tourists, following a lamplighter through the Vatican to have pink light thrown

[1] [The printseller's shop in the High Street.]
[2] [See Vol. XX. pp. 334 *seq.*]
[3] [Vol. XX. p. 349.]
[4] [At the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum (compare Vol. XXII. p. 235); and for a summary of Ruskin's references to Mulready, see Vol. IV. p. 336 *n.*]

for them on the Apollo Belvidere, are farther from capacity of understanding Greek art than the parish charity boy, making a ghost out of a turnip with a candle inside.

17. Niccola followed the facts, then. He is the Master of Naturalism in Italy. And I have drawn for you his lioness and cubs[1] to fix that in your minds. And beside it, I put the Lion of St. Mark's,[2] that you may see exactly the kind of change he made. The Lion of St. Mark's (all but his wings, which have been made and fastened on in the fifteenth century) is in the central Byzantine manner; a fine decorative piece of work, descending in true genealogy from the Lion of Nemea, and the crested skin of him that clothes the head of the Heracles of Camarina.[3] It has all the richness of Greek Daedal work,—nay, it has fire and life beyond much Greek Daedal work; but in so far as it is non-natural, symbolic, decorative, and not like an actual lion, it would be felt by Niccola Pisano to be imperfect. And instead of this decorative evangelical preacher of a lion, with staring eyes, and its paw on a gospel, he carves you a quite brutal and maternal lioness, with affectionate eyes, and paw set on her cub.

18. Fix that in your minds, then. Niccola Pisano is the Master of Naturalism in Italy,—therefore elsewhere: of Naturalism, and all that follows. Generally of truth, common-sense, simplicity, vitality,—and of all these, with consummate power. A man to be inquired about, is not he? and will it not make a difference to you whether you look, when you travel in Italy, in his rough early marbles for this fountain of life, or only glance at them because your Murray's Guide tells you,—and think them "odd old things"?

19. We must look for a moment more at one odd old

[1] [From the pulpit at Siena; No. 153 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 88. The drawing is reproduced on Plate E in Vol. XX. (p. 363).]

[2] [No. 160 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 89). Compare § 191, below, p. 114.]

[3] [On the lion of Nemea and the skin of him worn symbolically by Heracles, see *Queen of the Air*, Vol. XIX. pp. 416–417, and Plate XVIII. (*ibid.*, p. 410).]

thing—the sarcophagus which was his tutor. Upon it is carved the hunting of Meleager;[1] and it was made, or by tradition received as, the tomb of the mother of the Countess Matilda. I must not let you pass by it without noticing two curious coincidences in these particulars. First, in the Greek subject which is given Niccola to read.

The boar, remember, is Diana's enemy. It is sent upon the fields of Calydon in punishment of the refusal of the Calydonians to sacrifice to her. "You have refused *me*," she said; "you will not have Artemis Laphria,[2] Forager Diana, to range in your fields. You shall have the Forager Swine, instead."

Meleager and Atalanta are Diana's servants,—servants of all order, purity, due sequence of season, and time. The orbed architecture of Tuscany, with its sculptures of the succession of the labouring months, as compared with the rude vaults and monstrous imaginations of the past, was again the victory of Meleager.

20. Secondly, take what value there is in the tradition that this sarcophagus was made the tomb of the mother of the Countess Matilda. If you look to the fourteenth chapter of the third volume of *Modern Painters*,[3] you will find the mythic character of the Countess Matilda, as Dante employed it, explained at some length. She is the representative of Natural Science as opposed to Theological.

21. Chance coincidences merely, these; but full of teaching for us, looking back upon the past. To Niccola, the piece of marble was, primarily, and perhaps exclusively, an example of free chiselling, and humanity of treatment. What else it was to him,—what the spirits of Atalanta

[1] [So Vasari (see above, § 7), but others interpret the subjects as Hippolytus rejecting the suit of Phædra, and his departure for the chase: see the passage quoted by Ruskin from Lord Lindsay in Vol. XII. p. 204.]

[2] [For this title (perhaps derived from λάφυρα, spoils), and for alternative explanations of it, see Pausanias, iv. 31, 7; vii. 18, 8. For the myth, see "The Argument" prefixed to Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* (a poem much admired by Ruskin).]

[3] [See, in this edition, Vol. V. pp. 277 *seq.* A monograph upon her has recently (1905) appeared: *Matilda, Countess of Tuscany*, by Mrs. Mary E. Huddy.]

Photo Alinari

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A Greek Sarcophagus in the Campo Santo, Pisa

and Matilda could bestow on him, depended on what he was himself. Of which Vasari tells you nothing. Not whether he was gentleman or clown—rich or poor—soldier or sailor. Was he never, then, in those fleets that brought the marbles back from the ravaged Isles of Greece? was he at first only a labourer's boy among the scaffoldings of the Pisan apse,—his apron loaded with dust—and no man praising him for his speech? Rough he was, assuredly; probably poor; fierce and energetic, beyond even the strain of Pisa,—just and kind, beyond the custom of his age, knowing the Judgment and Love of God: and a workman, with all his soul and strength, all his days.

22. You hear the fame of him as of a sculptor only. It is right that you should; for every great architect must be a sculptor,[1] and be renowned, as such, more than by his building. But Niccola Pisano had even more influence on Italy as a builder than as a carver.

For Italy, at this moment, wanted builders more than carvers; and a change was passing through her life, of which external edifice was a necessary sign. I complained of you just now that you never looked at the Byzantine font in the temple of St. John. The sacristan generally will not let you. He takes you to a particular spot on the floor, and sings a musical chord. The chord returns in prolonged echo from the chapel roof, as if the building were all one sonorous marble bell.

Which indeed it is; and travellers are always greatly amused at being allowed to ring this bell; but it never occurs to them to ask how it came to be ringable:—how that tintinnabulate roof differs from the dome of the Pantheon, expands into the dome of Florence, or declines into the whispering gallery of St. Paul's.

23. When you have had full satisfaction of the tintinnabulate roof, you are led by the sacristan and Murray to Niccola Pisano's pulpit; which, if you have spare time to

[1] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 335.]

examine it, you find to have six sides, to be decorated with tablets of sculpture, like the sides of the sarcophagus, and to be sustained on seven pillars, three of which are themselves carried on the backs of as many animals.

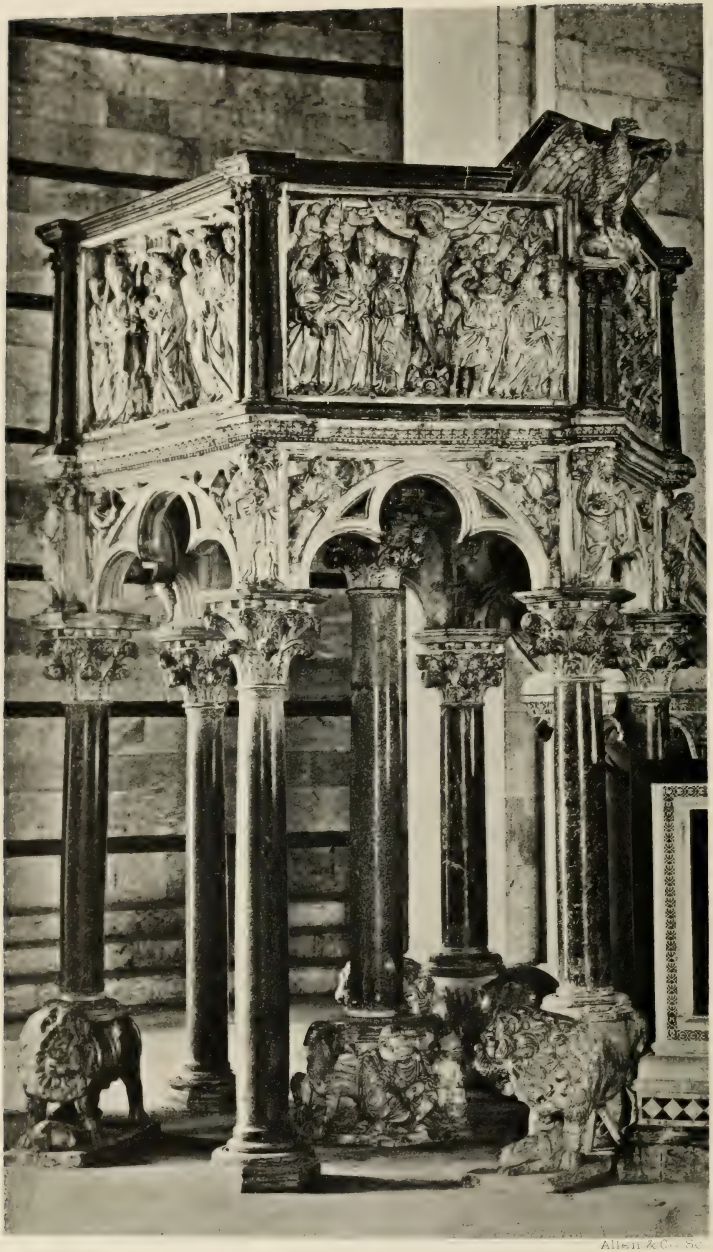
All this arrangement had been contrived before Niccola's time, and executed again and again. But behold! between the capitals of the pillars and the sculptured tablets there are interposed five cusped arches, the hollow beneath the pulpit showing dark through their foils.[1] You have seen such cusped arches before, you think?

Yes, gentlemen, *you* have; but the Pisans had *not*. And that intermediate layer of the pulpits means—the change, in a word, for all Europe, from the Parthenon to Amiens Cathedral. For Italy it means the rise of her Gothic dynasty; it means the duomo of Milan instead of the temple of Paestum.

24. I say the duomo of Milan, only to put the change well before your eyes, because you all know that building so well. The duomo of Milan is of entirely bad and barbarous Gothic,[2] but the passion of pinnacle and fret is in it, visibly to you, more than in other buildings. It will therefore serve to show best what fulness of change this pulpit of Niccola Pisano signifies.[3]

In *it* there is no passion of pinnacle nor of fret. You see the edges of it, instead of being bossed, or knopped, or crocketed, are mouldings of severest line. No vaulting, no clustered shafts, no traceries, no fantasies, no perpendicular flights of aspiration. Steady pillars, each of one polished block; useful capitals, one trefoiled arch between them; your panel above it; thereon your story of the founder of Christianity. The whole standing upon beasts, they being indeed the foundation of us (which Niccola knew far better than Mr. Darwin); Eagle to carry your

[1] [Compare § 159, below, p. 96.]
[2] [Compare Vol. VIII. p. 72; Vol. XII. p. 93; and Vol. XVI. p. 324.]
[3] [Plate VI. A very large photograph of it is No. 163 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 42).]



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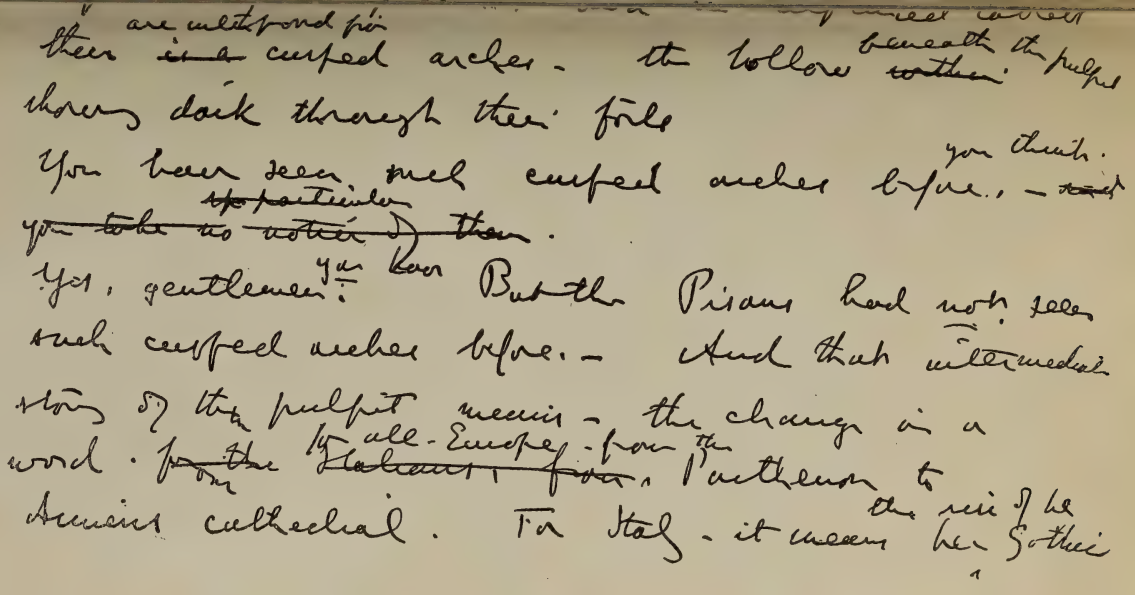
Niccola Pisano's Pulpit

tintinnabulate ~~chapel~~ roof differs from the Dome of the Pantheon — ~~or rises~~ expands into the dome of Florence — or declines into the Whispering gallery of St Pauls.

Tired of ~~From~~ the tintinnabulate roof, you are led by the Sacristan and Murray ~~requires you to~~ to Nicolo Pisano's Pulpit.

If you have sense to examine it, ~~you find it~~ You find it to have six sides; — ~~to be~~ decorated with five tablets of sculpture — like the sides of the sarcophagus; — and to be sustained on five pillars, stemulous carried on the backs of five animals

All this had been done before Nicolas time.



A Page of the MS. of "Val d'Arno" (§ 23)

Gospel message—Dove you think it ought to be?[1] Eagle, says Niccola, and not as symbol of St. John Evangelist only, but behold! with prey between its claws. For the Gospel, it is Niccola's opinion, is not altogether a message that you may do whatever you like, and go straight to heaven. Finally, a slab of marble, cut hollow a little to bear your book; space enough for you to speak from at ease,—and here is your first architecture of Gothic Christianity!

25. Indignant thunder of dissent from German doctors, —clamour from French savants. "What! and our Trèves, and our Strasburg, and our Poictiers, and our Chartres! And you call *this* thing the first architecture of Christianity!" Yes, my French and German friends, very fine the buildings you have mentioned are; and I am bold to say I love them far better than you do,[2] for you will run a railroad through any of them any day that you can turn a penny by it. I thank you also, Germans, in the name of our Lady of Strasburg, for your bullets and fire; and I thank you, Frenchmen, in the name of our Lady of Rouen, for your new haberdashers' shops in the Gothic town;—meanwhile have patience with me a little, and let me go on.

26. No passion of fretwork, or pinnacle whatever, I said, is in this Pisan pulpit. The trefoiled arch itself, pleasant as it is, seems forced a little; out of perfect harmony with the rest (see Plate VI.). Unnatural, perhaps, to Niccola?

Altogether unnatural to him, it is; such a thing never would have come into his head, unless some one had shown it him. Once got into his head, he puts it to good use; perhaps even he will let this somebody else put pinnacles and crockets into his head, or at least, into his son's, in a

[1] [On this subject compare "The Eagle of Elis," Vol. XX. p. 398.]

[2] [To the architecture of Trèves, Ruskin does not elsewhere refer. At Strasburg he had been at home since very early days (1833); for remarks on its architecture, see Vol. XIV. pp. 412 *seq.* (and for numerous other references, General Index). For the Franco-German war, in connexion with it, see Vol. XX. p. 199 *n.* For Poictiers, see Vol. XVI. p. 278; for the numerous references to Chartres, General Index. For the vulgarisation of old houses in Rouen, see Vol. XXI. p. 192.]

little while.[1] Pinnacles,—crockets,—it may be, even traceries. The ground tier of the baptistery is round-arched, and has no pinnacles; but look at its first story. The clerestory of the Duomo of Pisa has no traceries, but look at the cloister of its Campo Santo.[2]

27. I pause at the words;—for they introduce a new group of thoughts, which presently we must trace farther.

The Holy Field;—field of burial. The "cave of Machpelah which is before Mamre," of the Pisans. "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."[3]

How do you think such a field becomes holy,—how separated, as the resting-place of loving kindred, from that other field of blood, bought to bury *strangers* in?[4]

When you have finally succeeded, by your gospel of mammon, in making all the men of your own nation not only strangers to each other, but enemies; and when your every churchyard becomes therefore a field of the stranger, the kneeling hamlet will vainly drink the chalice of God[5] in the midst of them. The field will be unholy. No cloisters of noble history can ever be built round such an one.

28. But the very earth of this at Pisa was holy, as you know.[6] That "armata" of the Tuscan city brought home not only marble and ivory, for treasure; but earth,—a fleet's burden,—from the place where there was healing of soul's leprosy: and their field became a place of holy tombs, prepared for its office with earth from the land made holy by one tomb; which all the knighthood of Christendom had been pouring out its life to win.

29. I told you just now that this sculpture of Niccola's

[1] [See below, § 176, p. 107.]
[2] [See Fig. 1 on p. 29.]
[3] [Genesis xlix. 30, 31.]
[4] [Matthew xxvii. 7, 8.]
[5] [See *In Memoriam*, x.]
[6] ["The Campo Santo of Pisa (which has given its name to every place of interment in Italy) was founded by Archbishop Ubaldo (1188–1200). The prelate, on his return from Palestine, whence he was expelled by Saladin, found some compensation for his defeat by bringing back his fifty-three vessels laden with earth from Mount Calvary" (Murray's Guide). Compare "Giotto's Pet Puppy," § 5 (below, p. 472), and *St. Mark's Rest*, § 3.]

was the beginning of Christian architecture. How do you judge that Christian architecture in the deepest meaning of it to differ from all other?

All other noble architecture is for the glory of living gods and men: but this is for the glory of death, in God and man. Cathedral, cloister, or tomb,—shrine for the body of Christ, or for the bodies of the saints. All alike signifying death to this world; life, other than of this world.

Observe, I am not saying how far this feeling, be it faith, or be it imagination, is true or false;—I only desire you to note that the power of all Christian work begins in the niche of the catacomb and depth of the sarcophagus, and is to the end definable as architecture of the tomb.[1]

30. Not altogether, and under every condition, sanctioned in doing such honour to the dead by the Master of it. Not every grave is by His command to be worshipped. Graves there may be—too little guarded, yet dishonourable;—"*ye* are as graves that appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them." And graves too much guarded, yet dishonourable, "which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but are within full of all uncleanness." Or graves, themselves honourable, yet which it may be, in us, a crime to adorn. "For they indeed killed them, and ye build their sepulchres."[2]

Questions, these, collateral; or to be examined in due time; for the present it is enough for us to know that all Christian architecture, as such, has been hitherto essentially of tombs.

It has been thought, gentlemen, that there is a fine Gothic revival in your streets of Oxford, because you have a Gothic door to your County Bank:[3]

Remember, at all events, it was other kind of buried treasure, and bearing other interest, which Niccola Pisano's Gothic was set to guard.

[1] [Compare the passage from Ruskin's diary given below, p. 205 *n.*]
[2] [Luke xi. 44; Matthew xxiii. 27; Luke xi. 48.]
[3] [In the High Street; built in 1868 from the design of J. L. Pearson, R.A.]

LECTURE II

JOHN THE PISAN

31. I CLOSED my last lecture with the statement, on which I desired to give you time for reflection, that Christian architecture was, in its chief energy, the adornment of tombs,—having the passionate function of doing honour to the dead.

But there is an ethic, or simply didactic and instructive architecture, the decoration of which you will find to be normally representative of the virtues which are common alike to Christian and Greek. And there is a natural tendency to adopt such decoration, and the modes of design fitted for it, in civil buildings.*

32. *Civil*, or *civic*, I say, as opposed to military.[1] But again observe, there are two kinds of military building. One, the robber's castle, or stronghold, out of which he issues to pillage; the other, the honest man's castle, or stronghold, into which he retreats from pillage. They are much like each other in external forms;—but Injustice, or Unrighteousness, sits in the gate of the one, veiled with forest branches (see Giotto's painting of him);[2] and Justice

* "These several rooms were indicated by symbol and device: Victory for the soldier, Hope for the exile, the Muses for the poets, Mercury for the artists, Paradise for the preacher."—(Sagacius Gazata, of the Palace of Can Grande. I translate only Sismondi's quotation.[3])

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 165, where (in the Appendix of 1873) this chapter is referred to (Vol. XVIII. p. 517).]

[2] [In the Arena Chapel at Padua: see frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 10. The reference to "Justice or Righteousness" appears to be to the predella of Giotto's picture (frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 11), on which are depicted "various persons riding securely in the woods" (*Stones of Venice*, Vol. X. p. 398); Ruskin was thinking also, no doubt, of Christ's entry into Jerusalem (John xii. 12, 13).]

[3] [Chapter xxviii. vol. iv. p. 416 of the Paris edition of 1826. The passage from Sagacius de Gazata will be found in vol. xviii. (preface) of Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*.]

or Righteousness *enters* by the gate of the other, over strewn forest branches. Now, for example of this second kind of military architecture, look at Carlyle's account of Henry the Fowler,* and of his building military towns, or burgs, to protect his peasantry. In such function you have the first and proper idea of a walled town,—a place into which the pacific country people can retire for safety, as the Athenians in the Spartan war. Your fortress of this kind is a religious and civil fortress, or burg, defended by burgers, trained to defensive war. Keep always this idea of the proper nature of a fortified city:—Its walls mean protection,—its gates hospitality and triumph. In the language familiar to you, spoken of the chief of cities: "Its walls are to be Salvation, and its gates to be Praise."[1] And recollect always the inscription over the north gate of Siena: "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit."—"More than her gates, Siena opens her heart to you."[2]

33. When next you enter London by any of the great lines, I should like you to consider, as you approach the city, what the feelings of the heart of London are likely to be on your approach, and at what part of the railroad station an inscription, explaining such state of her heart, might be most fitly inscribed.[3] Or you would still better understand the difference between ancient and modern principles of architecture by taking a cab to the Elephant and Castle, and thence walking to London Bridge by what is in fact the great southern entrance of London. The only gate receiving you is, however, the arch thrown over the road to carry the South-Eastern Railway itself; and the only exhibition either of Salvation or Praise is in the cheap clothes' shops on each side; and especially in one colossal haberdasher's shop, over which you may see the British flag

* *Frederick,* vol. i. [book ii. ch. i.].[4]

[1] [Isaiah lx. 18.]
[2] [Ruskin cites this inscription again in *Præterita,* iii. § 86.]
[3] [Compare *Lectures on Art,* § 122 (Vol. XX. p. 111).]
[4] [Cited in the Appendix to *The Crown of Wild Olive,* Vol. XVIII. p 517.]

waving (in imitation of Windsor Castle) when the master of the shop is at home.

34. Next to protection from external hostility, the two necessities in a city are of food and water supply;—the latter essentially constant. You can store food and forage, but water must flow freely. Hence the Fountain and the Mercato become the centres of civil architecture.

Premising thus much, I will ask you to look once more at this cloister of the Campo Santo of Pisa.

35. On first entering the place, its quiet, its solemnity, the perspective of its aisles, and the conspicuous grace and precision of its traceries, combine to give you the sensation of having entered a true Gothic cloister. And if you walk round it hastily, and, glancing only at a fresco or two, and the confused tombs erected against them, return to the uncloistered sunlight of the piazza, you may quite easily carry away with you, and ever afterwards retain, the notion that the Campo Santo of Pisa is the same kind of thing as the cloister of Westminster Abbey.

36. I will beg you to look at the building, thus photographed,[1] more attentively. The "long-drawn aisle" is here, indeed,—but where is the "fretted vault?"[2]

A timber roof, simple as that of a country barn, and of which only the horizontal beams catch the eye, connects an entirely plain outside wall with an interior one, pierced by round-headed openings; in which are inserted pieces of complex tracery, as foreign in conception to the rest of the work as if the Pisan armata had gone up the Rhine instead of to Crete, pillaged South Germany, and cut these pieces of tracery out of the windows of some church in an advanced stage of fantastic design at Nuremberg or Frankfort.

37. If you begin to question, hereupon, who was the Italian robber, whether of marble or thought, and look to your Vasari, you find the building attributed to John the

[1] [See Fig. 1, opposite.]

[2] [Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, stanza 10; quoted also in *Præterita*, i. § 116.]

Pisan;*—and you suppose the son to have been so pleased by his father's adoption of Gothic forms that he must needs borrow them, in this manner, ready made, from the Germans, and thrust them into his round arches, or wherever else they would go.

We will look at something more of his work, however, before drawing such conclusion.

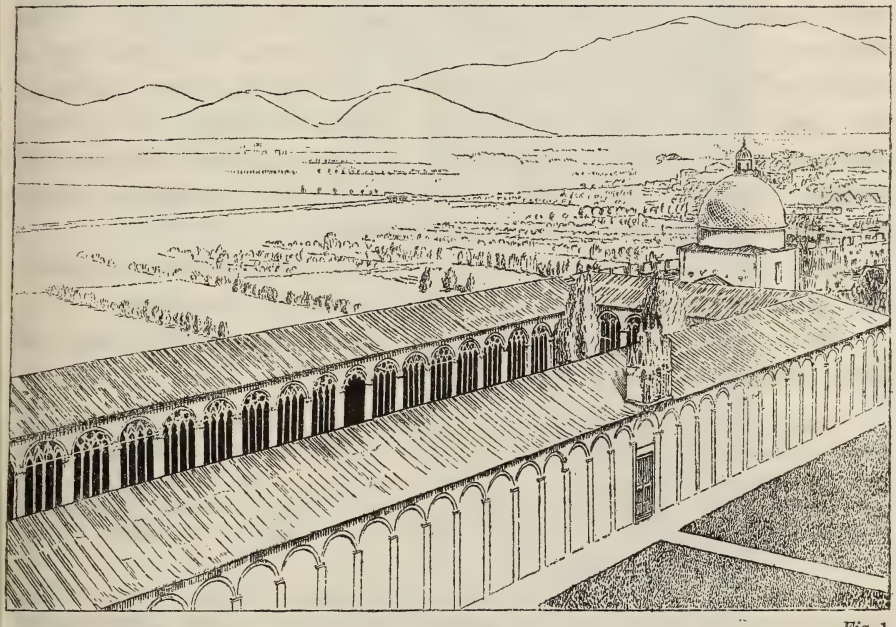


Fig. 1

38. In the centres of the great squares of Siena and Perugia rose, obedient to engineers' art, two perennial fountains. Without engineers' art, the glens which cleave the sand-rock of Siena flow with living water; and still, if there be a hell for the forger in Italy, he remembers therein the sweet grotto and green wave of Fonte Branda.[1] But

* The present traceries are of fifteenth-century work, founded on Giovanni's design.

[1] [See *Inferno*, xxx. 76–78; and for other references by Ruskin to Fonte Branda see Vol. XVII. p. 551.]

on the very summit of the two hills, crested by their great civic fortresses, and in the centres of their circuit of walls, rose the two guided wells; each in basin of goodly marble, sculptured—at Perugia, by John of Pisa, at Siena, by James of Quercia.

39. It is one of the bitterest regrets of my life (and I have many which some men would find difficult to bear), that I never saw, except when I was a youth, and then with sealed eyes, Jacopo della Quercia's fountain.* The Sienese, a little while since, tore it down, and put up a model of it by a modern carver.[1] In like manner, perhaps, you will some day knock the Elgin Marbles to pieces, and commission an Academician to put up new ones,—the Sienese doing worse than that (as if the Athenians were *themselves* to break their Phidias' work).

But the fountain of John of Pisa, though much injured, and glued together with asphalt, is still in its place.

40. I will now read to you what Vasari first says of him, and it (I. 67):[2]—

"Nicholas had, among other sons, one called John, who, because he always followed his father, and, under his discipline, intended (bent himself to, with a will) sculpture and architecture, in a few years became not only equal to his father, but in some things superior to him; wherefore Nicholas, being now old, retired himself into Pisa, and living quietly there,

* I observe that Charles Dickens had the fortune denied to me. "The market-place, or great Piazza, is a large square, with a great broken-nosed fountain in it." (*Pictures from Italy.*[3])

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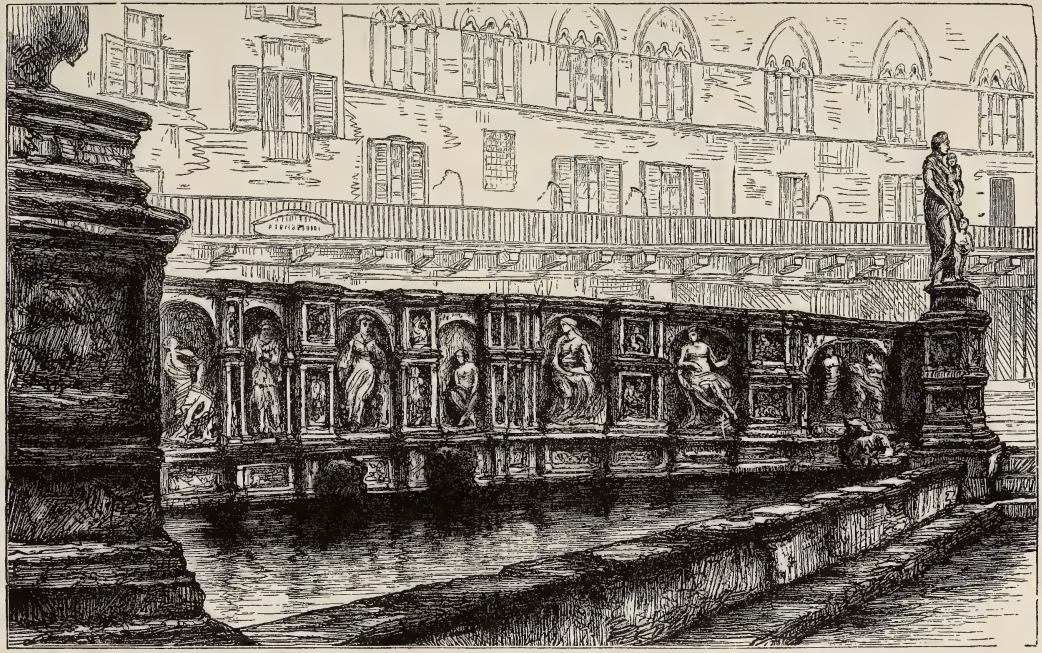
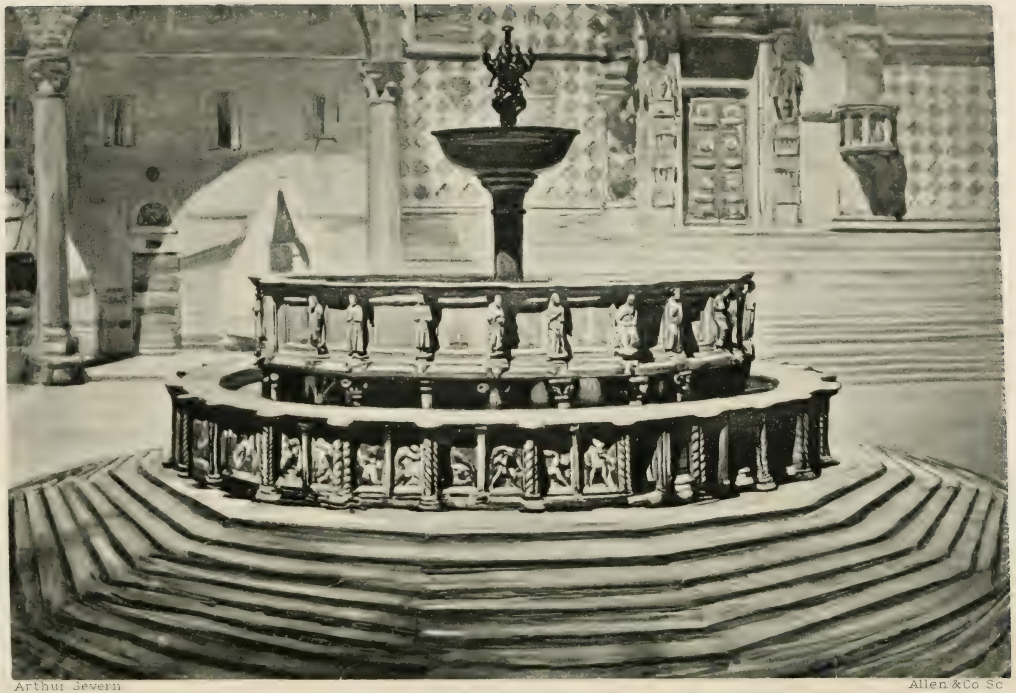
[1] [See for a further notice of this fountain—Fonte Gaja—the passage from Vasari cited below, p. 232. Compare also, again, Vol. XVII. p. 551. The white marble reliefs by Quercia are now in the Opera del Duomo. The original fountain was replaced in 1869 with one by Sarrocchi, a native sculptor. In 1885 the Rev. A. A. Isaacs sent to Ruskin a photograph of the original fountain taken in 1863, and the plate (VII.) here given is from an enlargement of it, which appeared as frontispiece to *The Fountain of Siena: an Episode in the Life of John Ruskin*, by Albert A. Isaacs (1900). Some letters from Ruskin to Mr. Isaacs are reprinted in a later volume of this edition from the same book.]

[2] [The reference is to Bohn's edition of Vasari, but Ruskin re-translates the passage.]

[3] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence* (below, p. 234). Ruskin's earlier visit to Lucca was in 1845; when, however, his eyes were unsealed to Quercia's other work (see Vol. IV. pp. 346–347).]



The Fountain of Siena



Arthur Severn Allen & Co Sc

The Fountain of Perugia

left the government of everything to his son. Accordingly, when Pope Urban IV. died in Perugia, sending was made for John, who, going there, made the tomb of that Pope of marble, the which, together with that of Pope Martin IV., was afterwards thrown down, when the Perugians enlarged their vescovado; so that only a few relics are seen sprinkled about the church. And the Perugians, having at the same time brought from the mountain of Pacciano, two miles distant from the city, through canals of lead, a most abundant water, by means of the invention and industry of a friar of the order of St. Silvester, it was given to John the Pisan to make all the ornaments of this fountain, as well of bronze as of marble. On which he set hand to it, and made there three orders of vases, two of marble and one of bronze. The first is put upon twelve degrees of twelve-faced steps; the second is upon some columns which put it upon a level with the first one;"—(that is, in the middle of it,) "and the third, which is of bronze, rests upon three figures which have in the middle of them some griffins, of bronze too, which pour water out on every side."

41. Many things we have to note in this passage, but first I will show you the best picture I can of the thing itself.

The best I can; the thing itself being half destroyed, and what remains so beautiful that no one can now quite rightly draw it; but Mr. Arthur Severn (the son of Keats's Mr. Severn[1]) was with me, looking reverently at those remains, last summer,[2] and has made, with help from the sun, this sketch for you (Plate VIII.); entirely true and effective as far as his time allowed.

Half destroyed, or more, I said it was,—Time doing grievous work on it, and men worse. You heard Vasari saying of it, that it stood on twelve degrees of twelve-faced steps. These—worn, doubtless, into little more than a rugged slope—have been replaced by the moderns with four circular steps, and an iron railing;* the bas-reliefs have been carried off from the panels of the second vase, and its fair marble lips choked with asphalt:—of what remains, you have here a rough but true image.

* In Mr. Severn's sketch, the form of the original foundation is approximately restored.

[1] [See *Præterita*, ii. §§ 35 *seq.*]
[2] [See Vol. XXII. p. xxvi.]

In which you see there is not a trace of Gothic feeling or design of any sort. No crockets, no pinnacles, no foils, no vaultings, no grotesques in sculpture. Panels between pillars, panels carried on pillars, sculptures in those panels like the Metopes of the Parthenon; a Greek vase in the middle, and griffins in the middle of that. Here is your font, not at all of Saint John, but of profane and civil-engineering John. This is *his* manner of baptism of the town of Perugia.

42. Thus early, it seems, the antagonism of profane Greek to ecclesiastical Gothic declares itself. It seems as if in Perugia, as in London, you had the fountains in Trafalgar Square against Queen Elinor's Cross; or the viaduct and railway station contending with the Gothic chapel,[1] which the master of the large manufactory close by has erected, because he thinks pinnacles and crockets have a pious influence; and will prevent his workmen from asking for shorter hours, or more wages.

43. It *seems* only; the antagonism is quite of another kind,—or, rather, of many other kinds. But note at once how complete it is—how utterly this Greek fountain of Perugia, and the round arches of Pisa, are opposed to the school of design which gave the trefoils to Niccola's pulpit, and the traceries to Giovanni's Campo Santo.

The antagonism, I say, is of another kind than ours; but deep and wide; and to explain it, I must pass for a time to apparently irrelevant topics.[2]

You were surprised, I hope (if you were attentive enough to catch the points in what I just now read from Vasari), at my venturing to bring before you, just after I had been using violent language against the Sienese for breaking up the work of Quercia, that incidental sentence giving account of the much more disrespectful destruction,

[1] [Ruskin noticed one such juxtaposition in his diary:—"*Knaresborough* (May 1, 1876) . . . At Dripping Well. Opposite the well, as chief prospect, a manufactory, a Roman Doric temple attached; or chimney and a new Gothic church."]

[2] [The main subject is resumed partly in § 129 and then again in § 180 (below, pp. 78, 109).]

by the Perugians, of the tombs of Pope Urban IV., and Martin IV.

Sending was made for John, you see, first, when Pope Urban IV. died in Perugia—whose tomb was to be carved by John; the Greek fountain being a secondary business. But the tomb was so well destroyed, afterwards, that only a few relics remained scattered here and there.

The tomb, I have not the least doubt, was Gothic;—and the breaking of it to pieces was not in order to restore it afterwards, that a living architect might get the job of restoration. Here is a stone out of one of Giovanni Pisano's loveliest Gothic buildings, which I myself saw with my own eyes dashed out, that a modern builder might be paid for putting in another.[1] But Pope Urban's tomb was not destroyed to such end. There was no qualm of the belly, driving the hammer,—qualm of the conscience probably; at all events, a deeper or loftier antagonism than one on points of taste, or economy.[2]

44. You observed that I described[3] his Greek profane manner of design as properly belonging to *civil* buildings, as opposed not only to ecclesiastical buildings, but to military ones. Justice, or Righteousness, and Veracity, are the characters of Greek art. These *may* be opposed to religion, when religion becomes fantastic; but they *must* be opposed to war, when war becomes unjust. And if, perchance, fantastic religion and unjust war happen to go hand in hand, your Greek artist is likely to use his hammer against them spitefully enough.

45. His hammer, or his Greek fire. Hear now this example of the engineering ingenuities of our Pisan papa, in his younger days:—

"The Florentines having begun, in Niccola's time, to throw down many towers, which had been built in a barbarous manner through the whole city; either that the people might be less hurt, by their means, in the

[1] [One of the stones of S. Maria della Spina at Pisa, which Ruskin saw dashed to pieces on May 3, 1872: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18 (§ 14), and Letter 20 (§ 20).]
[2] [For the occasion of the destruction of the tomb, see § 189, below, pp. 112–113.]
[3] [See § 31, above, p. 26.]

fights that often took place between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or else that there might be greater security for the State, it appeared to them that it would be very difficult to ruin the Tower of the Death-watch,[1] which was in the place of St. John, because it had its walls built with such a grip in them that the stones could not be stirred with the pickaxe, and also because it was of the loftiest; whereupon Nicholas, causing the tower to be cut, at the foot of it, all the length of one of its sides; and closing up the cut, as he made it, with short (wooden) under-props, about a yard long, and setting fire to them, when the props were burned, the tower fell, and broke itself nearly all to pieces: which was held a thing so ingenious and so useful for such affairs, that it has since passed into a custom, so that when it is needful, in this easiest manner, any edifice may be thrown down."[2]

46. "When it is needful." Yes, but when is that? If instead of the towers of the Death-watch in the city, one could ruin the towers of the Death-watch of evil pride and evil treasure in men's hearts, there would be need enough for such work both in Florence and London. But the walls of those spiritual towers have still stronger "grip" in them, and are fireproof with a vengeance.

> "Le mura me parean che ferro fosse,
> . . . Ed ei mi disse: il fuoco eterno
> Ch'entro l'affoca, le dimostra rosse."
>
> *Inf.*, cant. viii.[3]

But the towers in Florence, shattered to fragments by this ingenious engineer, and the tombs in Perugia, which his son will carve, only that they also may be so well destroyed that only a few relics remain, scattered up and down the church,—are these, also, only the iron towers, and the red-hot tombs, of the city of Dis?

Let us see.

47. In order to understand the relation of the tradesmen and working men, including eminently the artists, to the general life of the thirteenth century, I must lay before you the clearest elementary charts I can of the course which the fates of Italy were now appointing for her.

[1] [See below, §§ 84, 98, pp. 52, 60.]
[2] [See, in Bohn's edition of Vasari, vol. i. p. 65.]
[3] [Lines 78, 73, 74, describing the city of Dis.]

My first chart must be geographical. I want you to have a clearly dissected and closely fitted notion of the natural boundaries of her states, and their relations to surrounding ones.

Lay hold first, firmly, of your conception of the valleys of the Po and the Arno, running counter to each other—opening east and opening west,—Venice at the end of the one, Pisa at the end of the other.

48. These two valleys—the hearts of Lombardy and Etruria—virtually contain the life of Italy. They are entirely different in character: Lombardy, essentially luxurious and worldly, at this time rude in art, but active; Etruria, religious, intensely imaginative, and inheriting refined forms of art from before the days of Porsenna.

49. South of these, in mid-Italy, you have Romagna,—the valley of the Tiber. In that valley, decayed Rome, with her lust of empire inextinguishable;—no inheritance of imaginative art, nor power of it; dragging her own ruins hourly into more fantastic ruin, and defiling her faith hourly with more fantastic guilt.

South of Romagna, you have the kingdoms of Calabria and Sicily,—Magna Graecia, and Syracuse, in decay;—strange spiritual fire from the Saracenic east still lighting the volcanic land, itself laid all in ashes.

50. Conceive Italy then always in these four masses: Lombardy, Etruria, Romagna, Calabria.

Now she has three great external powers to deal with: the western, France—the northern, Germany—the eastern, Arabia. On her right the Frank; and on her left the Saracen; above her, the Teuton. And roughly, the French are a religious chivalry; the Germans a profane chivalry; the Saracens an infidel chivalry. What is best of each is benefiting Italy; what is worst, afflicting her. And in the time we are occupied with, all are afflicting her.

What Charlemagne, Barbarossa, or Saladin did to teach her, you can trace only by carefullest thought. But in this thirteenth century all these three powers are adverse to her,

as to each other. Map the methods of their adversity thus:—

51. Germany (profane chivalry) is vitally adverse to the Popes; endeavouring to establish imperial and knightly power against theirs. It is fiercely, but frankly, covetous of Italian territory, seizes all it can of Lombardy and Calabria, and with any help procurable either from robber Christians or robber Saracens, strives, in an awkward manner, and by open force, to make itself master of Rome, and all Italy.

52. France, all surge and foam of pious chivalry, lifts herself in fitful rage of devotion, of avarice, and of pride. She is the natural ally of the Church; makes her own monks the proudest of the Popes; raises Avignon into another Rome; prays and pillages insatiably; pipes pastoral songs of innocence, and invents grotesque variations of crime; gives grace to the rudeness of England, and venom to the cunning of Italy. She is a chimera among nations, and one knows not whether to admire most the valour of Guiscard, the virtue of St. Louis, or the villainy of his brother.[1]

53. The Eastern powers—Greek, Israelite, Saracen—are at once the enemies of the Western, their prey, and their tutors.

They bring them methods of ornament and of merchandise, and stimulate in them the worst conditions of pugnacity, bigotry, and rapine. That is the broad geographical and political relation of races. Next, you must consider the conditions of their time.

54. I told you, in my second lecture on Engraving,* that before the twelfth century the nations were too savage to be Christian, and after the fifteenth too carnal to be Christian.

The delicacy of sensation and refinements of imagination necessary to understand Christianity belong to the mid

* *Ariadne Florentina*, § 66 [Vol. XXII. p. 341].

[1] [For other references to Charles of Anjou, see below, pp. 140 *seq.*]

period when men risen from a life of brutal hardship are not yet fallen to one of brutal luxury. You can neither comprehend the character of Christ while you are chopping flints for tools, and gnawing raw bones for food; nor when you have ceased to do anything with either tools or hands, and dine on gilded capons. In Dante's lines, beginning

> "I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
> In leathern girdle, with a clasp of bone," [1]

you have the expression of his sense of the increasing luxury of the age, already sapping its faith. But when Bellincion Berti walked abroad in skins not yet made into leather, and with the bones of his dinner in a heap at his door, instead of being cut into girdle clasps, he was just as far from capacity of being a Christian.

55. The following passage, from Carlyle's *Chartism*,[2] expresses better than any one else has done, or is likely to do it, the nature of this Christian era (extending from the twelfth to the sixteenth century) in England,—the like being entirely true of it elsewhere:—

"In those past silent centuries, among those silent classes, much had been going on. Not only had red deer in the New and other forests been got preserved and shot; and treacheries * of Simon de Montfort, wars of Red and White Roses, battles of Crecy, battles of Bosworth, and many other battles, been got transacted and adjusted; but England wholly, not without sore toil and aching bones to the millions of sires and the millions of sons of eighteen generations, had been got drained and tilled, covered with yellow harvests, beautiful and rich in possessions. The mud-wooden Caesters and Chesters had become steepled, tile-roofed, compact towns. Sheffield had taken to the manufacture of Sheffield whittles. Worstead could from wool spin yarn, and knit or weave the same into stockings or breeches for men. England had property valuable to the auctioneer; but the accumulate manufacturing, commercial, economic skill which lay

* Perhaps not altogether so, any more than Oliver's! dear papa Carlyle. We may have to read *him* also, otherwise than the British populace have yet read, some day.

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[1] [*Paradiso*, xv. 112, 113; quoted also in Vol. X. p. 307.]

[2] [Chapter viii. (p. 77 of the edition of 1840), here printed in smaller type for the sake of distinction; printed hitherto in the same type as Ruskin's text.]

impalpably warehoused in English hands and heads, what auctioneer could estimate?

"Hardly an Englishman to be met with but could do something; some cunninger thing than break his fellow-creature's head with battle-axes. The seven incorporated trades, with their million guild-brethren, with their hammers, their shuttles, and tools, what an army,—fit to conquer that land of England, as we say, and hold it conquered! Nay, strangest of all, the English people had acquired the faculty and habit of thinking,—even of believing; individual conscience had unfolded itself among them;—Conscience, and Intelligence its handmaid.* Ideas of innumerable kinds were circulating among these men; witness one Shakespeare, a wool-comber, poacher or whatever else, at Stratford, in Warwickshire, who happened to write books!—the finest human figure, as I apprehend, that Nature has hitherto seen fit to make of our widely Teutonic clay. Saxon, Norman, Celt, or Sarmat, I find no human soul so beautiful, these fifteen hundred known years;—our supreme modern European man. Him England had contrived to realize: were there not ideas?

"Ideas poetic and also Puritanic, that had to seek utterance in the notablest way! England had got her Shakespeare, but was now about to get her Milton and Oliver Cromwell. This, too, we will call a new expansion, hard as it might be to articulate and adjust; this, that a man could actually have a conscience for his own behoof, and not for his priest's only; that his priest, be he who he might, would henceforth have to take that fact along with him."

56. You observe, in this passage, account is given of two things—(A) of the development of a powerful class of tradesmen and artists; and (B) of the development of an individual conscience.

In the savage times you had simply the hunter, digger, and robber; now you have also the manufacturer and salesman. The ideas of ingenuity with the hand, of fairness in exchange, have occurred to us. We can do something now with our fingers, as well as with our fists; and if we want our neighbour's goods, we will not simply carry them off, as of old, but offer him some of ours in exchange.

57. Again; whereas before we were content to let our priests do for us all they could, by gesticulating, dressing, sacrificing, or beating of drums and blowing of trumpets; and also direct our steps in the way of life, without any

* Observe Carlyle's order of sequence. Perceptive Reason is the Handmaid of Conscience, not Conscience hers. If you resolve to do right, you will soon do wisely; but resolve only to do wisely, and you will never do right.

doubt on our part of their own perfect acquaintance with it,—we have now got to do something for ourselves—to think something for ourselves; and thus have arrived in straits of conscience which, so long as we endeavour to steer through them honestly, will be to us indeed a quite secure way of life, and of all living wisdom.

58. Now the centre of this new freedom of thought is in Germany; and the power of it is shown first, as I told you in my opening lecture (§ 2), in the great struggle of Frederick II. with Rome. And German freedom of thought had certainly made some progress, when it had managed to reduce the Pope to disguise himself as a soldier, ride out of Rome by moonlight, and gallop his thirty-four miles to the seaside before summer dawn.[1] Here, clearly, is quite a new state of things for the Holy Father of Christendom to consider, during such wholesome horse-exercise.

59. Again; the refinements of new art are represented by France—centrally by St. Louis with his Sainte Chapelle. Happily, I am able to lay on your table to-day—having placed it three years ago in your Educational Series[2]—a leaf of a Psalter, executed for St. Louis himself. He and his artists are scarcely out of their savage life yet, and have no notion of adorning the Psalms better than by pictures of long-necked cranes, long-eared rabbits, long-tailed lions, and red and white goblins putting their tongues out.* But

* I cannot go to the expense of engraving this most subtle example; but Plate IX. shows the average conditions of temper and imagination in religious ornamental work of the time.[3]

[1] [In 1244 when Innocent IV., feeling his position in Rome insecure, secretly withdrew (habillé en soldat) to Civita Vecchia and thence to Genoa and Lyons, where he summoned a General Council which deposed Frederick. The Pope did not return to Rome till after Frederick's death. See Sismondi: *Histoire des Republiques Italiennes du Moyen Age,* ch. xvi. (vol. iii. p. 54 of the Paris edition of 1826).]

[2] [The leaf is now restored to the Psalter, which is in the collection of Mr. Henry Yates Thompson: see *Catalogue of the Standard Series,* No. 6 (Vol. XXI. p. 15).]

[3] [The letter is from a Norman Bible in the British Museum: see § 284 (below, p. 166). The drawing is now No. 21 in the Working Series, Cabinet I. (Vol. XXI. p. 301).]

in refinement of touch, in beauty of colour, in the human faculties of order and grace, they are long since, evidently, past the flint and bone stage,—refined enough, now,—subtle enough, now, to learn anything that is pretty and fine, whether in theology or any other matter.

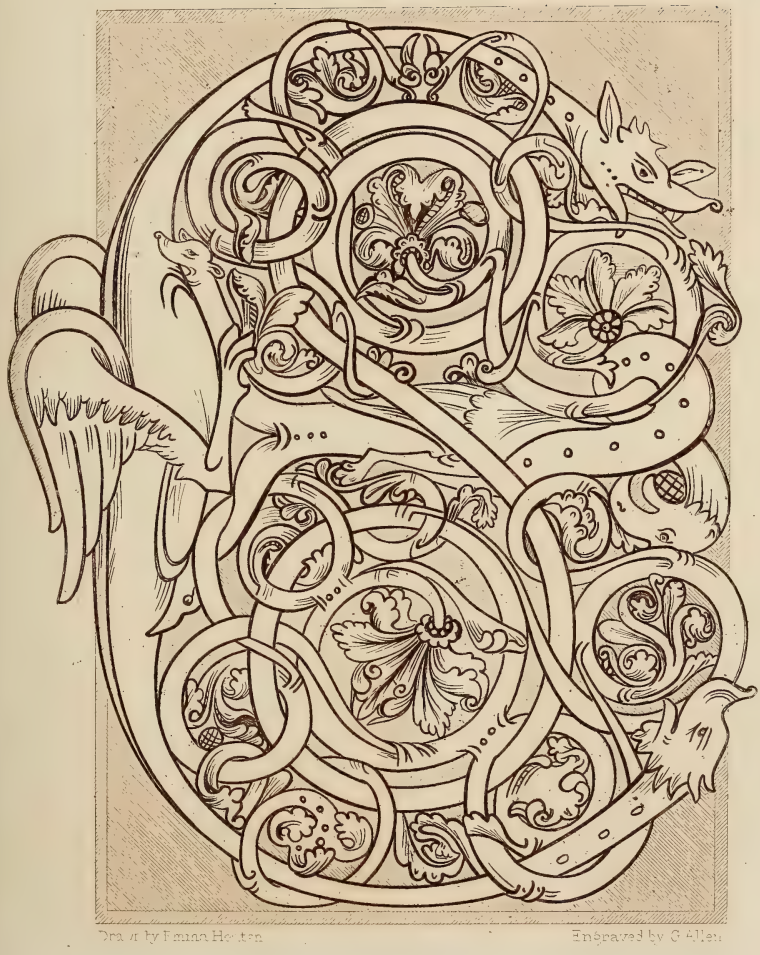
60. Lastly, the new principle of Exchange is represented by Lombardy and Venice, to such purpose that your Merchant and Jew of Venice, and your Lombard of Lombard Street, retain some considerable influence on your minds, even to this day.

And in the exact midst of all such transition, behold, Etruria with her Pisans—her Florentines,—receiving, resisting, and reigning over all: pillaging the Saracens of their marbles—binding the French bishops in silver chains;[1] —shattering the towers of German tyranny into small pieces,—building with strange jewellery the belfry tower for newly-conceived Christianity;—and, in sacred picture, and sacred song, reaching the height, among nations, most passionate, and most pure.

I must close my lecture without indulging myself yet, by addition of detail; requesting you, before we next meet, to fix these general outlines in your minds, so that, without disturbing their distinctness, I may trace in the sequel the relations of Italian Art to these political and religious powers; and determine with what force of passionate sympathy, or fidelity of resigned obedience, the Pisan artists, father and son, executed the indignation of Florence and fulfilled the piety of Orvieto.[2]

[1] [In 1241. The Pope (Gregory IX.) having summoned a Council, Frederick II. exerted himself to prevent it by stopping some of the bishops. The Pisans, in alliance with him, caught the Genoese at Meloria; the bishops and two cardinals were taken to Pisa and kept in silver chains ("où on les enferma dans le châpitre de la cathédrale, en les chargeant de chaines d'argent, pour leur témoigner une espèce de respect, même dans leur captivité"): Sismondi, ch. xvi. (vol. iii. p. 43 of the French edition of 1826).]

[2] [For the work of Niccola Pisano in "executing the indignation of Florence," see above, § 45, p. 33; and for Giovanni's in "fulfilling the piety of Orvieto," below, §§ 184, 185, p. 110.]



"Norman Imagery."

LECTURE III

SHIELD AND APRON[1]

61. I LAID before you, in my last lecture, first lines of the chart of Italian history in the thirteenth century, which I hope gradually to fill with colour, and enrich, to such degree as may be sufficient for all comfortable use. But I indicated, as the more special subject of our immediate study, the nascent power of liberal thought, and liberal art, over dead tradition and rude workmanship.

To-day I must ask you to examine in greater detail the exact relation of this liberal art to the illiberal elements which surrounded it.

62. You do not often hear me use that word "Liberal" in any favourable sense. I do so now, because I use it also in a very narrow and exact sense.[2] I mean that the thirteenth century is, in Italy's year of life, her 17th of March. In the light of it, she assumes her toga virilis; and it is sacred to her god Liber.[3]

63. To her god *Liber*,—observe: not Dionusos, still less Bacchus, but her own ancient and simple deity. And if you have read with some care the statement I gave you, with Carlyle's help, of the moment and manner of her change from savageness to dexterity, and from rudeness to refinement of life, you will hear, familiar as the lines are

[1] [In the MS. the title is "The Bottega"; compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 58 (Vol. XXII. p. 337).]

[2] [See below, § 179, p. 109.]

[3] [On the 17th of March, the festival of the Liberalia, the Roman boy who had completed his sixteenth year, assumed the *toga virilis:* see Ovid, *Fasti*, iii. 771:—

"Restat ut inveniam quare toga libera detur
Lucifero pueris, candide Bacche, tuo."]

to you, the invocation in the first Georgic[1] with a new sense of its meaning:—

> "Vos, O clarissima mundi
> Lumina, labentem cœlo quæ ducitis annum,
> Liber, et alma Ceres; vestro si munere tellus
> Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista,
> Poculaque inventis Acheloia miscuit uvis . . .
> Munera vestra cano."

These gifts, innocent, rich, full of life, exquisitely beautiful in order and grace of growth, I have thought best to symbolize to you, in the series of types of the power of the Greek gods, placed in your Educational Series, by the blossom of the wild strawberry;[2] which in rising from its trine cluster of trine leaves,—itself as beautiful as a white rose, and always single on its stalk, like an ear of corn, yet with a succeeding blossom at its side, and bearing a fruit which is as distinctly a group of seeds as an ear of corn itself, and yet is the pleasantest to taste of all the pleasant things prepared by nature for the food of men,* —may accurately symbolize, and help you to remember, the conditions of this liberal and delightful, yet entirely modest and orderly, art, and thought.

64. You will find in the fourth of my inaugural lectures, at the 98th paragraph, this statement,—much denied by modern artists and authors, but nevertheless quite unexceptionally true,—that the entire vitality of art depends upon its having for object either to *state a true thing*, or *adorn a serviceable one*.[3] The two functions of art in Italy, in this entirely liberal and virescent phase of it,—virgin art, we may call it, retaining the most literal sense of the words virga and virgo,[4]—are to manifest the doctrines of a religion which now, for the first time, men had

* I am sorry to pack my sentences together in this confused way. But I have much to say; and cannot always stop to polish or adjust it as I used to do.

[1] [Lines 5–9 and 12.]
[2] [Educational Series, No. 11 (Vol. XXI. p. 76).]
[3] [Vol. XX. p. 96.]
[4] [On this etymology, see Vol. XVIII. p. 301.]

soul enough to understand; and to adorn edifices or dress, with which the completed politeness of daily life might be invested, its convenience completed, and its decorous and honourable pride satisfied.

65. That pride was, among the men who gave its character to the century, in honourableness of private conduct, and useful magnificence of public art. Not of private or domestic art: observe this very particularly.[1]

"Such was the simplicity of private manners,"—(I am now quoting Sismondi, but with the fullest ratification that my knowledge enables me to give),—"and the economy of the richest citizens, that if a city enjoyed repose only for a few years, it doubled its revenues, and found itself, in a sort, encumbered with its riches. The Pisans knew neither the luxury of the table, nor that of furniture, nor that of a number of servants; yet they were sovereigns of the whole of Sardinia, Corsica, and Elba, had colonies at St. Jean d'Acre and Constantinople, and their merchants in those cities carried on the most extended commerce with the Saracens and Greeks."*

66. "And in that time,"—(I now give you my own translation of Giovanni Villani[2]),—"the citizens of Florence lived sober, and on coarse meats, and at little cost; and had many customs and playfulnesses which were blunt and rude; and they dressed themselves and their wives with coarse cloth; many wore merely skins, with no lining, and *all* had only leather buskins;† and the Florentine ladies, plain shoes and stockings with no ornaments; and the best of them were content with a close gown of coarse scarlet

* Sismondi; French translation, Brussels, 1838; vol. ii. p. 275.[3]

† I find this note for expansion on the margin of my lecture, but had no time to work it out:—"This lower class should be either barefoot, or have strong shoes—wooden clogs good. Pretty Boulogne sabot with purple stockings. Waterloo Road—little girl with her hair in curl-papers,—a coral necklace round her neck—the neck bare—and her boots of thin stuff, worn out, with her toes coming through, and rags hanging from her heels,—a

[1] [On this subject compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, ch. viii., "Public and Private Art" (Vol. XIX. pp. 140 *seq.*).]

[2] [Book vi. ch. lxx.; vol. ii. pp. 155–156 (Milan 1802).]

[3] [Chapter xxiii. (vol. iv. p. 12, Paris edition of 1826).]

of Cyprus, or camlet girded with an old-fashioned clasp-girdle; and a mantle over all, lined with vaire, with a hood above; and that, they threw over their heads. The women of lower rank were dressed in the same manner, with coarse green Cambray cloth; fifty pounds was the ordinary bride's dowry, and a hundred or a hundred and fifty would in those times have been held brilliant ("isfolgorata," dazzling, with sense of dissipation or extravagance); and most maidens were twenty or more before they married. Of such gross customs were then the Florentines; but of good faith, and loyal among themselves and in their state; and in their coarse life, and poverty, did more and braver things than are done in our days with more refinement and riches."

67. I detain you a moment at the words "scarlet of Cyprus, or camlet."

Observe that camelot (camelet) from *καμηλωτή*, camel's skin, is a stuff made of silk and camel's hair originally, afterwards of silk and wool. At Florence, the camel's hair would always have reference to the Baptist, who, as you know, in Lippi's picture,[1] wears the camel's skin itself, made into a Florentine dress, such as Villani has just described, "col tassello sopra," with the hood above. Do you see how important the word "Capulet" is becoming to us, in its main idea?

68. Not in private nor domestic art, therefore, I repeat to you, but in useful magnificence of public art, these citizens expressed their pride:—and that public art divided itself into two branches—civil, occupied upon ethic subjects of sculpture and painting; and religious, occupied upon scriptural or traditional histories, in treatment of which, nevertheless, the nascent power and liberality of thought were apparent, not only in continual amplification and illustration

profoundly accurate type of English national and political life. Your hair in curl-papers—borrowing tongs from every foreign nation, to pinch you into manners. The rich ostentatiously wearing coral about the bare neck; and the poor—cold as the stones, and indecent."

[1] [The "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Accademia at Florence: see the previous references to it in Vol. XXII. pp. 277, 423.]

of scriptural story by the artist's own invention, but in the acceptance of profane mythology, as part of the Scripture, or tradition, given by Divine inspiration.

69. Nevertheless, for the provision of things necessary in domestic life, there developed itself, together with the group of inventive artists exercising these nobler functions, a vast body of craftsmen, and, literally, *manu*facturers, workers by hand, who associated themselves, as chance, tradition, or the accessibility of material directed, in towns which thenceforward occupied a leading position in commerce, as producers of a staple of excellent, or perhaps inimitable, quality; and the linen or cambric of Cambray, the lace of Mechlin, the wool of Worstead, and the steel of Milan,[1] implied the tranquil and hereditary skill of multitudes, living in wealthy industry, and humble honour.

70. Among these artisans, the weaver, the ironsmith, the goldsmith, the carpenter, and the mason necessarily took the principal rank, and on their occupations the more refined arts were wholesomely based, so that the five businesses may be more completely expressed thus:—

The weaver and embroiderer,
The ironsmith and armourer,
The goldsmith and jeweller,
The carpenter and engineer,
The stonecutter and painter.

You have only once to turn over the leaves of Leonardo's sketch-book, in the Ambrosian Library, to see how carpentry is connected with engineering,—the architect was always a stonecutter, and the stonecutter not often practically separate, as yet, from the painter, and never so in general conception of function. You recollect, at a much later period, Kent's description of Cornwall's steward:

"KENT. You cowardly rascal!—nature disclaims in thee, a tailor made thee!

CORNWALL. Thou art a strange fellow—a tailor make a man?

KENT. Ay, sir; a stonecutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill; though they had been but two hours at the trade."[2]

[1] [For the steel of Milan, compare *Lectures on Art*, § 121 (Vol. XX. p. 111).]
[2] [*King Lear*, Act ii. sc. 2.]

71. You may consider then this group of artisans with the merchants, as now forming in each town an important Tiers Etat, or Third State of the people, occupied in service, first, of the ecclesiastics, who in monastic bodies inhabited the cloisters round each church; and, secondly, of the knights, who, with their retainers, occupied, each family their own fort, in allied defence of their appertaining streets.

72. A Third Estate, indeed; but adverse alike to both the others, to Montague as to Capulet, when they become disturbers of the public peace; and having a pride of its own,—hereditary still, but consisting in the inheritance of skill and knowledge rather than of blood,—which expressed the sense of such inheritance by taking its name habitually from the master rather than the sire; and which, in its natural antagonism to dignities won only by violence, or recorded only by heraldry, you may think of generally as the race whose bearing is the Apron, instead of the Shield.

73. When, however, these two, or in perfect subdivision three, bodies of men, lived in harmony,—the knights remaining true to the State, the clergy to their faith, and the workmen to their craft,—conditions of national force were arrived at, under which all the great art of the Middle Ages was accomplished. The pride of the knights, the avarice of the priests, and the gradual abasement of character in the craftsman, changing him from a citizen able to wield either tools in peace or weapons in war, to a dull tradesman, forced to pay mercenary troops to defend his shop door, are the direct causes of common ruin towards the close of the sixteenth century.[1]

74. But the deep underlying cause of the decline in national character itself, was the exhaustion of the Christian faith. None of its practical claims were avouched either by reason or experience; and the imagination grew weary of sustaining them in despite of both. Men could not, as

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 236 (Vol. XXII. p. 284).]

their powers of reflection became developed, steadily conceive that the sins of a life might be done away with, by finishing it with Mary's name on the lips; nor could tradition of miracle for ever resist the personal discovery, made by each rude disciple by himself, that he might pray to all the saints for a twelvemonth together, and yet not get what he asked for.

75. The Reformation succeeded in proclaiming that existing Christianity was a lie; but substituted no theory of it which could be more rationally or credibly sustained; and ever since, the religion of educated persons throughout Europe has been dishonest or ineffectual; it is only among the labouring peasantry that the grace of a pure Catholicism, and the patient simplicities of the Puritan, maintain their imaginative dignity, or assert their practical use.

76. The existence of the nobler arts, however, involves the harmonious life and vital faith of the three classes whom we have just distinguished; and that condition exists, more or less disturbed, indeed, by the vices inherent in each class, yet, on the whole, energetically and productively, during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. But our present subject being Architecture only, I will limit your attention altogether to the state of society in the great age of architecture, the thirteenth century. A great age in all ways; but most notably so in the correspondence it presented, up to a just and honourable point, with the utilitarian energy of our own days.

77. The increase of wealth, the safety of industry, and the conception of more convenient furniture of life, to which we must attribute the rise of the entire artist class, were accompanied, in that century, by much enlargement in the conception of useful public works: and—not by *private* enterprise,—that idle persons might get dividends out of the public pocket,—but by *public* enterprise,—each citizen paying down at once his share of what was necessary to accomplish the benefit to the State,—great architectural and engineering efforts were made for the common service.

Common, observe; but not, in our present sense, republican. One of the most ludicrous sentences ever written in the blindness of party spirit is that of Sismondi, in which he declares, thinking of these public works only, that "the architecture of the thirteenth century is entirely republican."[1] The architecture of the thirteenth century is, in the mass of it, simply baronial or ecclesiastical; it is of castles, palaces, or churches; but it is true that splendid civic works were also accomplished by the vigour of the newly risen popular power.

"The canal named Naviglio Grande, which brings the waters of the Ticino to Milan, traversing a distance of thirty miles, was undertaken in 1179, recommenced in 1257, and, soon after, happily terminated; in it still consists the wealth of a vast extent of Lombardy. At the same time the town of Milan rebuilt its walls, which were three miles round, and had sixteen marble gates, of magnificence which might have graced the capital of all Italy. The Genoese, in 1276 and 1283, built their two splendid docks, and the great wall of their quay; and in 1295 finished the noble aqueduct which brings pure and abundant waters to their city from a great distance among their mountains. There is not a single town in Italy which at the same time did not undertake works of this kind; and while these larger undertakings were in progress, stone bridges were built across the rivers, the streets and piazzas were paved with large slabs of stone, and every free government recognized the duty of providing for the convenience of the citizens."*

78. The necessary consequence of this enthusiasm in useful building, was the formation of a vast body of craftsmen and architects; corresponding in importance to that which the railway, with its associated industry, has developed in modern times, but entirely different in personal character, and relation to the body politic.

Their personal character was founded on the accurate knowledge of their business in all respects; the ease and pleasure of unaffected invention; and the true sense of power to do everything better than it had ever been yet done, coupled with general contentment in life, and in its vigour and skill.

It is impossible to overrate the difference between such

* Sismondi, vol. ii. chap. 10 [ch. xxv.; vol. ii. pp. 172–173 (ed. 1826).]

[1] [Chapter xxv. (vol. iv. p. 171, Paris ed. 1826).]

a condition of mind, and that of the modern artist, who either does not know his business at all, or knows it only to recognize his own inferiority to every former workman of distinction.

79. Again: the political relation of these artificers to the State was that of a caste entirely separate from the noblesse;* paid for their daily work what was just, and competing with each other to supply the best article they could for the money. And it is, again, impossible to overrate the difference between such a social condition, and that of the artists of to-day, struggling to occupy a position of equality in wealth with the noblesse,—paid irregular and monstrous prices by an entirely ignorant and selfish public; and competing with each other to supply the worst article they can for the money.

I never saw anything so impudent on the walls of any exhibition, in any country, as last year in London. It was a daub professing to be a "harmony in pink and white" (or some such nonsense); absolute rubbish, and which had taken about a quarter of an hour to scrawl or daub—it had no pretence to be called painting. The price asked for it was two hundred and fifty guineas.[1]

80. In order to complete your broad view of the elements of social power in the thirteenth century, you have now farther to understand the position of the country people, who maintained by their labour these three classes, whose action you can discern, and whose history you can

* The giving of knighthood to Jacopo della Quercia for his lifelong service to Siena, was not the elevation of a dextrous workman, but grace to a faithful citizen.[2]

[1] [This was Ruskin's first attack upon Whistler; for a later one, see *Fors Clavigera*, letter 79. The picture here noticed must have been one of three which Whistler contributed to the Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures in Oil at the Dudley Gallery, 1872—No. 37, "Symphony in grey and green: the Ocean"; No. 187, "Nocturne in grey and gold"; and No. 237, "Nocturne in blue and silver."]

[2] [In the MS.: " . . . was not, as the bestowed title has become with us, the gift of obsequious and interested policy, but the grave, sincere acknowledgment of the right of a noble person to belong to the upper classes." For Jacopo's knighthood, see the passage cited from Vasari in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence* (below, p. 234).]

read; while, of those who maintained them, there is no history, except of the annual ravage of their fields by contending cities or nobles;—and, finally, that of the higher body of merchants, whose influence was already beginning to counterpoise the prestige of noblesse in Florence, and who themselves constituted no small portion of the noblesse of Venice.

The food-producing country was for the most part still possessed by the nobles; some by the ecclesiastics; but a portion, I do not know how large, was in the hands of peasant proprietors, of whom Sismondi gives this, to my mind, completely pleasant and satisfactory, though, to his, very painful, account:—

"They took no interest in public affairs; they had assemblies of their commune at the village in which the church of their parish was situated, and to which they retreated to defend themselves in case of war; they had also magistrates of their own choice; but all their interests appeared to them enclosed in the circle of their own commonalty; they did not meddle with general politics, and held it for their point of honour to remain faithful, through all revolutions, to the State of which they formed a part, obeying, without hesitation, its chiefs, whoever they were, and by whatever title they occupied their places."[1]

81. Of the inferior agricultural labourers, employed on the farms of the nobles and richer ecclesiastics, I find nowhere due notice, nor does any historian seriously examine their manner of life. Liable to every form of robbery and oppression, I yet regard their state as not only morally but physically happier than that of riotous soldiery, or the lower class of artisans, and as the safeguard of every civilized nation, through all its worst vicissitudes of folly and crime. Nature has mercifully appointed that seed must be sown and sheep folded, whatever lances break, or religions fail; and at this hour, while the streets of Florence and Verona are full of idle politicians, loud of tongue, useless of hand and treacherous of heart, there still may be seen in their market-places, standing, each by his heap of pulse or maize, the grey-haired labourers, silent, serviceable, honourable

[1] [Chapter xxv. (vol. iv. p. 163, Paris ed. 1826).]

keeping faith, untouched by change, to their country and to Heaven.*

82. It is extremely difficult to determine in what degree the feelings or intelligence of this class influenced the architectural design of the thirteenth century;—how far afield the cathedral tower was intended to give delight, and to what simplicity of rustic conception Quercia or Ghiberti appealed by the fascination of their Scripture history. You may at least conceive, at this date, a healthy animation in all men's minds, and the children of the vineyard and sheep-cote crowding the city on its festa days, and receiving impulse to busier, if not nobler, education, in its splendour.†

83. The great class of the merchants is more difficult to define; but you may regard them generally as the examples of whatever modes of life might be consistent with peace and justice, in the economy of transfer, as opposed to the military license of pillage.

They represent the gradual ascendency of foresight, prudence, and order in society, and the first ideas of advantageous national intercourse. Their body is therefore composed of the most intelligent and temperate natures of the time,—uniting themselves, not directly for the purpose of making money, but to obtain stability for legal[1] institutions, security of property, and pacific relations with neighbouring states. Their guilds form the only representatives of true national council, unaffected, as the landed proprietors were, by merely local circumstances and accidents.

84. The strength of this order, when its own conduct was upright, and its opposition to the military body was not in avaricious cowardice, but in the resolve to compel justice and to secure peace, can only be understood by you

* Compare *Sesame and Lilies,* sec. 38 [Vol. XVIII. p. 96].

† Of detached abbeys, see note on Education of Joan of Arc, *Sesame and Lilies,* sec. 82 [Vol. XVIII. p. 133].

[1] ["Equal" has hitherto been printed, but the MS. has "legal," which is clearly the right word.]

after an examination of the great changes in the government of Florence during the thirteenth century, which, among other minor achievements interesting to us, led to that destruction of the Tower of the Death-watch, so ingeniously accomplished by Niccola Pisano.[1] This change, and its results, will be the subject of my next lecture. I must to-day sum, and in some farther degree make clear, the facts already laid before you.

85. We have seen that the inhabitants of every great Italian state may be divided, and that very stringently, into the five classes of knights, priests, merchants, artists, and peasants. No distinction exists between artist and artisan, except that of higher genius or better conduct; the best artist is assuredly also the best artisan; and the simplest workman uses his invention and emotion as well as his fingers. The entire body of artists is under the orders (as shopmen are under the orders of their customers), of the knights, priests, and merchants,—the knights for the most part demanding only fine goldsmiths' work, stout armour, and rude architecture; the priests commanding both the finest architecture and painting, and the richest kinds of decorative dress and jewellery,—while the merchants directed works of public use, and were the best judges of artistic skill. The competition for the Baptistery gates of Florence is before the guild of merchants; nor is their award disputed, even in thought, by any of the candidates.[2]

86. This is surely a fact to be taken much to heart by our present communities of Liverpool and Manchester. They probably suppose, in their modesty, that lords and clergymen are the proper judges of art, and merchants can only, in the modern phrase, "know what they like," or follow humbly the guidance of their golden-crested or flat-capped superiors. But in the great ages of art, neither knight nor pope shows signs of true power of criticism. The artists crouch before them, or quarrel with them.

[1] [See above, § 45, pp. 33–34.]
[2] [See Vasari's Life of Lorenzo Ghiberti, vol. i. pp. 364 *seq.* (Bohn).]

according to their own tempers. To the merchants they submit silently, as to just and capable judges. And look what men these are, who submit. Donatello, Ghiberti, Quercia, Luca! If men like these submit to the merchant, who shall rebel?

87. But the still franker, and surer, judgment of innocent pleasure was awarded them by all classes alike: and the interest of the public was the *final* rule of right,—that public being always eager to see, and earnest to learn.[1] For the stories told by their artists formed, they fully believed, a Book of Life; and every man of real genius took up his function of illustrating the scheme of human morality and salvation, as naturally, and faithfully, as an English mother of to-day giving her children their first lessons in the Bible. In this endeavour to teach they almost unawares taught themselves; the question "How shall I represent this most clearly?" became to themselves, presently, "How was this most likely to have happened?" and habits of fresh and accurate thought thus quickly enlivened the formalities of the Greek pictorial theology; formalities themselves beneficent, because restraining by their severity and mystery the wantonness of the newer life. Foolish modern critics have seen nothing in the Byzantine school but a barbarism to be conquered and forgotten. But that school brought to the art-scholars of the thirteenth century, laws which had been serviceable to Phidias, and symbols which had been beautiful to Homer: and methods and habits of pictorial scholarship which gave a refinement of manner to the work of the simplest craftsman, and became an education to the higher artists which no discipline of literature can now bestow, developed themselves in the effort to decipher, and the impulse to re-interpret, the Eleusinian divinity of Byzantine tradition.

88. The words I have just used, "pictorial scholarship," and "pictorial theology," remind me how strange it must

[1] [Compare what is said of Phidias and the Greek public in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 141 (Vol. XX. p. 299).]

appear to you that in this sketch of the intellectual state of Italy in the thirteenth century I have taken no note of literature itself, nor of the fine art of Music with which it was associated in minstrelsy. The corruption of the meaning of the word "clerk," from "a chosen person," to "a learned one,"[1] partly indicates the position of literature in the war between the golden crest and scarlet cap; but in the higher ranks, literature and music became the grace of the noble's life, or the occupation of the monk's, without forming any separate class, or exercising any materially visible political power. Masons or butchers might establish a government,—but never troubadours: and though a good knight held his education to be imperfect unless he could write a sonnet and sing it, he did not esteem his castle to be at the mercy of the "editor" of a manuscript. He might indeed owe his life to the fidelity of a minstrel, or be guided in his policy by the wit of a clown; but he was not the slave of sensual music, or vulgar literature, and never allowed his Saturday reviewer to appear at table without the cock's comb.

89. On the other hand, what was noblest in thought or saying was in those times as little attended to as it is now. I do not feel sure that, even in after-times, the poem of Dante has had any political effect on Italy; but at all events, in his life, even at Verona, where he was treated most kindly, he had not half so much influence with Can Grande as the rough Count of Castelbarco,[2] not one of whose words was ever written, or now remains; and whose portrait, by no means that of a man of literary genius, almost disfigures, by its plainness, the otherwise grave and perfect beauty of his tomb.

[1] [See on this subject *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 15.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XIX. p. 441. For the perfect beauty of the Castelbarco Tomb, see Vol. IX. pp. 175–177.]

LECTURE IV

PARTED PER PALE[1]

90. The chart of Italian intellect and policy which I have endeavoured to put into form in the last three lectures, may, I hope, have given you a clear idea of the subordinate, yet partly antagonistic, position which the artist, or merchant,—whom in my present lecture I shall class together,—occupied, with respect to the noble and priest. As an honest labourer, he was opposed to the violence of pillage, and to the folly of pride: as an honest thinker, he was likely to discover any latent absurdity in the stories he had to represent in their nearest likelihood; and to be himself moved strongly by the true meaning of events which he was striving to make ocularly manifest. The painter terrified himself with his own fiends, and reproved or comforted himself by the lips of his own saints, far more profoundly than any verbal preacher; and thus, whether as craftsman or inventor, was likely to be foremost in defending the laws of his city, or directing its reformation.

91. The contest of the craftsman with the pillaging soldier is typically represented by the war of the Lombard League with Frederick II.; and that of the craftsman with the hypocritical priest, by the war of the Pisans with Gregory IX. (1241). But in the present lecture I wish only to fix your attention on the revolutions in Florence, which indicated, thus early, the already established ascendency of the moral forces which were to put an end to open robber-soldiership; and at least to compel the assertion

[1] [The MS. has for alternative titles "Peace and War" and "Palazzo Vecchio." For the meaning of the "Parted per Pale," see § 109, p. 67.]

of some higher principle in war, if not, as in some distant day may be possible, the cessation of war itself.

The most important of these revolutions was virtually that of which I before spoke to you,[1] taking place in mid-thirteenth century, in the year 1250,—a very memorable one for Christendom, and the very crisis of vital change in its methods of economy, and conceptions of art.

92. Observe, first, the exact relations at that time of Christian and Profane Chivalry. St. Louis, in the winter of 1248–1249, lay in the isle of Cyprus, with his crusading army. He had trusted to Providence for provisions; and his army was starving. The profane German emperor, Frederick II., was at war with Venice, but gave a safe-conduct to the Venetian ships, which enabled them to carry food to Cyprus, and to save St. Louis and his crusaders. Frederick had been for half his life excommunicate,—and the Pope (Innocent IV.) at deadly spiritual and temporal war with him;—spiritually, because he had brought Saracens into Apulia; temporally, because the Pope wanted Apulia for himself. St. Louis and his mother both wrote to Innocent, praying him to be reconciled to the kind heretic who had saved the whole crusading army. But the Pope remained implacably thundrous; and Frederick, weary of quarrel, stayed quiet in one of his Apulian castles for a year. The repose of infidelity is seldom cheerful, unless it be criminal. Frederick had much to repent of, much to regret, nothing to hope, and nothing to do. At the end of his year's quiet he was attacked by dysentery, and so made his final peace with the Pope, and heaven—aged fifty-six.[2]

93. Meantime St. Louis had gone on into Egypt, had got his army defeated, his brother killed, and himself carried captive. You may be interested in seeing, in the leaf of his Psalter which I have laid on the table, the death of that

[1] [See above, § 1, p. 11.]

[2] [He died at Ferentino (see above, § 2) on December 13, 1250 (see below, § 109).]

brother set down in golden letters, between the common letters of ultramarine, on the eighth of February.[1]

94. Providence, defied by Frederick, and trusted in by St. Louis, made such arrangements for them both; Providence not in anywise regarding the opinions of either king, but very much regarding the facts, that the one had no business in Egypt, nor the other in Apulia.

No two kings, in the history of the world, could have been happier, or more useful, than these two might have been, if they only had had the sense to stay in their own capitals, and attend to their own affairs. But they seem only to have been born to show what grievous results, under the power of discontented imagination, a Christian could achieve by faith, and a philosopher by reason.*

95. The death of Frederick II. virtually ended the soldier power in Florence; and the mercantile power assumed the authority it thenceforward held, until, in the hands of the Medici, it destroyed the city.

We will now trace the course and effects of the three revolutions which closed the reign of War, and crowned the power of Peace.

96. In the year 1248, while St. Louis was in Cyprus, I told you Frederick was at war with Venice. He was

* It must not be thought that this is said in disregard of the nobleness of either of these two glorious kings. Among the many designs of past years, one of my favourites was to write a life of Frederick II. But I hope that both his, and that of Henry II. of England, will soon be written now, by a man who loves them as well as I do, and knows them far better.[2]

[1] [The MS. adds: "on which feast of the Purification the Count of Artois chose to ride at the head of half-a-dozen knights through the Saracen town of Mansoura, and that day—rode no further." For the "obit" of Robert of Artois, the king's brother, who died in 1249, see p. 13 of the account of the Psalter (of which particulars are given in Vol. XXI. p. 15 *n.*).]

[2] [Among Ruskin's MSS. are several pages of notes which he put together in 1868 when he designed to write a Life of the Emperor Frederick II. The reference above is to Mr. Robert Laing (who changed his name in 1886 to Cuthbert Shields), senior resident Fellow of Corpus: compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 61. Ruskin had been discussing some mediæval subjects with Mr. Laing, who was then a leading lecturer for the History School. Mr. Laing showed him some of his lectures, and Ruskin expressed a strong wish that the lectures, or something founded on them, should be published. The wish, however, has not been realised.]

so because she stood, if not as the leader, at least as the most important ally, of the great Lombard mercantile league against the German military power.

That league consisted essentially of Venice, Milan, Bologna, and Genoa, in alliance with the Pope; the Imperial or Ghibelline towns were, Padua and Verona under Ezzelin; Mantua, Pisa, and Siena. I do not name the minor towns of north Italy which associated themselves with each party: get only the main localities of the contest well into your minds. It was all concentrated in the furious hostility of Genoa and Pisa; Genoa fighting really very piously for the Pope, as well as for herself; Pisa for her own hand, and for the Emperor as much as suited her. The mad little sea falcon never caught sight of another water-bird on the wing, but she must hawk at it; and as an ally of the Emperor, balanced Venice and Genoa with her single strength. And so it came to pass that the victory of either the Guelph or Ghibelline party depended on the final action of Florence.

97. Florence meanwhile was fighting with herself, for her own amusement. She was nominally at the head of the Guelphic League in Tuscany; but this only meant that she hated Siena and Pisa, her southern and western neighbours. She had never declared openly against the Emperor. On the contrary, she always recognized his authority, in an imaginative manner, as representing that of the Cæsars. She spent her own energy chiefly in street-fighting,—the death of Buondelmonte in 1215 having been the root of a series of quarrels among her nobles which gradually took the form of contests of honour;[1] and were a kind of accidental tournaments, fought to the death, because they could not be exciting or dignified enough on any other condition. And thus the manner of life came to be customary, which you have accurately, with its consequences, pictured by Shakespeare. Sampson bites his thumb at

[1] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 114 (below, p. 268).]

Abraham, and presently the streets are impassable in battle.[1] The quarrel in the Canongate between the Leslies and Seytons, in Scott's *Abbot*, represents the same temper; and marks also, what Shakespeare did not so distinctly, because it would have interfered with the domestic character of his play, the connection of these private quarrels with political divisions which paralyzed the entire body of the State.—Yet these political schisms, in the earlier days of Italy, never reached the bitterness of Scottish feud,* because they were never so sincere. Protestant and Catholic Scotsmen faithfully believed each other to be servants of the devil; but the Guelph and Ghibelline of Florence each respected, in the other, the fidelity to the Emperor, or piety towards the Pope, which he found it convenient, for the time, to dispense with in his own person. The street fighting was therefore more general, more chivalric, more good-humoured; a word of offence set all the noblesse of the town on fire; every one rallied to his post; fighting began at once in half-a-dozen places of recognized convenience, but ended in the evening; and, on the following day, the leaders determined in contented truce who had fought best, buried their dead triumphantly, and better fortified any weak points, which the events of the previous day had exposed at their palace corners. Florentine dispute was apt to centre itself about the gate of St. Peter,† the tower of the cathedral, or the fortress-palace of the Uberti (the family of Dante's Bellincion Berti and of Farinata[2]), which occupied the site of the present Palazzo Vecchio. But the streets of Siena seem to have afforded

* Distinguish always the personal from the religious feud; personal feud is more treacherous and violent in Italy than in Scotland; but not the political or religious feud, unless involved with vast material interests.

† Sismondi, vol. ii. chap. ii.; G. Villani, vi. 33.[3]

[1] [*Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. sc. 1; the reference in the *Abbot* is in ch. xvii.]

[2] [For Bellincion Berti, see above, p. 37; and for Farinata degli Uberti, leader of the Ghibellines (*Inferno*, x. 32), compare Vol. XIII. p. 494.]

[3] [The gate of "San Piero Scheraggio," for which see the note on the next page. The reference in Sismondi is to ch. xvii. (vol. iii. p. 95 of the edition of 1826). The references to Villani are to the books and chapters of his history of Florence.]

better barricade practice. They are as steep as they are narrow—extremely both; and the projecting stones on their palace fronts, which were left, in building, to sustain, on occasion, the barricade beams across the streets, are to this day important features in their architecture.

98. Such being the general state of matters in Florence, in this year 1248, Frederick writes to the Uberti, who headed the Ghibellines, to engage them in serious effort to bring the city distinctly to the Imperial side. He was besieging Parma; and sent his natural son, Frederick, king of Antioch, with sixteen hundred German knights, to give the Ghibellines assured preponderance in the next quarrel.

The Uberti took arms before their arrival; rallied all their Ghibelline friends into a united body, and so attacked and carried the Guelph barricades, one by one, till their antagonists, driven together by local defeat, stood in consistency as complete as their own, by the gate of St. Peter "Scheraggio."[1] Young Frederick, with his German riders, arrived at this crisis, the Ghibellines opening the gates to him; the Guelphs, nevertheless, fought at their outmost barricade for four days more; but at last, tired, withdrew from the city, in a body, on the night of Candlemas, 2nd February, 1248; leaving the Ghibellines and their German friends to work their pleasure,—who immediately set themselves to throw down the Guelph palaces, and destroyed six-and-thirty of them, towers and all, with the good help of Niccola Pisano,—for this is the occasion of that beautiful piece of new engineering of his.[2]

99. It is the first interference of the Germans in Florentine affairs which belongs to the real cycle of modern history. Six hundred years later, a troop of German riders entered Florence again, to restore its Grand Duke;[3] and

[1] [For the district of Florence so called, see below, § 105. The word is thus explained by Villani: "S. Piero Scheraggio, che così si chiamò per un fossato ovvero fogna, che ricoglieva quasi tutta l'acqua piovana della città, e andava in Arno, e chiamavasi lo scheraggio" (book iii. ch. ii.; vol. i. p. 146 in the 1802 edition of Villani contained in the series entitled *Classici Italiani*).]

[2] [See above, § 45, p. 34.]

[3] [In 1850 the Austrian troops entered Florence at the invitation of the Grand Duke Leopold II.]

our warm-hearted and loving English poetess, looking on from Casa Guidi windows, gives the said Germans many hard words, and thinks her darling Florentines entirely innocent in the matter.[1] But if she had had clear eyes (yeux de lin* the *Romance of the Rose* calls them[2]), she would have seen that white-coated cavalry with its heavy guns to be nothing more than the rear-guard of young Frederick of Antioch;[3] and that Florence's own Ghibellines had opened her gates to them. Destiny little regards cost of time; she does her justice at that telescopic distance just as easily and accurately as close at hand.

100. "Frederick of *Antioch.*" Note the titular coincidence. The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch;[4] here we have our lieutenant of Antichrist also named from that town. The anti-Christian Germans got into Florence upon Sunday morning; the Guelphs fought on till Wednesday, which was Candlemas;—the Tower of the Death-watch was thrown down next day. It was so called because it stood on the Piazza of St. John; and all dying people in Florence called on St. John for help; and looked, if it might be, to the top of this highest and best-built of towers. The wicked anti-Christian Ghibellines, Nicholas of Pisa helping, cut the side of it "so that the tower might fall on the Baptistery. But as it pleased God, for better reverencing of the blessed St. John, the tower, which was a hundred and eighty feet high, as it was coming down, plainly appeared to eschew the holy church, and turned aside, and fell right across the square; at which all the Florentines marvelled (pious or impious), and the *people* (anti-Ghibelline) were greatly delighted."[5]

101. I have no doubt that this story is apocryphal, not

* Lynx.

[1] [For other references to Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, see Vol. X. p. 243, and Vol. XVI. pp. 39, 68.]

[2] ["Mès s'il eüssent yex de lins," 8969 (see Littré's Dictionary).]

[3] [See ch. xvii. of Sismondi.]

[4] [Acts xi. 26.]

[5] [Villani, book vi. ch. xxxiii. (vol. ii. p. 104).]

only in its attribution of these religious scruples to the falling tower; but in its accusation of the Ghibellines as having definitely intended the destruction of the Baptistery. It is only modern reformers who feel the absolute need of enforcing their religious opinions in so practical a manner. Such a piece of sacrilege would have been revolting to Farinata; how much more to the group of Florentines whose temper is centrally represented by Dante's, to all of whom their "bel San Giovanni"[1] was dear, at least for its beauty, if not for its sanctity. And Niccola himself was too good a workman to become the instrument of the destruction of so noble a work,—not to insist on the extreme probability that he was also too good an engineer to have had his purpose, if once fixed, thwarted by any tenderness in the conscience of the collapsing tower. The tradition itself probably arose after the rage of the exiled Ghibellines had half consented to the destruction, on political grounds, of Florence itself; but the form it took is of extreme historical value, indicating thus early at least the suspected existence of passions like those of the Cromwellian or Garibaldian soldiery in the Florentine noble; and the distinct character of the Ghibelline party as not only anti-Papal, but profane.

102. Upon the castles, and the persons of their antagonists, however, the pride, or fear, of the Ghibellines had little mercy; and in their day of triumph they provoked against themselves nearly every rational as well as religious person in the commonwealth. They despised too much the force of the newly-risen popular power, founded on economy, sobriety, and common-sense; and, alike by impertinence and pillage, increased the irritation of the civil body; until, as aforesaid, on the 20th October, 1250, all the rich burgesses of Florence took arms; met in the square before the church of Santa Croce ("where," says Sismondi,[2] "the republic of the dead is still assembled

[1] [*Inferno*, xix. 17; quoted also in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 67 (Vol. XXII. p. 343).]
[2] [Chapter xvii. (vol. iii. p. 171).]

to-day"), thence traversed the city to the palace of the Ghibelline podesta; forced him to resign; named Uberto of Lucca in his place, under the title of Captain of the People; divided themselves into twenty companies, each, in its own district of the city, having its captain* and standard; and elected a council of twelve ancients, constituting a seniory or signoria, to deliberate on and direct public affairs.

103. What a perfectly beautiful republican movement! thinks Sismondi,[1] seeing, in all this, nothing but the energy of a multitude; and entirely ignoring the peculiar capacity of this Florentine mob,—capacity of two virtues, much forgotten by modern republicanism,—order, namely; and obedience; together with the peculiar instinct of this Florentine multitude, which not only felt itself to need captains, but knew where to find them.

104. Hubert of Lucca—How came they, think you, to choose *him* out of a stranger city, and that a poorer one than their own? Was there no Florentine then, of all this rich and eager crowd, who was fit to govern Florence?

I cannot find any account of this Hubert, Bright mind, of Lucca; Villani says simply of him, "Fu il primo capitano di Firenze."[2]

They hung a bell for him in the Campanile of the Lion, and gave him the flag of Florence to bear; and before the day was over, that 20th of October, he had given every one of the twenty companies their flags also. And the bearings of the said gonfalons were these. I will give you this heraldry as far as I can make it out from Villani;[3] it will be very useful to us afterwards; I leave the Italian when I cannot translate it:—

105. A. Sesto (sixth part of the city) of the other side of Arno.

* "Corporal," literally.

[1] [Chapter xviii.]
[2] [Book vi. ch. xxxix. (vol. ii. p. 113).]
[3] [Book vi. ch. xxxix. (vol. ii. pp. 114, 115).]

Gonfalon 1. Gules; a ladder, argent.
2. Argent; a scourge, sable.
3. Azure (una piazza bianca con nicchi vermigli).
4. Gules; a dragon, vert.

B. Sesto of St. Peter Scheraggio.[1]
1. Azure; a chariot, or.
2. Or; a bull, sable.
3. Argent; a lion rampant, sable.
4. (A lively piece, "pezza gagliarda.") Barry of (how many?) pieces, argent and sable.

You may as well note at once of this kind of bearing, called "gagliarda" by Villani, that these groups of piles, pales, bends, and bars, were called in English heraldry "Restrial bearings," "in respect of their strength and solid substance, which is able to abide the stresse and force of any triall they shall be put unto."* And also that, the number of bars being uncertain, I assume the bearing to be "barry," that is, having an even number of bars; had it been odd, as of seven bars, it should have been blazoned, argent; three bars, sable; or, if so divided, sable, three bars argent.

This lively bearing was St. Pulinari's.

C. Sesto of Borgo.
1. Or; a viper, vert.
2. Argent; a needle (?) (aguglia), sable.
3. Vert; a horse unbridled; draped, argent, a cross, gules.

D. Sesto of St. Brancazio.
1. Vert; a lion rampant, proper.
2. Argent; a lion rampant, gules.
3. Azure; a lion rampant, argent.

* Guillim, sect. ii. chap. 8.[2]

[1] [The church of S. Piero Scheraggio, from which this part of the city was named, was afterwards demolished to make room for the Uffizi Palace.]

[2] [See p. 73 of the edition of 1610.]

E. Sesto of the Cathedral gates.

1. Azure; a lion (passant?), or.
2. Or; a dragon, vert.
3. Argent; a lion rampant, azure, crowned, or.

F. Sesto of St. Peter's gates.

1. Or; two keys, gules.
2. An Italian (or more definitely a Greek and Etruscan bearing; I do not know how to blazon it); concentric bands, argent and sable. This is one of the remains of the Greek expressions of storm; hail, or the Trinacrian limbs, being put on the giant's shields also. It is connected besides with the Cretan labyrinth, and the circles of the Inferno.
3. Parted per fesse, gules and vai (I don't know if vai means grey—not a proper heraldic colour—or vaire).

106. Of course Hubert of Lucca did not determine hese bearings, but took them as he found them, and ppointed them for standards;* he did the same for all the ountry parishes, and ordered them to come into the city t need. "And in this manner the old people of Florence rdered itself; and for more strength of the people, they rdered and began to build the palace which is behind the adia,—that is to say, the one which is of dressed stone,[1] vith the tower; for before there was no palace of the ommune in Florence, but the signory abode sometimes in ne part of the town, sometimes in another.

107. "And as the people had now taken state and ignory on themselves, they ordered, for greater strength of he people, that all the towers of Florence—and there were

* We will examine afterwards the heraldry of the trades, chap. xl., illani.[2]

[1] [*Di pietre concie:* see below, p. 98. The palace is the Palazzo Vecchio, though ie present structure was not raised till 1298.]

[2] [This, however, was not done.]

many 180 feet high*—should be cut down to 75 feet, and no more; and so it was done, and with the stones of them they walled the city on the other side Arno."[1]

108. That last sentence is a significant one. Here is the central expression of the true burgess or townsman temper,—resolute maintenance of fortified peace.[2] These are the walls which modern republicanism throws down, to make boulevards over their ruins.

109. Such new order being taken, Florence remained quiet for—full two months. On the 13th of December, in the same year, died the Emperor Frederick II.; news of his death did not reach Florence till the 7th January, 1251. It had chanced, according to Villani, that on the actual day of his death, his Florentine vicegerent, Rinieri of Montemerlo, was killed by a piece of the vaulting† of his room falling on him as he slept. And when the people heard of the Emperor's death, "which was most useful and needful for Holy Church, and for our commune," they took the fall of the roof on his lieutenant as an omen of the extinction of Imperial authority, and resolved to bring home all their Guelphic exiles, and that the Ghibellines should be forced to make peace with them. Which was done, and the peace really lasted for full six months; when, a quarrel chancing with Ghibelline Pistoja, the Florentines, under a Milanese podesta, fought their first properly communal and commercial battle, with great slaughter of Pistojese. Naturally enough, but very unwisely, the Florentine Ghibellines declined to take part in this battle; whereupon the people, returning flushed with victory, drove them all out, and established pure Guelph government in Florence, changing

* 120 braccia.

† "Uno volto ch' era sopra la camera."[3]

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[1] [Villani, book vi. ch. xxxix.]

[2] [The MS. adds: "See the work of Henry the Fowler given account of in Carlyle's *Frederick*, and my notes at the end of *The Crown of Wild Olive*" (Vol. XVIII. pp. 517 *seq.*).]

[3] ["Rinieri da Monte Merlo, che dormendo nel letto suo li cadde addosso uno volto, ch' era . . .": book vi. ch. xlii. (vol. ii. p. 120).]

at the same time the flag of the city from gules, a lily argent, to argent, a lily gules;[1] but the most ancient bearing of all, simply parted per pale, argent and gules, remained always on their carroccio of battle,—"Non si muto mai."[2]

110. "Non si muto mai." Villani did not know how true his words were. That old shield of Florence, parted per pale, argent and gules (or our own Saxon Oswald's, parted per pale, or and purpure), are heraldry changeless in sign; declaring the necessary balance, in ruling men, of the Rational and Imaginative powers; pure Alp, and glowing cloud.[3]

Church and State—Pope and Emperor—Clergy and Laity,—all these are partial, accidental—too often, criminal —oppositions; but the bodily and spiritual elements, seemingly adverse, remain in everlasting harmony.

Not less the new bearing of the shield, the red fleur-de-lys, has another meaning. It is red, not as ecclesiastical, but as free. Not of Guelph against Ghibelline, but of Labourer against Knight. No more his serf, but his minister. His duty no more "servitium," but "ministerium," "mestier." We learn the power of word after word, as of sign after sign, as we follow the traces of this nascent art. I have sketched for you this lily from the base of the tower of Giotto.[4] You may judge by the subjects of the sculpture beside it that it was built just in this fit of commercial triumph; for all the outer bas-reliefs are of trades.

111. Draw that red lily then, and fix it in your minds as the sign of the great change in the temper of Florence, and in her laws, in mid-thirteenth century; and remember also, when you go to Florence and see that mighty tower of the Palazzo Vecchio (noble still, in spite of the calamitous

[1] [See Villani, book vi. ch. xliii.; and compare *Paradiso,* xvi. 154.]
[2] [Villani, book vi. ch. xliv. (vol. ii. p. 122).]
[3] [Compare §§ 3, 4, above, pp. 12, 13.]
[4] [The example was No. 211 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 93), but is no longer in the collection. For the account of the other bas-reliefs, see *Ornings in Florence* (below, pp. 419, 420).]

and accursed restorations which have smoothed its rugged outline, and effaced with modern vulgarisms its lovely sculpture)—terminating the shadowy perspectives of the Uffizii, or dominant over the city seen from Fésole or Bellosguardo, —that, as the tower of Giotto is the notablest monument in the world of the Religion of Europe, so, on this tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, first shook itself to the winds the Lily standard of her liberal,—because honest,—commerce.

LECTURE V

PAX VOBISCUM[1]

112. My last lecture ended with a sentence which I thought, myself, rather pretty, and quite fit for a popular newspaper, about the "lily standard of liberal commerce." But it might occur, and I hope did occur, to some of you, that it would have been more appropriate if the lily had changed colour the other way, from red to white (instead of white to red), as a sign of a pacific constitution and kindly national purpose.

113. I believe otherwise, however; and although the change itself was for the sake of change merely, you may see in it, I think, one of the historical coincidences which contain true instruction for us.

Quite one of the chiefest art-mistakes and stupidities of men has been their tendency to dress soldiers in red clothes, and monks, or pacific persons, in black, white, or grey ones.[2] At least half of that mental bias of young people, which sustains the wickedness of war among us at this day, is owing to the prettiness of uniforms. Make all Hussars black, all Guards black, all troops of the line black; dress officers and men, alike, as you would public executioners; and the number of candidates for commissions will be greatly diminished. Habitually, on the contrary, you dress these destructive rustics and *their* officers in scarlet and gold, but give your productive rustics no costume of honour or beauty; you give your peaceful student a costume which he tucks up to his waist, because he is ashamed of it; and dress your pious rectors, and

[1] [In the MS. the title is "Pacific Florence."]
[2] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 7 (Vol. XVI. p. 264 *n.*).]

your sisters of charity, in black, as if it were *their* trade instead of the soldier's to send people to hell, and their own destiny to arrive there.

114. But the investiture of the lily of Florence with scarlet is a symbol,—unintentional, observe, but not the less notable,—of the recovery of human sense and intelligence in this matter. The reign of war was past; this was the sign of it;—the red glow, not now of the Towers of Dis, but of the Carita, "ch' a pena fora dentro al fuoco nota."[1] And a day is coming, be assured, when the kings of Europe will dress their peaceful troops beautifully; will clothe their peasant girls "in scarlet, with other delights," and "put on ornaments of gold upon *their* apparel";[2] when the crocus and the lily will not be the only living things dressed daintily in our land, and the glory of the wisest monarchs be indeed, in that their people, like themselves, shall be, at least in some dim likeness, "arrayed like one of these."[3]

115. But as for the immediate behaviour of Florence herself, with her new standard, its colour was quite sufficiently significant in that old symbolism, when the first restrial bearing was drawn by dying fingers dipped in blood.[4] The Guelphic revolution had put her into definite political opposition with her nearest, and therefore,—according to the custom and Christianity of the time,—her hatefullest, neighbours,—Pistoja, Pisa, Siena, and Volterra. What glory might not be acquired, what kind purpose answered, by making pacific mercantile states also of those benighted towns! Besides, the death of the Emperor had thrown his party everywhere into discouragement; and what was the use of a flag which flew no farther than over the new palazzo?

[1] [Dante, in the description of Charity in *Purgatorio*, xxix., 123: "so red that scarcely would she be noted in the fire."]

[2] [2 Samuel i. 24.]

[3] [Matthew vi. 29.]

[4] [That is, the sign of the cross, sometimes traced by early Christian martyrs in their own blood, as they died; and worn, blood-red, by the first crusaders (see Gibbon, ch. lviii.). For "restrial" bearings, see above, p. 64.]

116. Accordingly, in the next year, the pacific Florentines began by ravaging the territory of Pistoja; then attacked the Pisans at Pontadera, and took 3000 prisoners; and finished by traversing, and eating up all that could be ate in, the country of Siena; besides beating the Sienese under the castle of Montalcino. Returning in triumph after these benevolent operations, they resolved to strike a new piece of money in memory of them,—the golden Florin![1]

117. This coin I have placed in your room of study, to be the first of the series of coins which I hope to arrange for you, not chronologically, but for the various interest, whether as regards art or history, which they should possess in your general studies.[2] "The Florin of Florence" (says Sismondi), "through all the monetary revolutions of all neighbouring countries, and while the bad faith of governments adulterated their coin from one end of Europe to the other, has always remained the same; it is, to-day" (I don't know when, exactly, he wrote this,—but it doesn't matter) "of the same weight, and bears the same name and the same stamp, which it did when it was struck in 1252." It was gold of the purest title (24 carats), weighed the eighth of an ounce, and carried, as you see, on one side the image of St. John Baptist, on the other the Fleur-de-lys. It is the coin which Chaucer takes for the best representation of beautiful money in the Pardoner's Tale:[3] this, in his judgment, is the fairest mask of Death. Villani's relation of its moral and commercial effect at Tunis is worth translating, being in the substance of it, I doubt not, true.[4]

[1] [See Sismondi, ch. xviii. (vol. iii. pp. 175 *seq.*).]

[2] [A few coins, and electrotypes of coins, remain in the Ruskin Drawing School, but Ruskin did not arrange the intended collection. The fleur-de-lys side of the Florentine florin is engraved in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 25.]

[3] [Lines 770 *seq.* :—

"And ther they founde
Of florins fyne of golde ycoyned rounde,
Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte.
No lenger thanne after deeth they soughte,
For that the florins been so fayre and bryghte."

Compare *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 18, § 11.]

[4] [Book vi. ch. liv. (vol. ii. pp. 135–136).]

118. "And these new florins beginning to scatter through the world, some of them got to Tunis, in Barbary; and the King of Tunis, who was a worthy and wise lord, was greatly pleased with them, and had them tested; and finding them of fine gold, he praised them much, and had the legend on them interpreted to him,—to wit, on one side 'St. John Baptist,' on the other 'Florentia.' So seeing they were pieces of Christian money, he sent for the Pisan merchants, who were free of his port, and much before the King (and also the Florentines traded in Tunis through Pisan agents),—[see these hot little Pisans, how they are first everywhere],—and asked of them what city it was among the Christians which made the said florins. And the Pisans answered in spite and envy, 'They are our land Arabs.' The King answered wisely, 'It does not appear to me Arabs' money; you Pisans, what golden money have *you* got?' Then they were confused, and knew not what to answer. So he asked if there was any Florentine among them. And there was found a merchant from the other-side-Arno, by name Peter Balducci, discreet and wise. The King asked him of the state and being of Florence, of which the Pisans made their Arabs,—who answered him wisely, showing the power and magnificence of Florence; and how Pisa, in comparison, was not, either in land or people, the half of Florence; and that they had no golden money; and that the gold of which those florins had been made was gained by the Florentines above and beyond them, by many victories. Wherefore the said Pisans were put to shame, and the King, both by reason of the florin, and for the words of our wise citizen, made the Florentines free, and appointed for them their own Fondaco, and church, in Tunis, and gave them privileges like the Pisans. And this we know for a truth from the same Peter, having been in company with him at the office of the Priors."

119. I cannot tell you what the value of the piece was at this time: the sentence with which Sismondi concludes his account of it being only useful as an example of the

total ignorance of the laws of currency in which many even of the best educated persons at the present day remain.

"Its value," he says always the same, "answers to eleven francs forty centimes of France."

But all that can be scientifically said of any piece of money is that it contains a given weight of a given metal. Its value in other coins, other metals, or other general produce, varies not only from day to day, but from instant to instant.[1]

120. With this coin of Florence ought in justice to be ranked the Venetian zecchin;* but of it I can only thus give you account in another place,[2]—for I must at once go on now to tell you the first use I find recorded, as being made by the Florentines of their new money.

They pursued in the years 1253 and 1254 their energetic promulgation of peace. They ravaged the lands of Pistoja so often, that the Pistojese submitted themselves, on condition of receiving back their Guelph exiles, and admitting a Florentine garrison into Pistoja. Next they attacked Monte Reggione, the March-fortress of the Sienese; and pressed it so vigorously that Siena was fain to make peace too, on condition of ceasing her alliance with the Ghibellines. Next they ravaged the territory of Volterra: the townspeople, confident in the strength of their rock fortress, came out to give battle; the Florentines beat them up the hill, and entered the town gates with the fugitives.

121. And, for note to this sentence, in my long-since-read volume of Sismondi, I find a cross-fleury at the bottom of the page,[3] with the date 1254 underneath it;

* In connection with the Pisans' insulting intention by their term of Arabs, remember that the Venetian "zecca" (mint), came from the Arabic "sehk," the steel die used in coinage.

[1] [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, Vol. XVII. pp. 189, 199, and *Queen of the Air*, § 122 (Vol. XIX. p. 403).]

[2] [This was not done, though there is a reference to the subject in Ruskin's MSS. for the intended continuation of *St. Mark's Rest* (see Vol. XXIV., Appendix vi.). See also *Munera Pulveris*, § 77 *n.* (Vol. XVII. pp. 200-201).]

[3] [Chapter xviii. p. 177.]

meaning that I was to remember that year as the beginning of Christian warfare. For little as you may think it, and grotesquely opposed as this ravaging of their neighbours' territories may seem to their pacific mission, this Florentine army is fighting in absolute good faith. Partly self-deceived, indeed, by their own ambition, and by their fiery natures, rejoicing in the excitement of battle, they have nevertheless, in this their "year of victories,"[1]—so they ever afterwards called it,—no occult or malignant purpose. At least, whatever is occult or malignant is also unconscious; not now in cruel, but in kindly jealousy of their neighbours, and in a true desire to communicate and extend to them the privileges of their own new artisan government, the Trades of Florence have taken arms. They are justly proud of themselves; rightly assured of the wisdom of the change they have made; true to each other for the time, and confident in the future. No army ever fought in better cause, or with more united heart. And accordingly they meet with no check, and commit no error; from tower to tower of the field fortresses,—from gate to gate of the great cities,—they march in one continuous and daily more splendid triumph, yet in gentle and perfect discipline; and now, when they have entered Volterra with her fugitives, after stress of battle, not a drop of blood is shed, nor a single house pillaged, nor is any other condition of peace required than the exile of the Ghibelline nobles. You may remember, as a symbol of the influence of Christianity in this result, that the Bishop of Volterra with his clergy, came out in procession to meet them as they began to run * the streets, and obtained this mercy else the old habits of pillage would have prevailed.

122. And from Volterra, the Florentine army entered on the territory of Pisa; and now with so high prestige, that

* "Corsono la citta senza contesto niuno."—Villani.[2]

[1] [The phrase is Villani's: book vi. ch. lix. (vol. ii. p. 142).]
[2] [Book vi. ch. lviii. (p. 140).]

the Pisans at once sent ambassadors to them with keys in their hands, in token of submission. And the Florentines made peace with them, on condition that the Pisans should let the Florentine merchandise pass in and out without tax;—should use the same weights as Florence,—the same cloth measure,—and the same alloy of money.

123. You see that Mr. Adam Smith was not altogether the originator of the idea of free trade; and six hundred years have passed without bringing Europe generally to the degree of mercantile intelligence, as to weights and currency, which Florence had in her year of victories.

The Pisans broke this peace two years afterwards, to help the Emperor Manfred; whereupon the Florentines attacked them instantly again; defeated them on the Serchio, near Lucca; entered the Pisan territory by the Val di Serchio; and there, cutting down a great pine tree, struck their florins on the stump of it, putting, for memory, under the feet of the St. John, a trefoil "in guise of a little tree."[1] And note here the difference between artistic and mechanical coinage. The Florentines, using pure gold, and thin, can strike their coin anywhere, with only a wooden anvil, and their engraver is ready on the instant to make such change in the stamp as may record any new triumph. Consider the vigour, popularity, pleasantness of an art of coinage thus ductile to events, and easy in manipulation.

124. It is to be observed also that a thin gold coinage like that of the English angel, and these Italian zecchins, is both more convenient and prettier than the massive gold of the Greeks, often so small that it drops through the fingers, and, if of any size, inconveniently large in value.

125. It was in the following year, 1255, that the Florentines made the noblest use of their newly struck florins, so far as I know, ever recorded in any history; and a Florentine citizen made as noble refusal of them. You will find the two stories in Giovanni Villani, Book 6th, chapters 62, 63.

[1] [Book vi. ch. lxiii. (p. 146).]

One or two important facts are added by Sismondi,[1] but without references. I take his statement as on the whole trustworthy, using Villani's authority wherever it reaches; one or two points I have further to explain to you myself, as I go on.

126. The first tale shows very curiously the mercenary and independent character of warfare, as it was now carried on by the great chiefs, whether Guelph or Ghibelline. The Florentines wanted to send a troop of five hundred horse to assist Orvieto, a Guelph town, isolated on its rock, and at present harassed upon it. They gave command of this troop to the Knight Guido Guerra de' Conti Guido, and he and his riders set out for Orvieto by the Umbrian road, through Arezzo, which was at peace with Florence, though a Ghibelline town. The Guelph party within the town asked help from the passing Florentine battalion; and Guido Guerra, without any authority for such action, used the troop of which he was in command in their favour, and drove out the Ghibellines. Sismondi does not notice what is quite one of the main points in the matter, that this troop of horse must have been mainly composed of Count Guido's own retainers, and not of Florentine citizens, who would not have cared to leave their business on such a far-off quest as this help to Orvieto. However Arezzo is thus brought over to the Florentine interest and any other Italian state would have been sure, while it disclaimed the Count's independent action, to keep the advantage of it. Not so Florence. She is entirely resolved, in these years of victory, to do justice to all men so far as she understands it; and in this case it will give her some trouble to do it, and worse,—cost her some of her fine new florins. For her counter-mandate is quite powerless with Guido Guerra. He has taken Arezzo mainly with his own men, and means to stay there, thinking that the Florentines, if even they do not abet him

[1] [The references for the first story (§ 126) are Villani, ch. lxii. (p. 145), and Sismondi, ch. xviii. (pp. 180–181).]

will take no practical steps against him. But he does not know this newly risen clan of military merchants, who quite clearly understand what honesty means, and will put themselves out of their way to keep their faith. Florence calls out her trades instantly, and with gules, a dragon vert, and or, a bull sable, they march, themselves, angrily up the Val d'Arno, replace the adverse Ghibellines in Arezzo, and send Master Guido de' Conti Guido about his business. But the prettiest and most curious part of the whole story is their equity even to him, after he had given them all this trouble. They entirely recognize the need he is under of getting meat, somehow, for the mouths of these five hundred riders of his; also they hold him still their friend, though an unmanageable one; and admit with praise what of more or less patriotic and Guelphic principle may be at the root of his disobedience. So when he claims twelve thousand lire,—roughly, some two thousand pounds of money at present value,—from the Guelphs of Arezzo for his service, and the Guelphs, having got no good of it, owing to this Florentine interference, object to paying him, the Florentines themselves lend them the money,—and are never paid a farthing of it back.

127. There is a beautiful "investment of capital" for our modern merchant to study! No interest thought of, and little hope of ever getting back the principal. And yet you will find that there were no mercantile "panics" in Florence in those days, nor failing bankers,* nor "clearings out of this establishment—any reasonable offer accepted."

128. But the second story, of a private Florentine citizen, is better still.[1]

* Some account of the state of modern British business in this kind will be given, I hope, in some number of *Fors Clavigera*, for this year, 1874.[2]

[1] [The references here are to Villani, book vi. ch. lxiii. (pp. 146–148), and Sismondi, ch. xviii. (pp. 182–184).]

[2] [This intention was not fulfilled; but in 1873 there had already been some references of the kind (see Letters 26 and 30).]

In that campaign against Pisa in which the florins were struck on the root of pine, the conditions of peace had been ratified by the surrender to Florence of the Pisan fortress of Mutrona, which commanded a tract of seaboard below Pisa, of great importance for the Tuscan trade. The Florentines had stipulated for the right not only of holding, but of destroying it, if they chose; and in their Council of Ancients, after long debate, it was determined to raze it, the cost of its garrison being troublesome, and the freedom of seaboard all that the city wanted. But the Pisans, feeling the power that the fortress had against them in case of future war, and doubtful of the issue of council at Florence, sent a private negotiator to the member of the Council of Ancients who was known to have most influence, though one of the poorest of them, Aldobrandino Ottobuoni; and offered him four thousand golden florins if he would get the vote passed to raze Mutrona. The vote *had* passed the evening before. Aldobrandino dismissed the Pisan ambassador in silence, returned instantly into the council, and without saying anything of the offer that had been made to him, got them to reconsider their vote, and showed them such reason for keeping Mutrona in its strength, that the vote for its destruction was rescinded. "And note thou, O reader," says Villani, "the virtue of such a citizen, who, not being rich in substance, had yet such continence and loyalty for his state."

129. You might, perhaps, once, have thought me detaining you needlessly with these historical details, little bearing, it is commonly supposed, on the subject of Art. But you are, I trust, now in some degree persuaded that no art, Florentine or any other, can be understood without knowing these sculptures and mouldings of the national soul. You remember I first began this large digression when it became a question with us why some of Giovanni Pisano's sepulchral work had been destroyed at Perugia.[1] And now we shall get our first gleam of light on the matter, finding

[1] [See above, § 43, p. 32.]

imilar operations carried on in Florence. For a little while fter this speech in the Council of Ancients, Aldobrandino ied, and the people, at public cost, built him a tomb of narble, "higher than any other" in the church of Santa Reparata, engraving on it these verses, which I leave you o construe, for I cannot:—

> "Fons est supremus Aldobrandino amoenus
> Ottoboni natus, a bono civita datus."[1]

Only I suppose the pretty word "amoenus" may be taken as narking the delightfulness and sweetness of character which ad won all men's love, more, even, than their gratitude.

130. It failed of its effect, however, on the Tuscan aristo- ratic mind. For when, after the battle of the Arbia,[2] the Ghibellines had again their own way in Florence, though Ottobuoni had been then dead three years, they beat down is tomb, pulled the dead body out of it, dragged it—by uch tenure as it might still possess—through the city, and hrew the fragments of it into ditches. It is a memorable arallel to the treatment of the body of Cromwell by our wn Cavaliers;[3] and indeed it seems to me one of the ighest forms of laudatory epitaph upon a man, that his ody should be thus torn from its rest. For he can hardly ave spent his life better than in drawing on himself the ind of enmity which can so be gratified; and for the most oving of lawgivers, as of princes, the most enviable and onourable epitaph has always been

> "ὁι δὲ πολῖται αὐτοῦ ἐμίσουν αὐτόν."[4]

131. Not but that pacific Florence, in her pride of

[1] [This is the reading given in some editions of Villani (book vi. ch. lxiii.), but thers (see vol. ii. pp. 148, 206 of the edition already cited) give "ad bona cuncta atus"—a reading which removes the worst difficulty of translation. The church f Santa Reparata, at that time the cathedral, was demolished to make room for ta. Maria del Fiore.]

[2] [The site of the battle of Mont' Aperti, on the Arbia—in which (September 4, 260) the Florentine Guelphs were defeated by the Ghibellines and Sienese—is arked by a pyramid surrounded by cypresses.]

[3] [For other allusions to this, see Vol. XVIII. p. 157 *n.*]

[4] ["But his citizens hated him:" Luke xix. 14 (the parable of the nobleman who ent to receive a kingdom). Compare Vol. XX. p. 357 *n.*]

victory, was beginning to show unamiableness of temper also, on her so equitable side. It is perhaps worth noticing, for the sake of the name of Correggio, that in 1257, when Matthew Correggio, of Parma, was the Podesta of Florence, the Florentines determined to destroy the castle and walls of Poggibonzi, suspected of Ghibelline tendency, though the Poggibonzi people came with "coreggie in collo,"[1] leathern straps round their necks, to ask that their cattle might be spared. And the heartburnings between the two parties went on, smouldering hotter and hotter, till July 1258, when the people having discovered secret dealings between the Uberti and the Emperor Manfred, and the Uberti refusing to obey citation to the popular tribunals, the trades ran to arms, attacked the Uberti palace, killed a number of their people, took prisoner Uberto of the Uberti, Hubert of the Huberts, or Bright-mind of the Bright-minds, with "Mangia degl' Infangati" ("Gobbler* of the dirty ones" this knight's name sounds like),—and after they had confessed their guilt, beheaded them in St. Michael's corn-market; and all the rest of the Uberti and Ghibelline families were driven out of Florence, and their palaces pulled down, and the walls towards Siena built with the stones of them; and two months afterwards, the people suspecting the Abbot of Vallombrosa of treating with the Ghibellines, took him, and tortured him; and he confessing under torture, "at the cry of the people, they beheaded him in the square of St. Apollinare." For which unexpected piece of clangorous impiety the Florentines were excommunicated, besides drawing upon themselves the steady enmity of Pavia, the Abbot's native town; "and indeed people say the Abbot was innocent, though he belonged to a great Ghibelline house. And for this sin, and for many others done by the wicked people, many wise persons say

* At least, the compound "Mangia-pane," "munch-bread," stands still for a good-for-nothing fellow.

[1] [Villani, book vi. ch. lxiv. (p. 149).]

that God, for Divine judgment, permitted upon the said people the revenge and slaughter of Monteaperti."[1]

132. The sentence which I have last read introduces, as you must at once have felt, a new condition of things. Generally, I have spoken of the Ghibellines as infidel, or impious; and for the most part they represent, indeed, the resistance of kingly to priestly power.[2] But, in this action of Florence, we have the rise of another force against the Church, in the end to be much more fatal to it, that of popular intelligence and popular passion. I must for the present, however, return to our immediate business; and ask you to take note of the effect, on actually existing Florentine architecture, of the political movements of the ten years we have been studying.

133. In the revolution of Candlemas, 1248, the successful Ghibellines throw down thirty-six of the Guelph palaces.

And in the revolution of July, 1258, the successful Guelphs throw down *all* the Ghibelline palaces.

Meanwhile the trades, as against the Knights Castellans, have thrown down the tops of all the towers above seventy-five feet high.[3]

And we shall presently have a proposal,[4] after the battle of the Arbia, to throw down Florence altogether.

134. You think at first that this is remarkably like the course of republican reformations in the present day? But there is a wide difference. In the first place, the palaces and towers are not thrown down in mere spite or desire of ruin, but after quite definite experience of their danger to the State, and positive dejection of boiling lead and wooden logs from their machicolations upon the heads below. In

[1] [Villani, book vi. ch. lxv. (pp. 150, 151). For the battle of Monteaperti, two years later, see p. 79 *n.*]

[2] [The MS. adds: "the great symbols of the struggle being that of Henry II. with Becket and of Frederick II. with Innocent."]

[3] [In 1250. See above, § 107, pp. 65–66.]

[4] ["Presently"; that is, in reading the history of Florence. The incident is referred to by Dante: *Inferno*, x. 91–94:—

"But singly there I stood, when, by consent
Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,
The one who openly forbade the deed."]

the second place, nothing is thrown down without complete certainty on the part of the overthrowers that they are able, and willing, to build as good or better things instead; which, if any like conviction exist in the minds of modern republicans, is a wofully ill-founded one: and lastly, these abolitions of private wealth were coincident with a widely spreading disposition to undertake, as I have above noticed,[1] works of public utility, *from which no dividends were to be received by any of the shareholders;* and for the execution of *which the builders received no commission on the cost*,[2] but payment at the rate of so much a day, carefully adjusted to the exertion of real power and intelligence.

135. We must not, therefore, without qualification blame though we may profoundly regret, the destructive passions of the thirteenth century. The architecture of the palaces thus destroyed in Florence contained examples of the most beautiful round-arched work that had been developed by the Norman schools; and was in some cases adorned with a barbaric splendour, and fitted into a majesty of strength which, so far as I can conjecture the effect of it from the few now existing traces, must have presented some of the most impressive aspects of street edifice ever existent among civil societies.

136. It may be a temporary relief for you from the confusion of following the giddy successions of Florentine temper, if I interrupt, in this place, my history of the city by some inquiry into technical points relating to the architecture of these destroyed palaces. Their style is familiar to us, indeed, in a building of which it is difficult to believe the early date,—the leaning tower of Pisa.[3] The lower stories of it are of the twelfth century, and the open arcades of the cathedrals of Pisa and Lucca, a

[1] [See above, § 77, p. 47.]

[2] [On this subject compare *Time and Tide*, § 83 (Vol. XVII. p. 390), and above p. xli.]

[3] [See *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence* (below, p. 194 *n.*); and for other references to the tower, Vol. VIII. pp. 168, 203; Vol. XVIII. p. 321 and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18.]

ell as the lighter construction of the spire of St. Niccolà,[1] t Pisa (though this was built in continuation of the older yle by Niccolà himself), all represent to you, though ı enriched condition, the general manner of building in alaces of the Norman period in Val d'Arno. That of ıe Tosinghi, above the old market in Florence, is especily mentioned by Villani,[2] as more than a hundred feet ı height, entirely built with little pillars (colonnelli) of ıarble. On their splendid masonry was founded the exuisiteness of that which immediately succeeded them, of hich the date is fixed by definite examples both in Verona ıd Florence, and which still exists in noble masses in the tired streets and courts of either city; too soon superded, in the great thoroughfares, by the effeminate and ıonotonous luxury of Venetian renaissance, or by the eaps of quarried stone which rise into the ruggedness of ıeir native cliffs, in the Pitti and Strozzi palaces.

[1] [There are some architectural details of this church, by Commendatore Boni, the Ruskin Art Collection at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 308).]
[2] [Book vi. ch. xxxiii. (vol. ii. p. 104).]

LECTURE VI

MARBLE COUCHANT

137. I TOLD you in my last lecture that the exquisitene of Florentine thirteenth-century masonry was founded o the strength and splendour of that which preceded it.

I use the word "founded" in a literal as well as figur tive sense. While the merchants, in their year of victorie threw down the walls of the war-towers, they as eagerly an diligently set their best craftsmen to lift higher the wal of their churches. For the most part, the Early Norman Basilican forms were too low to please them in their pr sent enthusiasm. Their pride, as well as their piety, desire that these stones of their temples might be goodly; and a kinds of junctions, insertions, refittings, and elevations we undertaken; which, the genius of the people being alway for mosaic, are so perfectly executed, and mix up twelft and thirteenth century work in such intricate harlequinad that it is enough to drive a poor antiquary wild.

138. I have here in my hand, however, a photograph[1] a small church, which shows you the change at a glanc and attests it in a notable manner.

You know Hubert of Lucca was the first captain the Florentine people, and the march in which they stru their florin on the pine trunk was through Lucca, on Pisa.

Now here is a little church in Lucca, of which th lower half of the façade is of the twelfth century, and th top, built by the Florentines, in the thirteenth, and seal for their own by two fleur-de-lys, let into its masonr

[1] [The photograph was not placed in the Oxford Collection.]
[2] [See above, § 123; p. 75.]

The most important difference, marking the date, is in the sculpture of the heads which carry the archivolts. But the most palpable difference is in the Cyclopean simplicity of regular bedding in the lower storey; and the delicate bands of alternate serpentine and marble, which follow the horizontal or couchant placing of the stones above.

139. Those of you who, interested in English Gothic, have visited Tuscany, are, I think, always offended at first, if not in permanence, by these horizontal stripes of their marble walls. Twenty-two years ago I quoted, in page 287, vol. i., of the *Stones of Venice*, Professor Willis's statement that "a practice more destructive of architectural grandeur could hardly be conceived;" and I defended my favourite buildings against that judgment, first by actual comparison, in the plate opposite the page, of a piece of them with an example of our modern grandeur; secondly (vol. i. chap. v.), by a comparison of their aspect with that of the building of the grandest piece of wall in the Alps,—that Matterhorn in which you all have now learned to take some gymnastic interest; and thirdly (vol. i. chap. xvi.), by reference to the use of barred colours, with delight, by Giotto and all subsequent colourists.[1]

140. But it did not then occur to me to ask, much as I always disliked the English Perpendicular,[2] what would have been the effect on the spectator's mind, had the buildings been striped vertically instead of horizontally; nor did I then know, or in the least imagine, how much *practical* need there was for reference from the structure of the edifice to that of the cliff; and how much the permanence, as well as propriety, of structure depended on the stones being *couchant* in the wall, as they had been in the quarry: to which subject I wish to-day to direct your attention.

141. You will find stated with as much clearness as I

[1] [See in this edition Vol. IX. p. 348, and Plate XIII., pp. 85 *seq.*, and again, p. 347–348, where, however, there is no specific mention of Giotto; but see *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 19 (Vol. XXIV. p. 36).]

[2] [See the passages collected in Vol. IX. pp. 227–228 *n.*]

am able, in the first and fifth lectures in *Aratra Pentelici* the principles of architectural design to which, in all my future teaching, I shall have constantly to appeal; namely, that architecture consists distinctively in the adaptation of form to resist force;[1]—that, practically, it may be always thought of as doing this by the ingenious adjustment of various pieces of solid material; that the perception of this ingenious adjustment, or structure, is to be always joined with our admiration of the superadded ornament; and that all delightful ornament is the honouring of such useful structures; but that the beauty of the ornament itself is independent of the structure, and arrived at by powers of mind of a very different class from those which are necessary to give skill in architecture proper.

142. During the course of this last summer I have been myself very directly interested in some of the quite elementary processes of true architecture. I have been building a little pier into Coniston Lake, and various walls and terraces in a steeply sloping garden, all which had to be constructed of such rough stones as lay nearest. Under the dextrous hands of a neighbour farmer's son, the pier projected, and the walls rose, as if enchanted; every stone taking its proper place, and the loose dyke holding itself as firmly upright as if the gripping cement of the Florentine towers had fastened it. My own better acquaintance with the laws of gravity and of statics did not enable me myself, to build six inches of dyke that would stand; and all the decoration possible under the circumstances consisted in turning the lichened sides of the stones outwards. And yet the noblest conditions of building in the world are nothing more than the gradual adornment, by play of the imagination, of materials first arranged by this natural instinct of adjustment. You must not lose sight of the instinct of building, but you must not think the play of the imagination depends upon it. Intelligent laying of

[1] [See *Aratra*, § 99 (Vol. XX. p. 265); and for the other points, see more particularly pp. 216, 217.]

tones is always delightful; but the fancy must not be imited to its contemplation.

143. In the more elaborate architecture of my neighbourhood, I have taken pleasure these many years; one of he first papers I ever wrote on Architecture was a study of he Westmoreland cottage;[1]—properly, observe, the cottage of West-mere-land, of the land of western lakes.[2] Its principal feature is the projecting porch at its door, formed by wo rough slabs of Coniston slate, set in a blunt gable; upported, if far projecting, by two larger masses for uprights. A disciple of Mr. Pugin would delightedly observe that the porch of St. Zeno at Verona[3] was nothing more than the lecoration of this construction;[4] but you do not suppose hat the first idea of putting two stones together to keep off rain was all on which the sculptor of St. Zeno wished o depend for your entertainment.

144. Perhaps you may most clearly understand the real connection between structure and decoration by considering ll architecture as a kind of book,[5] which must be properly bound indeed, and in which the illumination of the pages has distinct reference in all its forms to the breadth of the nargins and length of the sentences; but is itself free to follow its own quite separate and higher objects of design.

145. Thus, for instance, in the architecture which Niccola was occupied upon, when a boy under his Byzantine master. Here is the door of the Baptistery at Pisa, again by Mr. Severn delightfully enlarged for us from a photograph.*

* Plate X. is from the photograph itself; the enlarged drawing showed he arrangement of parts more clearly, but necessarily omitted detail which t is better here to retain.[6]

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[1] [See *The Poetry of Architecture* (1837) in Vol. I.]

[2] [Compare the Preface (§ 1) to *Rock Honeycomb* in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*).]

[3] [See Plate I. in *Aratra Pentelici*, and No. 96 in the Reference Series (Vol. XX. pp. 214, 400).]

[4] ["All ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of a building" (*The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture*, by A. Welby Pugin, 1853, p. 1).]

[5] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 112).]

[6] [Mr. Severn's drawing is at Brantwood. In the St. George's Museum at Sheffield there is a water-colour study by C. F. Murray of part of the carving over the door.]

The general idea of it is a square-headed opening in a solid wall, faced by an arch carried on shafts. And the ornament does indeed follow this construction so that the eye catches it with ease,—but under what arbitrary conditions! In the square door, certainly the side-posts of it are as important members as the lintel they carry; but the lintel is carved elaborately, and the side-posts left blank. Of the facing arch and shaft, it would be similarly difficult to say whether the sustaining vertical, or sustained curve, were the more important member of the construction; but the decorator now reverses the distribution of his care, adorns the vertical member with passionate elaboration, and runs a narrow band, of comparatively uninteresting work, round the arch. Between this outer shaft and inner door is a square pilaster, of which the architect carves one side, and lets the other alone. It is followed by a smaller shaft and arch, in which he reverses his treatment of the outer order by cutting the shaft delicately and the arch deeply. Again, whereas in what is called the decorated construction of English Gothic, the pillars would have been left plain and the spandrels deep cut,—here, are we to call it decoration of the construction, when the pillars are carved and the spandrels left plain? Or when, finally, either these spandrel spaces on each side of the arch, or the corresponding slopes of the gable, are loaded with recumbent figures by the sculptors of the renaissance, are we to call, for instance, Michael Angelo's Dawn and Twilight,[1] only the decorations of the sloping plinths of a tomb, or trace to a geometrical propriety the subsequent rule in Italy that no window could be properly complete for living people to look out of, without having two stone people sitting on the corners of it above? I have heard of charming young ladies occasionally, at very crowded balls, sitting on the stairs,—would

[1] [It is held, however, that "the present sarcophagi cannot have been intended to hold the allegorical figures in the way they do, for the under surfaces of the statues do not fit the top of the mouldings, and certainly the rough stones that project over them, forming a base for the feet, must have been intended to be supported by solid marble, and not to rest uneasily on air" (Sir Charles Holroyd's *Michael Angelo Buonarroti*, p. 210).]

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The Door of the Baptistery, Pisa

you call them, in that case, only decorations of the construction of the staircase?

146. You will find, on consideration, the ultimate fact to be that to which I have just referred you;—my statement in *Aratra* that the idea of a construction originally useful is retained in good architecture, through all the amusement of its ornamentation; as the idea of the proper function of any piece of dress ought to be retained through its changes in form or embroidery. A good spire or porch retains the first idea of a roof usefully covering a space, as a Norman high cap or elongated Quaker's bonnet retains the original idea of a simple covering for the head; and any extravagance of subsequent fancy may be permitted, so long as the notion of use is not altogether lost. A girl begins by wearing a plain round hat to shade her from the sun; she ties it down over her ears on a windy day; presently she decorates the edge of it, so bent, with flowers in front, or the riband that ties it with a bouquet at the side, and it becomes a bonnet. This decorated construction may be indiscreetly changed, by endless fashion, so long as it does not become a clearly useless riband round the middle of the head, or a clearly useless saucer on the top of it.

147. Again, a Norman peasant may throw up the top of her cap into a peak, or a Bernese one put gauze wings at the side of it, and still be dressed with propriety, so long as her hair is modestly confined, and her ears healthily protected, by the matronly safeguard of the real construction. She ceases to be decorously dressed only when the material becomes too flimsy to answer such essential purpose, and the flaunting pendants or ribands can only answer the ends of coquetry or ostentation. Similarly, an architect may deepen or enlarge, in fantastic exaggeration, his original Westmoreland gable into Rouen porch, and his original square roof into Coventry spire; but he must not put within his splendid porch a little door where two persons cannot together get in, nor cut his spire away into hollow filigree, and mere ornamental perviousness to wind and rain.

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The Story of St. John – Advent and Departure

ivory tablet, would be as intelligible to-day as when it was laid in its place.*

150. *Laid.* I pause upon this word, for it is an important one. And I must devote the rest of this lecture to consideration merely of what follows from the difference between laying a stone and setting it up, whether we regard sculpture or construction. The subject is so wide, I scarcely know how to approach it. Perhaps it will be the pleasantest way to begin if I read you a letter from one of yourselves to me. A very favourite pupil, who travels third-class always, for sake of better company, wrote to me the other day: "One of my fellow-travellers, who was a builder, or else a master mason, told me that the way in which red sandstone buildings last depends entirely on the way in which the stone is laid. It must lie as it does in the quarry; but he said that very few workmen could always tell the difference between the joints of planes of cleavage and the—something else which I couldn't catch,—by which he meant, I suppose, planes of stratification. He said too that some people, though they were very particular about having the stone laid well, allowed blocks to stand in the rain the wrong way up, and that they never recovered one wetting. The stone of the same quarry varies much, and he said that moss will grow immediately on good stone, but not on bad. How curious,—nature helping the best workman!" Thus far my favourite pupil!

151. "Moss will grow on the best stone." The first thing your modern restorer would do is to scrape it off; and with it, whatever knitted surface, half moss root, protects the interior stone. Have you ever considered the infinite functions of protection to mountain form exercised by the mosses and lichens? It will perhaps be refreshing to you, after our work among the Pisan marbles and legends, if we have a lecture or two on moss.[1] Meantime I need not tell

* Plate XI. gives, in greater clearness, the sculpture of this lintel, for notes on which see Appendix [pp. 167–170].

[1] [Such lectures were, however, not given; but see *Proserpina*, i. ch. i.]

you that it would not be a satisfactory natural arrangement if moss grew on marble, and that all fine workmanship in marble implies equal exquisiteness of surface and edge.

152. You will observe also that the importance of laying the stone in the building as it lay in its bed was from the first recognized by all good northern architects, to such extent that to lay stones "en delit,"[1] or in a position out of their bedding, is a recognized architectural term in France, where all structural building takes its rise; and in that form of "delit" the word gets most curiously involved with the Latin delictum and deliquium. It would occupy the time of a whole lecture if I entered into the confused relations of the words derived from lectus, liquidus, delinquo, diliquo, and deliquesco; and of the still more confused, but beautifully confused (and enriched by confusion) forms of idea, whether respecting morality or marble, arising out of the meanings of these words: the notions of a bed gathered or strewn for the rest, whether of rocks or men; of the various states of solidity and liquidity connected with strength, or with repose; and of the duty of staying quiet in a place, or under a law, and the mischief of leaving it, being all fastened in the minds of early builders, and of the generations of men for whom they built, by the unescapable bearing of geological laws on their life; by the ease or difficulty of splitting rocks, by the variable consistency of the fragments split, by the innumerable questions occurring practically as to bedding and cleavage in every kind of stone, from tufa to granite, and by the unseemly or beautiful, destructive or protective, effects of decomposition.* The

* This passage cannot but seem to the reader loose and fantastic. I have elaborate notes, and many an unwritten thought, on these matters, but no time or strength to develop them. The passage is not fantastic, but the rapid index of what I know to be true in all the named particulars. But compare, for mere rough illustration of what I mean, the moral ideas relating to the stone of Jacob's pillow, or the tradition of it, with those to which French Flamboyant Gothic owes its character.[2]

[1] [Compare below, § 169, p. 103.]

[2] [See Genesis xxviii. 11–22; and for the moral faults of French Flamboyant, see Vol. XIX. pp. 259, 262 *seq.*]

same processes of time which cause your Oxford oolite to flake away like the leaves of a mouldering book only warm with a glow of perpetually deepening gold the marbles of Athens and Verona; and the same laws of chemical change which reduce the granites of Dartmoor to porcelain clay bind the sands of Coventry into stones which can be built up half-way to the sky.

153. But now, as to the matter immediately before us, observe what a double question arises about laying stones as they lie in the quarry. First, how *do* they lie in the quarry? Secondly, how can we lay them so in every part of our building?

A. How do they lie in the quarry? Level, perhaps, at Stonesfield[1] and Coventry; but at an angle of 45° at Carrara; and for aught I know, of 90° in Paros or Pentelicus. Also, the *bedding* is of prime importance at Coventry, but the *cleavage* at Coniston.*

B. And then, even if we know what the quarry bedding is, how are we to keep it always in our building? You may lay the stones of a wall carefully level, but how will you lay those of an arch? You think these, perhaps, trivial, or merely curious questions. So far from it, the fact that while the bedding in Normandy is level, that at Carrara is steep, and that the forces which raised the beds of Carrara crystallized them also, so that the cleavage which is all-important in the stones of my garden wall is of none in the duomo of Pisa, simply determined the possibility of the existence of Pisan sculpture at all, and regulated the whole life and genius of Nicholas the Pisan and of Christian art.

* There are at least four definite cleavages at Coniston, besides joints. One of these cleavages furnishes the Coniston slate of commerce; another forms the ranges of Wetherlam and Yewdale crag; a third cuts these ranges to pieces, striking from north-west to south-east; and a fourth into other pieces, from north-east to south-west.

[1] [A village, a few miles on the road from Oxford to Chipping Norton, well known to geologists, where the sandstone is intersected by a thin stratum of limestone.]

And, again, the fact that you can put stones in true bedding in a wall, but cannot in an arch, determines the structural transition from classical to Gothic architecture.

154. The *structural* transition, observe; only a part, and that not altogether a coincident part, of the *moral* transition. Read carefully, if you have time, the articles "Pierre" and "Meneau"[1] in M. Viollet le Duc's *Dictionary of Architecture*, and you will know everything that is of importance in the changes dependent on the mere qualities of *matter*. I must, however, try to set in your view also the relative acting qualities of *mind*.

You will find that M. Viollet le Duc traces all the forms of Gothic tracery to the geometrical and practically serviceable development of the stone "chassis," chasing, or frame, for the glass. For instance, he attributes the use of the cusp or "redent," in its more complex forms, to the necessity, or convenience, of diminishing the space of glass which the tracery grasps; and he attributes the reductions of the mouldings in the tracery bar, under portions of one section, to the greater facility thus obtained by the architect in directing his workmen. The plan of a window once given, and the moulding-section,—all is said, thinks M. Viollet le Duc. Very convenient indeed, for modern architects who have commission on the cost.[2] But certainly not necessary, and perhaps even *in*convenient, to Niccola Pisano, who is himself his workman, and cuts his own traceries, with his apron loaded with dust.

155. Again, the *re*dent—the "tooth within tooth" of a French tracery—may be necessary, to bite its glass. But the cusp, cuspis, spiny or spearlike point of a thirteenth-century illumination is not in the least necessary to transfix the parchment. Yet do you suppose that the structural convenience of the redent entirely effaces from the mind of the designer the æsthetic characters which he seeks in

[1] [Compare *Seven Lamps*, ch. ii. § 23 (note of 1880), where this chapter is referred to (Vol. VIII. p. 90).]

[2] [Compare above, § 134, p. 82.]

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The Charge to Adam

Giovanni Pisano and Modern Italian

te cusp? If you could for an instant imagine this, you ould be undeceived by a glance either at the early redents c Amiens, fringing hollow vaults, or the late redents of Rouen, acting as crockets on the *outer* edges of pediments.

156. Again: if you think of the tracery in its *bars*, you ll the cusp a redent; but if you think of it in the *open-ings*, you call the apertures of it foils. Do you suppose that te thirteenth century builder thought only of the strength c the bars of his enclosure, and never of the beauty of te form he enclosed? You will find in my chapter on te Aperture, in the *Stones of Venice*,[1] full development of te æsthetic laws relating to both these forms, while you ay see, in Professor Willis's *Architecture of the Middle ges*, a beautiful analysis of the development of tracery fm the juxtaposition of aperture;[2] and in the article Meneau," just quoted of M. Viollet le Duc, an equally autiful analysis of its development from the masonry of te chassis. You may at first think that Professor Willis's alysis is inconsistent with M. Viollet le Duc's. But they a no more inconsistent than the accounts of the growth c a human being would be, if given by two anatomists, of om one had examined only the skeleton, and the other ly the respiratory system; and who, therefore, supposed— te first, that the animal had been made only to leap, and te other only to sing. I don't mean that either of the iters I name is absolutely thus narrow in his own views, t that, so far as inconsistency appears to exist between em, it is of that partial kind only.

157. And for the understanding of our Pisan traceries e must introduce a third element of similarly distinctive ture. We must, to press our simile a little farther, exa-ine the growth of the animal as if it had been made ither to leap, nor to sing, but only to think. We must serve the transitional states of its nerve power; that is to

[1] [Chapters xvi. and xvii. of vol. i. (Vol. IX.).]
[2] [Chapters v. and vi.; for another reference to Willis's analysis, see *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 87.]

say, in our window tracery we must consider not merel how its ribs are built (or how it *stands*), nor merely ho its openings are shaped (or how it *breathes*); but also wh its openings are made to light, or its shafts to receive, picture or image. As the limbs of the building, it may much; as the lungs of the building, more. As the *eyes* of the building, what?

158. Thus you probably have a distinct idea—those you, at least, who are interested in architecture—of t shape of the windows in Westminster Abbey, in the Cath dral of Chartres, or in the Duomo of Milan. Can any you, I should like to know, make a guess at the sha of the windows in the Sistine Chapel, the Stanze of t Vatican, the Scuola di San Rocco, or the lower church Assisi? The soul or anima of the first three buildings in their windows; but of the last three, in their walls.

All these points I may for the present leave you think over for yourselves, except one, to which I must a yet for a few moments your further attention.

159. The trefoils to which I have called your attenti in Niccola's pulpit[1] are as absolutely without structural offi in the circles as in the panels of the font beside it. B the circles are drawn with evident delight in the love circular line, while the trefoil is struck out by Niccola roughly that there is not a true compass curve or secti in any part of it.

Roughly, I say. Do you suppose I ought to ha said carelessly? So far from it, that if one sharper line more geometric curve had been given, it would have caug the eye too strongly, and drawn away the attention fro the sculpture. But imagine the feeling with which a Fren master workman would first see these clumsy intersectio

* I am ashamed to italicize so many words; but these passages, writt for oral delivery, can only be understood if read with oral emphasis. T is the first series of lectures which I have printed as they were to spoken; and it is a great mistake.

[1] [See above, § 23, p. 22.]

of curves. It would be exactly the sensation with which a practical botanical draughtsman would look at a foliage background of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But Sir Joshua's sketched leaves would indeed imply some unworkmanlike haste. We must not yet assume the Pisan master to have allowed himself in any such. His mouldings may be hastily cut, for they are, as I have just said, unnecessary to his structure, and disadvantageous to his decoration; but he is not likely to be careless about arrangements necessary for strength. His mouldings may be cut hastily, but do you think his *joints* will be?

160. What subject of extended inquiry have we in this word, ranging from the cementless clefts between the couchant stones of the walls of the kings of Rome, whose iron rivets you had but the other day placed in your hands by their discoverer,[1] through the grip of the stones of the Tower of the Death-watch, to the subtle joints in the marble armour of the Florentine Baptistery!

Our own work must certainly be left with a rough surface at this place, and we will fit the edges of it to our next piece of study as closely as we may.

[1] [A reference to a lecture by J. H. Parker: see below, p. 99 *n.*]

LECTURE VII

MARBLE RAMPANT[1]

161. I CLOSED my last lecture at the question respecting Nicholas's masonry. His mouldings may be careless, but do you think his joints will be?

I must remind you now of the expression as to the building of the communal palace—"of *dressed* stones"*—as opposed to the Tower of the Death-watch, in which the grip of cement had been so good.[2] Virtually, you will find that the schools of structural architecture are those which use cement to bind their materials together, and in which therefore, balance of *weight* becomes a continual and inevitable question. But the schools of sculptural architecture are those in which stones are fitted without cement,—in which, therefore, the question of *fitting* or adjustment is continual and inevitable; but the sustainable weight practically unlimited.

162. You may consider the Tower of the Death-watch

* "Pietre conce."[3] The portion of the bas-reliefs of Orvieto, given in the opposite plate [XII.], will show the importance of the jointing. Observe the way in which the piece of stone with the three principal figures is dovetailed above the extended band, and again in the rise above the joint of the next stone on the right, the sculpture of the wings being carried across the junction. I have chosen this piece on purpose, because the loss of the broken fragment, probably broken by violence, and the only serious injury which the sculptures have received, serves to show the perfection of the uninjured surface, as compared with northern sculpture of the same date. I have thought it well to show at the same time the modern German engraving of the subject, respecting which see Appendix [p. 175].

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[1] [For the explanation of this title, see § 296 (below, p. 176).]
[2] [See above, § 45, p. 34.]
[3] [See above, § 106, p. 65.]

as having been knit together like the mass of a Roman brick wall.

But the dressed stone work of the thirteenth century is the hereditary completion of such block-laying as the Parthenon in marble; or, in tufa, as that which was shown you so lately in the walls of Romulus;[1] and the decoration of that system of couchant stone is by the finished grace of mosaic or sculpture.

163. It was also pointed out to you by Mr. Parker that there were two forms of Cyclopean architecture; one of level blocks, the other of polygonal,—contemporary, but in localities affording different material of stone.

I have placed in this frame[2] examples of the Cyclopean horizontal, and the Cyclopean polygonal, architecture of the thirteenth century. And as Hubert of Lucca was the master of the new buildings at Florence, I have chosen the Cyclopean horizontal from his native city of Lucca; and as our Nicholas and John brought their new Gothic style into practice at Orvieto, I have chosen the Cyclopean polygonal from their adopted city of Orvieto.

Both these examples of architecture are early thirteenth-century work, the beginnings of its new and Christian style, but beginnings with which Nicholas and John had nothing to do; they were part of the national work going on round them.

[1] [The reference is to a lecture delivered at Oxford by J. H. Parker, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. His views may be read in his book, *The Archæology of Rome*, 1874; see vol. i. pt. iii. (Construction of Walls), pp. 4, 6, 11, where he discusses (1) *opus quadratum*, squared work, "of which the earliest and best example is the wall on the Palatine, called the Walls of Romulus. . . . It belongs generally to an early period, but not by any means always; it depends more on the material, and the quarries that the stone comes from, than anything else. . . . In Rome the only material or these early walls is tufa." (2) *Polygonal masonry*, "a construction of stones of polygonal irregular forms, closely fitted together without cement, is sometimes perhaps contemporaneous with the walls of the kings." Mr. Parker issued also a series of illustrative photographs, some of which Ruskin probably showed at the lecture. For *opus quadratum*, see the plates in pt. iii. of Mr. Parker's volume of illustrations to the book just mentioned.]

[2] [The references here are to Ruskin's sketches in No. 134 of the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 39). The two sketches more particularly referred to are here shown in woodcuts. Fig. 2 is from the east gate of Lucca; Fig. 3 from the Teatro Vecchio at Orvieto.]

164. And this example from Lucca is of a very important class indeed. It is from above the east entrance gate of Lucca, which bears the cross above it, as the doors of a Christian city should. Such a city is, or ought to be, a place of peace, as much as any monastery.

This custom of placing the cross above the gate is Byzantine-Christian; and here are parallel instances of its treatment from Assisi.[1] The lamb with the cross is given in the more elaborate arch of Verona.[2]

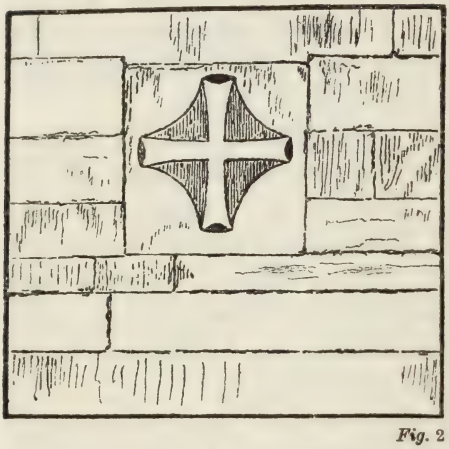

Fig. 2

165. But further. The mosaic of this cross is so exquisitely fitted that no injury has been received by it to this day from wind or weather. And the horizontal dressed stones are laid so daintily that not an edge of them has stirred; and, both to draw your attention to their beautiful fitting, and as a substitute for cement, the architect cuts his uppermost block so as to dovetail into the course below.

Dovetail, I say deliberately. This is stone carpentry, in which the carpenter despises glue. I don't say he won't use glue, and glue of the best, but he feels it to be a nasty thing, and that it spoils his wood or marble. None, at least, he determines shall be seen outside, and his laying of stones shall be so solid and so adjusted that, take all the cement away, his wall shall yet stand.

Stonehenge, the Parthenon, the walls of the Kings, this gate of Lucca, this window of Orvieto, and this tomb at

[1] [The example thus shown at the lecture is not in the Oxford Collection, but is at Brantwood. Ruskin designed a similar cross for his father's tomb. The "lamb with the cross" is shown on Plate XI. in *Aratra Pentelici* (Vol. XX. p. 314).

[2] [See Plate XI. in Vol. XX. (p. 314).]

Verona,[1] are all built on the Cyclopean principle. They will stand without cement, and no cement shall be seen outside. Mr. Burgess and I actually tried the experiment on this tomb. Mr. Burgess modelled every stone of it in clay, put them together, and it stood.

166. Now there are two most notable characteristics about this Cyclopean architecture to which I beg your close attention.

The first: that as the laying of stones is so beautiful, their joints become a subject of admiration, and great part

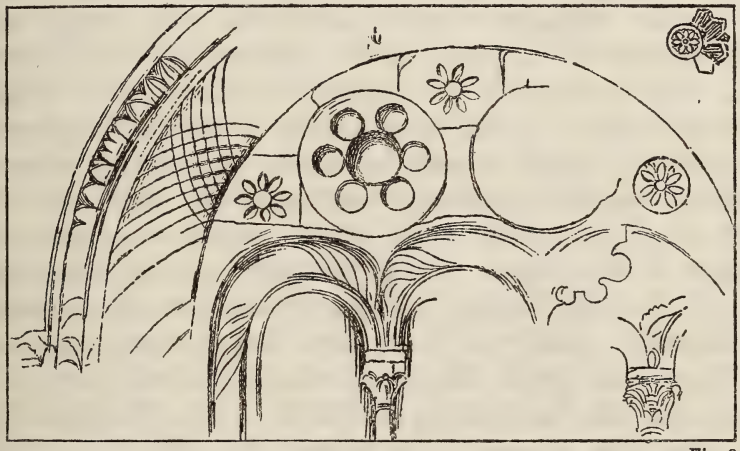

Fig. 3

of the architectural ornamentation is in the beauty of lines of separation, drawn as finely as possible. Thus the separating lines of the bricks at Siena, of this gate at Lucca, of the vault at Verona, of this window at Orvieto, and of the contemporary refectory at Furness Abbey, are a main source of the pleasure you have in the building. Nay, they are not merely engravers' lines, but, in finest practice, they are mathematical lines—length without breadth. Here in my hand is a little shaft of Florentine mosaic executed at the present day. The separations between the stones are, in dimension, mathematical lines. And the two sides

[1] [The Castelbarco Tomb at Verona; see what Ruskin says of the dovetailing of the masonry of its canopy (Vol. XIX. pp. 452–453).]

of the thirteenth-century porch of St. Anastasia at Verona are built in this manner,—so exquisitely, that for some time, my mind not having been set at it, I passed them by as painted!

167. That is the first character of the Florentine Cyclopean. But secondly; as the joints are so firm, and as the building must never stir or settle after it is built, the sculptor may trust his work to two stones set side by side, or one above another, and carve continuously over the whole surface, disregarding the joints, if he so chooses.

Of the degree of precision with which Nicholas of Pisa and his son adjusted their stones, you may judge by this rough sketch of a piece of St. Mary's of the Thorn, in which the design is of panels enclosing very delicately sculptured heads;[1] and one would naturally suppose that the enclosing panels would be made of jointed pieces, and the heads carved separately and inserted. But the Pisans would have considered that unsafe masonry,—liable to the accident of the heads being dropped out, or taken away. John of Pisa did indeed use such masonry, of necessity, in his fountain; and the bas-reliefs *have* been taken away. But here one great block of marble forms part of two panels, and the mouldings and head are both carved in the solid, the joint running just behind the neck.

168. Such masonry is indeed, supposing there were no fear of thieves, gratuitously precise in a case of this kind, in which the ornamentation is in separate masses, and might be separately carved. But when the ornamentation is current, and flows or climbs along the stone in the manner of waves or plants, the concealment of the joints of the pieces of marble becomes altogether essential. And here we enter upon a most curious group of associated characters in Gothic, as opposed to Greek architecture.

169. If you have been able to read the article to which I referred you,[2] "Meneau," in M. Viollet le Duc's dictionary,

[1] [The sketch is not in the Oxford Collection.]
[2] [See above, § 154, p. 94.]

you know that one great condition of the perfect Gothic structure is that the stones shall be "en delit,"[1] set up on end. The ornament then, which on the reposing or couchant stone was current only, on the erected stone begins to climb also, and becomes, in the most heraldic sense of the term, rampant.

In the heraldic sense, I say, as distinguished from the still wider original sense of advancing with a stealthy, creeping, or clinging motion, as a serpent on the ground, and a cat, or a vine, up a tree-stem. And there is one of these reptile, creeping, or rampant things, which is the first whose action was translated into marble, and otherwise is of boundless importance in the arts and labours of man.

170. You recollect Kingsley's expression, — now hackneyed, because admired for its precision, — the "crawling foam," of waves advancing on sand.[2] Tennyson has somewhere also used, with equal truth, the epithet "climbing" of the spray of breakers against vertical rock.* In either instance, the sea action is literally "rampant"; and the course of a great breaker, whether in its first proud likeness to a rearing horse, or in the humble and subdued gaining of the outmost verge of its foam on the sand, or the intermediate spiral whorl which gathers into a lustrous precision, like that of a polished shell, the grasping force of a giant, you have the most vivid sight and embodiment of literally rampant energy;[3] which the Greeks expressed in their symbolic Poseidon, Scylla, and sea-horse, by the head and crest of the man, dog, or horse, with the body of the

* Perhaps I am thinking of Lowell, not Tennyson; I have not time to look.[4]

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[1] [See above, § 152 (p. 92).]

[2] [Compare the chapter on "The Pathetic Fallacy" in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 205).]

[3] [Compare the description of a wave in Vol. XIII. p. 44.]

[4] [Tennyson's phrase "the climbing wave," in *The Lotos-Eaters*, line 95, hardly applies in the connexion here given. Ruskin was perhaps thinking of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, line 110:

"the Ocean's purple waves
Climbing the land."]

serpent; and of which you will find the slower image, in vegetation, rendered both by the spiral tendrils of grasping or climbing plants, and the perennial gaining of the foam, or the lichen upon barren shores of stone.

171. If you will look to the thirtieth chapter of vol. i. in the new (1873) edition of the *Stones of Venice*,[1] which, by the gift of its publishers, I am enabled to lay on your table to be placed in your library, you will find one of my first and most eager statements of the necessity of inequality or change in form, made against the common misunderstanding of Greek symmetry, and illustrated by a woodcut of the spiral ornament on the treasury of Atreus at Mycenae. All that is said in that chapter respecting nature and the ideal, I now beg most earnestly to recommend and ratify to you; but although, even at that time, I knew more of Greek art than my antagonists, my broken reading had given me no conception of the range of its symbolic power, nor of the function of that more or less formal spiral line, as expressive, not only of the waves of the sea, but of the zones of the whirlpool, the return of the tempest, and the involution of the labyrinth. And although my readers say that I wrote then better than I write now, I cannot refer you to the passage without asking you to pardon in it what I now hold to be the petulance and vulgarity of expression, disgracing the importance of the truth it contains. A little while ago, without displeasure, you permitted me to delay you by the account of a dispute on a matter of taste between my father and me, in which he was quietly and unavailingly right.[2] It seems to me scarcely a day since, with boyish conceit, I resisted his wise entreaties that I would re-word this clause, and especially take out of it the description of a sea-wave as "laying a great white table-cloth of foam" all the way to the shore. Now, after an interval of twenty years, I refer you to the passage, repentant and humble as far as

[1] [See in this edition Vol. IX. p. 408.]
[2] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 124 (Vol. XX. p. 283).]

egards its style, which people sometimes praised, but with bsolute reassertion of the truth and value of its contents, hich people always denied. As natural form is varied, so ust beautiful ornament be varied. You are not an artist y reproving nature into deathful sameness, but by animat- ng your copy of her into vital variation. But I thought t that time that only Goths were rightly changeful. never thought Greeks were. Their reserved variation scaped me, or I thought it accidental. Here, however, a coin of the finest Greek workmanship, which shows ou their mind in this matter unmistakably. Here are he waves of the Adriatic round a knight of Tarentum,[1] nd there is no doubt of their variableness.

172. This pattern of sea-wave, or river whirlpool, en- irely sacred in the Greek mind, and the *βόστρυχος* or imilarly curling wave in flowing hair, are the two main ources of the spiral form in lambent or rampant decoration.)f such lambent ornament, the most important piece is the rocket, of which I rapidly set before you the origin.

173. Here is a drawing of the gable of the bishop's hrone in the upper church at Assisi,[2] of the exact period hen the mosaic workers of the thirteenth century at Rome dopted rudely the masonry of the north. Briefly, this is Greek temple pediment, in which, doubtful of their ower to carve figures beautiful enough, they cut a tre- oiled hold for ornament, and bordered the edges with harle- quinade of mosaic. They then call to their help the Greek ea-waves, and let the surf of the Ægean climb along he slopes, and toss itself at the top into a fleur-de-lys. Every wave is varied in outline and proportionate distance, hough cut with a precision of curve like that of the sea tself. From this root we are able—but it must be in a lecture on crockets only[3]—to trace the succeeding changes

[1] [Here, no doubt, Ruskin showed an enlargement (not, however, in the Oxford Collection) of the coin which is reproduced at the top of Plate XVIII. in Vol. XIX. p. 410).]

[2] [No. 135 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 40); the woodcut here given Fig. 4) is from Ruskin's drawing.]

[3] [A lecture, however, which was not given.]

through the curl of Richard II.'s hair,[1] and the crisp leaves of the forests of Picardy, to the knobbed extravagances of expiring Gothic.[2] But I must to-day let you compare one piece of perfect Gothic work with the perfect Greek.

174. There is no question in my own mind, and, I believe, none in that of any other long-practised student of mediæval art, that in pure structural Gothic the church of

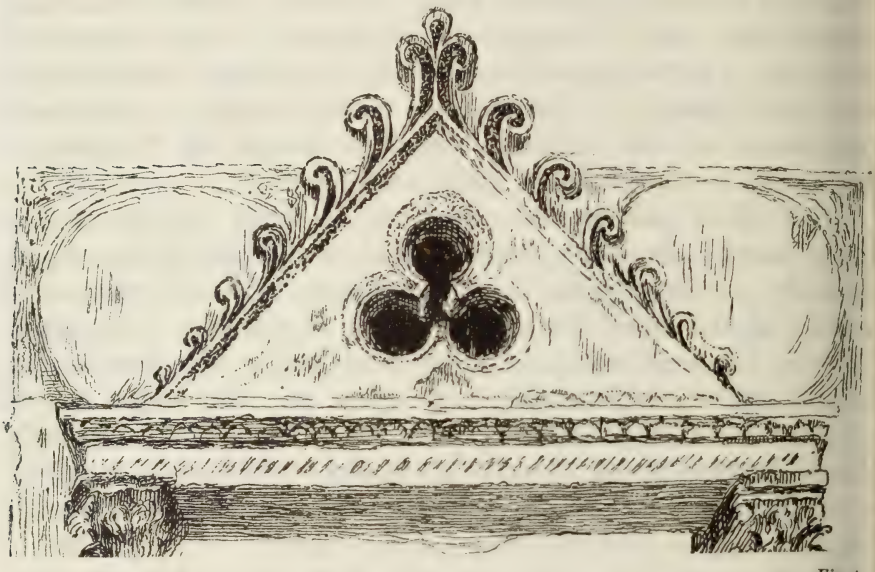

Fig. 4

St. Urbain at Troyes is without rival in Europe.[3] Here is a rude sketch of its use of the crocket in the spandrels of its external tracery, and here are the waves of the Greek sea round the son of Poseidon. Seventeen hundred years are between them, but the same mind is in both. I wonder how many times seventeen hundred years Mr. Darwin will ask, to retrace the Greek designer of this into his primitive ape; or how many times six hundred years of such

[1] [The reference is to the portrait of Richard II. in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, which shows the king with "curling masses of auburn hair"; see Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 124.]

[2] [For crisp leaves passing into Flamboyant crockets, see Vol. XIX. p. 253.]

[3] [The sketch of these crockets is not in the Oxford Collection. With what Ruskin says here of St. Urbain, compare Vol. VIII. p. 259 and *n.*]

improvements as *we* have made on the church of St. Urbain will be needed in order to enable our descendants to regard the designers of that as only primitive apes.

175. I return for a moment to my gable at Assisi. You see that the crest of the waves at the top forms a rude likeness of a fleur-de-lys. There is, however, in this form no real intention of imitating a flower, any more than in the meeting of the tails of these two Etruscan griffins.[1] The notable circumstance in this piece of Gothic is its advanced form of crocket, and its prominent foliation, with nothing in the least approaching to floral ornament.

176. And now, observe this very curious fact in the personal character of two contemporary artists. See the line of my manually graspable flag.* Here is John of Pisa, there Giotto. They are contemporary for twenty years; but these are the prime of Giotto's life, and the last of John's life: virtually, Giotto is the later workman by full twenty years.

But Giotto always uses severe geometrical mouldings, and disdains all luxuriance of leafage to set off interior sculpture.

John of Pisa not only adopts Gothic tracery, but first allows himself enthusiastic use of rampant vegetation;—and here, in the façade of Orvieto,[2] you have not only perfect Gothic in the sentiment of Scripture history, but such luxurious ivy ornamentation as you cannot afterwards match for two hundred years. Nay, you can scarcely match it then—for grace of line, only in the richest flamboyant of France.

177. Now this fact would set you, if you looked at it from its æsthetic side only, at once to find out what German artists had taught Giovanni Pisano. There *were* Germans teaching him,—some teaching him many things;

* *Ariadne Florentina*, § 52 [Vol. XXII. p. 333].

[1] [This example also is not in the Oxford Collection.]
[2] [See Plate XII.; and compare below, § 296, p. 176.]

and the intense conceit of the modern German artist[1] ima gines them to have taught him all things.

But he learnt his luxuriance, and Giotto his severity, i another school. The quality in both is Greek, and alto gether moral. The grace and the redundance of Giovann are the first strong manifestation of those characters in th Italian mind which culminate in the Madonnas of Luin and the arabesques of Raphael. The severity of Giott belongs to him, on the contrary, not only as one of th strongest practical men who ever lived on this solid earth but as the purest and firmest reformer of the discipline o the Christian Church of whose writings any remains exist.

178. Of whose writings, I say; and you look up, a doubtful that he has left any. Hieroglyphics, then, let m say instead;[2] or, more accurately still, hierographics. S Francis, in what he wrote and said, taught much that wa false; but Giotto, his true disciple, nothing but what wa true. And where *he* uses an arabesque of foliage, depen upon it, it will be to purpose—not redundant. I retur for the time to our soft and luxuriant John of Pisa.

179. Soft, but with no unmanly softness; luxuriant, bu with no unmannered luxury. To him you owe, as to thei first sire in art, the grace of Ghiberti, the tenderness o Raphael, the awe of Michael Angelo. Second-rate qualitie in all the three, but precious in their kind, and learned, a you shall see, essentially from this man. Second-rate h also, but with most notable gifts of this inferior kind. H is the Canova of the thirteenth century;[3] but the Canov of the thirteenth, remember, was necessarily a very differen person from the Canova of the eighteenth.

The Canova of the eighteenth century mimicked th Greek grace for the delight of modern revolutionary sen sualists. The Canova of the thirteenth century brough living Gothic truth into the living faith of his own time.

[1] [Compare Vol. XI. p. 180 *n.*]
[2] [Compare above, § 6, p. 14.]
[3] [Compare below, § 296, p. 176; and for other references to Canova, s Vol. III. p. 154; Vol. IV. pp. 121, 279; Vol. IX. p. 260; and Vol. XI. p. 289.]

Greek truth, and Gothic "liberty," in that noble sense
the word, derived from the Latin "liber," of which I
ave already spoken,[1] and which in my next lecture I
ill endeavour completely to develop. Meanwhile let me
ow you, as far as I can, the architecture itself about
hich these subtle questions arise.

180. Here are five frames,[2] containing the best repre-
ntations I can get for you of the façade of the cathedral
Orvieto. I must remind you, before I let you look at
em, of the reason why that cathedral was built; for I
ave at last got to the end of the parenthesis which began
my second lecture (§ 40), on the occasion of our hearing
at John of Pisa was sent for to Perugia, to carve the
mb of Pope Urban IV.; and we must now know who
is Pope was.

181. He was a Frenchman, born at that Troyes, in
hampagne, which I gave you (§ 174) as the centre of
rench architectural skill and Royalist character. He was
rn in the lowest class of the people, rose like Wolsey;
ecame Bishop of Verdun; then, Patriarch of Jerusalem;
turned in the year 1261, from his Patriarchate, to solicit
e aid of the then Pope, Alexander IV., against the Sara-
n. I do not know on what day he arrived in Rome;
t on the 25th of May Alexander died, and the Cardi-
als, after three months' disputing, elected the suppliant
atriarch to be Pope himself.

182. A man with all the fire of France in him, all the
ith, and all the insolence; incapable of doubting a single
rticle of his creed, or relaxing one tittle of his authority;
estitute alike of reason and of pity; and absolutely merci-
ss either to an infidel or an enemy. The young Prince
Ianfred, bastard son of Frederick II., now representing
he main power of the German empire, was both; and
gainst him the Pope brought into Italy a religious French

[1] [See above, § 63, p. 41.]
[2] [Two of the frames remain in the Reference Series at Oxford, Nos. 137, 138 (Vol. XXI. p. 40). And here see Plates XII., XIII., and XIV.]

knight, of character absolutely like his own, Charles of Anjou.[1]

183. The young Manfred, now about twenty years old, was as good a soldier as he was a bad Christian; and there was no safety for Urban at Rome. The Pope seated himself on a worthy throne for a thirteenth-century St. Peter. Fancy the rock of Edinburgh Castle, as steep on all sides as it is to the west, and as long as the Old Town; and you have the rock of Orvieto.

184. Here, enthroned against the gates of hell, in unassailable fortitude and unfaltering faith, sat Urban; the righteousness of his cause presently to be avouched by miracle, notablest among those of the Roman Church. Twelve miles east of his rock, beyond the range of low Apennine, shone the quiet lake,[2] the Loch Leven of Italy, from whose island the daughter of Theodoric needed not to escape—Fate seeking her there; and in a little chapel on its shore a Bohemian priest, infected with Northern infidelity, was brought back to his allegiance by seeing the blood drop from the wafer in his hand. And the Catholic Church recorded this heavenly testimony to her chief mystery, in the Festa of the Corpus Domini, and the Fabric of Orvieto.

185. And sending was made for John, and for all good labourers in marble; but Urban never saw a stone of the great cathedral laid. His citation of Manfred to appear in his presence to answer for his heresy was fixed against the posts of the doors of the old Duomo. But Urban had dug the foundation of the pile to purpose, and when he died at Perugia, still breathed, from his grave, calamity to Manfred, and made from it glory to the Church. He had secured the election of a French successor;[3] from the rock

[1] [Compare below, § 218, p. 128; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 25.]

[2] [The reference is to the Lake of Bolsena; on the smaller of its two islands, Amalasontha, Queen of the Goths, the only daughter of Theodoric, was strangled in her bath by order of her cousin Theodatus, whom she had raised to a share in the kingdom (A.D. 534). In the church of Sta. Cristina on its shore occurred the "Miracle of Bolsena" (A.D. 1263), which is the subject of one of Raphael's paintings in the Vatican.]

[3] [Clement IV. (Gui Foulques, Archbishop of Narbonne): elected 1265, died at Viterbo, 1268.]

of Orvieto the spirit of Urban led the French chivalry, when Charles of Anjou saw the day of battle come, so long desired. Manfred's Saracens, with their arrows, broke his first line; the Pope's legate blessed the second, and gave them absolution of all their sins, for their service to the Church. They charged for Orvieto with their old cry of "Mont-Joie, Chevaliers!"[1] and before night, while Urban lay sleeping in his carved tomb at Perugia, the body of Manfred lay only recognizable by those who loved him, naked among the slain.[2]

186. Time wore on and on. The Suabian power ceased in Italy; between white and red there was now no more contest;—the matron of the Church, scarlet-robed, reigned, ruthless, on her seven hills. Time wore on; and, a hundred years later, now no more the power of the kings, but the power of the people, rose against her. St. Michael, from the corn-market,—Or San Michele,[3]—the commercial strength of Florence, on a question of free trade in corn. And note, for a little by-piece of botany, that in Val d'Arno lilies grow among the corn instead of poppies. The purple gladiolus glows through all its green fields in early spring.[4]

187. A question of free trade in corn, then, arose between Florence and Rome. The Pope's legate in Bologna stopped the supply of polenta, the Florentines depending on that to eat with their own oil. Very wicked, you think, of the Pope's legate, acting thus against quasi-Protestant Florence? Yes; just as wicked as the—not quasi-Protestants—but intensely positive Protestants, of Zurich, who tried to convert the Catholic forest-cantons by refusing them salt.[5] Christendom has been greatly troubled about bread and salt: the then Protestant Pope, Zuinglius, was killed at the battle of Keppel, and the Catholic cantons therefore remain Catholic to this day; while the consequences of

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 17, § 6.]
[2] [See below, § 189; p. 113 *n.*]
[3] [The church was originally a market, and the upper part a granary; hence the name derived from *Horreum Sancti Michaelis.*]
[4] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18, § 3.]
[5] [For this incident, see Vol. VII. p. 112; and for Zwingli, see *ibid.*, p. xxxii., Vol. XVI. p. 190, and Vol. XVIII. p. 538.]

IMMACULATE HEART
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this piece of protectionist economy at Bologna are equall interesting and direct.[1]

188. The legate of Bologna, not content with stopping th supplies of maize to Florence, sent our own John Hawk wood,[2] on the 24th June, 1375, to burn all the maize th Florentines had got growing; and the Abbot of Montemag giore sent a troop of Perugian religious gentlemen-rider to ravage similarly the territory of Siena. Whereupon at Florence, the Gonfalonier of Justice, Aloesio Aldobran dini, rose in the Council of Ancients and proposed, a an enterprise worthy of Florentine generosity, the freedon of all the peoples who groaned under the tyranny of th Church. And Florence, Siena, Pisa, Lucca, and Arezzo,— all the great cities of Etruria, the root of religion in Italy —joined against the tyranny of religion. Strangely, thi Etrurian league is not now to restore Tarquin to Rome but to drive the Roman Tarquin into exile. The story o Lucretia had been repeated in Perugia; but the Umbrian Lucretia had died, not by suicide, but by falling on th pavement from the window through which she tried t escape. And the Umbrian Sextus was the Abbot of Monte maggiore's nephew.[3]

189. Florence raised her fleur-de-lys standard; and, i ten days, eighty cities of Romagna were free, out of th number of whose names I will read you only these—Ur bino, Foligno, Spoleto, Narni, Camerino, Toscanella, Perugia Orvieto.

And while the wind and the rain still beat the bod of Manfred, by the shores of the Rio Verde,[4] the body o

[1] [For the events related in §§ 187–189, see Sismondi, ch. xlix. (vol. vi pp. 69 *seq.*).]

[2] [For other references to Sir John Hawkwood and his "White Company," se *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 1, 14, and 15.]

[3] ["Cet abbé, qui fut fait cardinal à cette époque, avoit conduit avec lui son neveu Celui-ci, amoureux de la femme d'un gentilhomme péroussin, s'introduisit furtive ment dans sa maison et la surprit dans sa chambre. La dame, épouvantée, voulut s soustraire à la brutalité de son ravisseur, et passer par une fenêtre, dans une maiso voisine: mais son pied glissa, elle tomba dans la rue, et se tua par sa chute. Sismondi, ch. xlix. (vol. vii. pp. 72–73).]

[4] [An account of the battle of Benevento (February 26, 1266) may be read i Malispini (*Storia*, ch. clxxxvii.). The body of Manfred was buried after the batt in a pit at the foot of the bridge of Benevento; it was afterwards, by order of th

Pope Urban was torn from its tomb, and not one stone of the carved work thereof left upon another.[1]

190. I will only ask you to-day to notice further that the Captain of Florence, in this war, was a "Conrad of Suabia,"[2] and that she gave him, beside her own flag, one with only the word "Libertas" inscribed on it.

I told you[3] that the first stroke of the bell on the Tower of the Lion began the carillon for European civil and religious liberty. But perhaps, even in the fourteenth century, Florence did not understand, by that word, altogether the same policy which is now preached in France, Italy, and England.

What she did understand by it we will try to ascertain in the course of next lecture.

Pope (Clement IV.), thrown over the frontier of the kingdom on the banks of the river Verde—an event commemorated also by Dante: *Purgatorio,* iii. 124–132, thus translated by Cary :—

"Had this text divine
Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd,
Who then by Clement on my hunt was set,
Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain,
Near Benevento, by the heavy mole
Protected; but the rain now drenches them,
And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds,
Far as the stream of Verde, where, with lights
Extinguish'd, he removed them from their bed."]

[1] [In 1375. See above, §§ 40, 43, pp. 30, 32.]
[2] [See Sismondi, ch. xlix. (vol. vii. pp. 74–75).]
[3] [See above, § 1, p. 11.]

LECTURE VIII

FRANCHISE

191. In my first lecture of this course, you remember tha I showed you (§ 17) the Lion of St. Mark's with Niccol Pisano's, calling the one an evangelical-preacher lion, an the other a real, and naturally affectionate, lioness.

And the one I showed you as Byzantine, the other a Gothic.

So that I thus called the Greek art pious, and th Gothic profane.

Whereas in nearly all our ordinary modes of thought and in all my own general references to either art,[1] w assume Greek or classic work to be profane, and Gothi pious, or religious.

192. Very short reflection, if steady and clear, will bot show you how confused our ideas are usually on th subject, and how definite they may within certain limit become.

First of all, don't confuse piety with Christianity. Ther are pious Greeks and impious Greeks; pious Turks an impious Turks; pious Christians and impious Christians pious modern infidels and impious modern infidels. In ca you do not quite know what piety really means, we wi try to know better in next lecture;[2] for the present, unde stand that I mean distinctly to call Greek art, in the tru sense of the word, pious, and Gothic, as opposed to i profane.

193. But when I oppose these two words, Gothic an Greek, don't run away with the notion that I necessaril

[1] [See, for instance, §§ 42, 44 (above, pp. 32, 33).]
[2] [See §§ 218 *seq.*, pp. 128 *seq.*]

nean to oppose *Christian* and Greek. You must not con-use Gothic blood in a man's veins, with Christian feeling n a man's breast. There are unconverted and converted Goths; unconverted and converted Greeks. The Greek nd Gothic temper is equally opposed, where the name of Christ has never been uttered by either, or when every ther name is equally detested by both.

I want you to-day to examine with me that essential ifference between Greek and Gothic temper, irrespective f creed, to which I have referred in my preface to the ast edition of the *Stones of Venice* (1873),[1] saying that the Byzantines gave law to Norman license. And I must herefore ask your patience while I clear your minds from ome too prevalent errors as to the meaning of those two vords, law and license.

194. There is perhaps no more curious proof of the dis-rder which impatient and impertinent science is introducing nto classical thought and language, than the title chosen y the Duke of Argyll for his interesting study of Natural History—*The Reign of Law*.[2] Law cannot reign. If a atural law, it admits no disobedience, and has nothing to ut right. If a human one, it can compel no obedience, nd has no power to prevent wrong. A king only can eign;—a person, that is to say, who, conscious of natural aw, enforces human law so far as it is just.

195. Kinghood is equally necessary in Greek dynasty, nd in Gothic. Theseus is every inch a king, as well as Edward III. But the laws which they have to enforce n their own and their companions' humanity are opposed o each other as much as their dispositions are.

The function of a Greek king was to enforce labour.

That of a Gothic king, to restrain rage.

The laws of Greece determine the wise methods of abour; and the laws of France determine the wise re-traints of passion.

[1] [See in this edition Vol. IX. p. 15.]

[2] [For another reference to this book (published in 1867), see *Fors Clavigera*, etter 87.]

For the sins of Greece are in Indolence, and its pleasures; and the sins of France are in Fury, and its pleasures.

196. You are now again surprised, probably, at hearing me oppose France typically to Greece. More strictly, I might oppose only a part of France,—Normandy. But it is better to say, France,* as embracing the seat of the established Norman power in the Island of our Lady; and the province in which it was crowned,—Champagne.

France is everlastingly, by birth, name, and nature, the country of the Franks, or free persons; and the first source of European frankness, or franchise. The Latin for franchise is libertas. But the modern or Cockney-English word liberty,—Mr. John Stuart Mill's,[1]—is not the equivalent of libertas; and the modern or Cockney-French word liberté —M. Victor Hugo's,—is not the equivalent of franchise.[2]

197. The Latin for franchise, I have said, is libertas the Greek is ἐλευθερία. In the thoughts of all three nations the idea is precisely the same, and the word used for the idea by each nation therefore accurately translates the word of the other: ἐλευθερία—libertas—franchise—reciprocally translate each other. Leonidas is characteristically ἐλεύθερος among Greeks; Publicola, characteristically liber, among Romans; Edward III. and the Black Prince, characteristically frank among French.[3] And that common idea which the words express, as all the careful scholars among you will know, is, with all the three nations, mainly of deliverance from the slavery of passion. To be ἐλεύθερος liber, or franc, is first to have learned how to rule our

* "Normandie, la franche,"—"France, la solue" (Chanson de Roland). One of my good pupils referred me to this ancient and glorious French song.[4]

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[1] [For references to Mill's *Liberty*, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 229 *n.*).]

[2] [With the discussion of Franchise in this lecture, compare below, § 27 p. 160; *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43; and *Bible of Amiens*, ch. ii. § 28 and *n.*]

[3] [For other references in this sense see, for Leonidas, Vol. XVIII. p. 354; for Publicola (Valerius), Vol. XVII. p. 23; for Edward III., below, §§ 273–27 pp. 159–161; and for the Black Prince, Vol. V. p. 196.]

[4] ["*Frank* Normandy; *loose* France" (solue, soluta): see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 4 § 9.]

wn passions; and then, certain that our own conduct is ght, to persist in that conduct against all resistance, hether of counter-opinion, counter-pain, or counter-pleasure. o be defiant alike of the mob's thought, of the adversary's ıreat, and the harlot's temptation,—this is in the meaning every great nation to be free; and the one condition pon which that freedom can be obtained is pronounced) you in a single verse [45] of the 119th Psalm, "I will alk at liberty, for I seek Thy precepts."

198. Thy precepts:—Law, observe, being dominant over ıe Gothic as over the Greek king, but a quite different w. Edward III. feeling no anger against the Sieur de ibaumont, and crowning him with his own pearl chaplet,[1] obeying the law of love, *restraining* anger; but Theseus, aying the Minotaur, is obeying the law of justice, and *en-)rcing* anger.

The one is acting under the law of the charity, χάρις, grace of God; the other under the law of His judgment. he two together fulfil His κρίσις and ἀγάπη.

199. Therefore the Greek dynasties are finally expressed the kinghoods of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus, ho judge infallibly, and divide arithmetically.[2] But the ynasty of the Gothic king is in equity and compassion, ıd his arithmetic is in largesse,[3]

> "Whose moste joy was, I wis,
> When that she gave, and said, Have this."[4]

o that to put it in shortest terms of all, Greek law is of tasy, and Gothic of Ec-stasy;[5] there is no limit to the reedom of the Gothic hand or heart, and the children are ıost in the delight and the glory of liberty when they ıost seek their Father's precepts.

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 25, § 16, where Ruskin relates this incident om Froissart.]
[2] [On the distinctive functions of these three judging powers, see "The Tortoise Ægina," §§ 8–10 (Vol. XX. pp. 382–384).]
[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 45 and 46.]
[4] [*Romaunt of the Rose*, 1142; quoted also in Vol. XVII. p. 292.]
[5] [Compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 62 (Vol. XXII. p. 50).]

200. The two lines I have just quoted are, as you probably remember, from Chaucer's translation of the French *Romance of the Rose*, out of which I before quoted to you the description of the virtue of Debonnaireté.[1] Now that Debonnaireté of the Painted Chamber of Westminster is the typical figure used by the French sculptors and painters for "franchise," frankness, or Frenchness; but in the Painted Chamber, Debonnaireté, high breeding, "out of good-nestedness,"[2] or gentleness, is used, as an English king's English, of the Norman franchise. Here, then, is our own royalty,—let us call it Englishness, the grace of our proper kinghood;—and here is French royalty, the grace of French kinghood—Frenchness, rudely but sufficiently drawn by M. Didron from the porch of Chartres.[3] She has the crown of fleur-de-lys, and William the Norman's shield.

201. Now this grace of high birth, the grace of his or her Most Gracious Majesty, has her name at Chartres written beside her, in Latin. Had it been in Greek, it would have been ἐλευθερία. Being in Latin, what do you think it must be necessarily?—Of course, Libertas. Now M. Didron is quite the best writer on art that I know,—full of sense and intelligence;[4] but of course, as a modern Frenchman,—one of a nation for whom the Latin and Gothic ideas of libertas have entirely vanished,—he is not on his guard against the trap here laid for him. He looks at the word libertas through his spectacles;—can't understand, being a thoroughly good antiquary,* how such

* Historical antiquary; not art-antiquary I must limitedly say, however. He has made a grotesque mess of his account of the Ducal Palace of Venice, through his ignorance of the technical characters of sculpture.[5]

[1] [*Ariadne Florentina*, § 26 (Vol. XXII. p. 314). For the figure from the Painted Chamber, see Plate XXIV. in that volume.]

[2] [On this derivation see, again, Vol. XXII. p. 315.]

[3] [Ruskin showed at the lecture the drawing of Debonnaireté (which is Plate XXIV. in Vol. XXII.), and Fig. 29 from Didron's *Iconographie Chrétienne Histoire de Dieu* (1843).]

[4] [See, for other allusions in this sense to M. Didron, pp. 123, 149 *n.*, below, and compare Vol. X. p. 128 *n.*]

[5] [*Iconographie des Chapiteaux du Palais Ducal à Venise*, par William Burges. Didron ainé (Paris, 1857).]

irtue, or privilege, could honestly be carved with approval in he twelfth century;—rubs his spectacles; rubs the inscrip- ion, to make sure of its every letter; stamps it, to make urer still;—and at last, though in a greatly bewildered tate of mind, remains convinced that here is a sculpture f "La Liberté" in the twelfth century. "C'est bien la iberté!" "On lit parfaitement libertas."[1]

202. Not so, my good M. Didron!—a very different ersonage, this; of whom more, presently, though the letters f her name are indeed so plainly, "Libertas, et non liber- litas," liberalitas being the Latin for largesse, not for ranchise.

This, then, is the opposition between the Greek and Gothic lynasties, in their passionate or vital nature; in the *animal* nd *inbred* part of them;—Classic and romantic, Static and x-static. But now, what opposition is there between their livine natures? Between Theseus and Edward III., as varriors, we now know the difference; but between Theseus nd Edward III., as theologians, as dreaming and discern- ng creatures, as didactic kings,—engraving letters with the oint of the sword, instead of thrusting men through with t,—changing the club into the ferula, and becoming school- nasters as well as kings; what is, thus, the difference etween them?

Theologians I called them. Philologians would be a etter word,—lovers of the Λόγος, or Word, by which the eavens and earth were made.[2] What logos, *about* this Logos, have they learned, or can they teach?

203. I showed you, in my first lecture,[3] the Byzantine Greek lion, as descended by true unblemished line from the Nemean Greek; but with this difference: Heracles kills he beast, and makes a helmet and cloak of his skin; the Greek St. Mark converts the beast, and makes an evan- gelist of him.

[1] [See p. 86 *n.* of *Iconographie Chrétienne.*]
[2] [2 Peter iii. 5.]
[3] [See above, §§ 17, 191, pp. 19, 114.]

Is not that a greater difference, think you, than one of mere decadence?

This "maniera goffa e sproporzionata" of Vasari[1] is not, then, merely the wasting away of former leonine strength into thin rigidities of death? There is another change going on at the same time,—body perhaps subjecting itself to spirit.

I will not tease you with further questions. The facts are simple enough. Theseus and Heracles have their religion, sincere and sufficient,—a religion of lion-killers, minotaur-killers, very curious and rude; Eleusinian mystery mingled in it, inscrutable to us now,—partly always so, even to them.

204. Well; the Greek nation, in process of time, loses its manliness,—becomes Graeculus[2] instead of Greek. But though effeminate and feeble, it inherits all the subtlety of its art, all the cunning of its mystery; and it is converted to a more spiritual religion. Nor is it altogether degraded, even by the diminution of its animal energy. Certain spiritual phenomena are possible to the weak, which are hidden from the strong;—nay, the monk may, in his order of being, possess strength denied to the warrior. Is it altogether, think you, by blundering, or by disproportion in intellect or in body, that Theseus becomes St. Athanase? For that is the kind of change which takes place, from the days of the great King of Athens, to those of the great Bishop of Alexandria, in the thought and theology, or summarily, in the spirit of the Greek.

Now we have learned indeed the difference between the Gothic knight and the Greek knight; but what will be the difference between the Gothic saint and Greek saint?

Franchise of body against constancy of body.

Franchise of thought, then, against constancy of thought.

Edward III. against Theseus.

And the Frank of Assisi against St. Athanase.

[1] [See above, § 10, p. 15.]
[2] [See above, § 8, p. 15.]

205. Utter franchise, utter gentleness in theological thought. Instead of, "This is the faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved,"[1] "This is the live, which if a bird or an insect keep faithfully, *it* shall be saved."[2]

Gentlemen, you have at present arrived at a phase of natural science in which, rejecting alike the theology of the Byzantine, and the affection of the Frank, you can only contemplate a bird as flying under the reign of law, and a cricket as singing under the compulsion of caloric.

I do not know whether you yet feel that the position of your boat on the river also depends entirely on the reign of law, or whether, as your churches and concert-rooms are privileged in the possession of organs blown by steam, you are learning yourselves to sing by gas, and expect the Dies Irae to be announced by a steam-trumpet.[3] But I can very positively assure you that, in my poor domain of imitative art, not all the mechanical or gaseous forces of the world, nor all the laws of the universe, will enable you either to see a colour, or draw a line, without that singular force scientiently called the soul, which it was the function of the Greek to discipline in the duty of the servants of God, and of the Goth to lead into the liberty of His children.

206. But in one respect I wish you were more conscious of the existence of law than you appear to be. The difference which I have pointed out to you as existing between these great nations, exists also between two orders of intelligence among men, of which the one is usually called Classic, the other Romantic.[4] Without entering into any of the fine distinctions between these two sects, this broad one is to be observed as constant: that the writers

[1] [With this verse from the Athanasian Creed and the contrast here drawn, compare "Giotto and Niccola Pisano," § 5 (below, p. 477.]

[2] [For other references to St. Francis of Assisi and the birds, see Vol. IV. p. 149 and *n.*; *St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 75, 76; and letter to Mr. Malleson on "The Lord's Prayer and the Church," of July 8, 1879.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 510.]

[4] [On the distinction between "Classic" and "Romantic," compare, in the following course of lectures, that between "Mathematic" and "Æsthetic": pp. 185, 186, 252.]

and painters of the Classic school set down nothing but what is known to be true, and set it down in the perfectest manner possible in their way, and are thenceforward authorities from whom there is no appeal. Romantic writers and painters, on the contrary, express themselves under the impulse of passions which may indeed lead them to the discovery of new truths, or to the more delightful arrangement or presentment of things already known: but their work, however brilliant or lovely, remains imperfect, and without authority. It is not possible, of course, to separate these two orders of men trenchantly: a classic writer may sometimes, whatever his care, admit an error, and a romantic one may reach perfection through enthusiasm. But, practically, you may separate the two for your study and your education; and, during your youth, the business of us your masters is to enforce on you the reading, for school work, only of classical books; and to see that your minds are both informed of the indisputable facts they contain, and accustomed to act with the infallible accuracy of which they set the example.

207. I have not time to make the calculation, but I suppose that the daily literature by which we now are principally nourished is so large in issue that though St. John "even the world itself could not contain the books which should be written"[1] may be still hyperbole, it is nevertheless literally true that the world might be *wrapped* in the books which are written; and that the sheets of paper covered with type on any given subject, interesting to the modern mind (say the prospects of the Claimant[2]), issued in the form of English morning papers during a single year would be enough literally to pack the world in.

208. Now I will read you fifty-two lines of a classical author, which, once well read and understood, contain more truth than has been told you all this year by this whole globe's compass of print.

[1] [John xxi. 25.]

[2] [For other allusions to the then notorious Tichborne case, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 43 (below, p. 339); and *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 38, 44, and 94.]

Fifty-two lines, of which you will recognize some as ackneyed, and see little to admire in others. But it is ot possible to put the statements they contain into better nglish, nor to invalidate one syllable of the statements ey contain.*

209. Even those, and there may be many here, who ould dispute the truth of the passage, will admit its exqui- te distinctness and construction. If it be untrue, that is erely because I have not been taught by my modern ducation to recognize a classical author; but whatever my istakes, or yours, may be, there *are* certain truths long own to all rational men, and indisputable. You may ld to them, but you cannot diminish them. And it is e business of a University to determine what books of is kind exist, and to enforce the understanding of them.[1]

210. The classical and romantic arts which we have now nder examination therefore consist,—the first, in that which presented, under whatever symbols, truths respecting the story of men, which it is proper that all should know; hile the second owes its interest to passionate impulse incident. This distinction holds in all ages, but the dis- nction between the franchise of Northern, and the con- ancy of Byzantine, art, depends partly on the unsystematic ay of emotion in the one, and the appointed sequence known fact or determined judgment in the other.

You will find in the beginning of M. Didron's book,[2] ready quoted, an admirable analysis of what may be lled the classic sequence of Christian theology, as written the sculpture of the Cathedral of Chartres. You will nd in the treatment of the façade of Orvieto the begin- ng of the development of passionate romance,—the one eing grave sermon writing; the other, cheerful romance novel writing: so that the one requires you to think,

* *The Deserted Village,* lines 251 to 302.

[1] [Compare Preface (§§ 2, 3) to vol. i. of *Bibliotheca Pastorum.*]
[2] [Introduction to *Iconographie Chrétienne: Histoire de Dieu,* par M. Didron, 1843, . 15–19: see above, p. 118.]

the other only to feel or perceive; the one is always a parable with a meaning, the other only a story with an impression.

211. And here I get at a result concerning Greek art which is very sweeping and wide indeed. That it is all parable, but Gothic, as distinct from it, literal. So absolutely does this hold, that it reaches down to our modern school of landscape. You know I have always told you Turner belonged to the Greek school.[1] Precisely as the stream of blood coming from under the throne of judgment in the Byzantine mosaic of Torcello is a sign of condemnation, his scarlet clouds are used by Turner as a sign of death;[2] and just as on an Egyptian tomb the genius of death lays the sun down behind the horizon, so in his Cephalus and Procris, the last rays of the sun withdraw from the forest as the nymph expires.[3]

And yet, observe, both the classic and romantic teaching may be equally earnest, only different in manner. But from classic art, unless you understand it, you may get nothing from romantic art, even if you don't understand it, you get at least delight.

212. I cannot show the difference more completely or fortunately than by comparing Sir Walter Scott's type of libertas, with the franchise of Chartres Cathedral, or Debonnaireté of the Painted Chamber.

At Chartres, and Westminster, the high birth is shown by the crown; the strong bright life by the flowing hair; the fortitude by the conqueror's shield; and the truth by the bright openness of the face:

> "She was not brown, nor dull of hue,
> But white as snowe, fallen newe." [4]

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[1] [See Vol. XX. p. 174, and Vol. XXII. p. 40.]

[2] [For the mosaic of Torcello, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 232) and for Turner's symbolic use of scarlet, *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. V p. 438 *n.*).]

[3] [See *Lectures on Landscape*, §§ 93–94 (Vol. XXII. pp. 65–66, and Plate XIV

[4] [See the description of Debonnaireté in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 26 (Vol. XX p. 314), where more of Chaucer's lines are quoted. See also *Fors Clavige* Letter 43.]

All these are symbols, which, if you cannot read, the image is to you only an uninteresting stiff figure. But Sir Walter's Franchise, Diana Vernon, interests you at once in personal aspect and character.[1] She is no symbol to you; but if you acquaint yourself with her perfectly, you find her utter frankness, governed by a superb self-command; her spotless truth, refined by tenderness; her fiery enthusiasm, subdued by dignity; and her fearless liberty, incapable of doing wrong, joining to fulfil to you, in sight and presence, what the Greek could only teach by signs.

213. I have before noticed—though I am not sure that you have yet believed my statement of it—the significance in Sir Walter's as of Shakespeare's names;[2] Diana "Vernon, semper viret,"[3] gives you the conditions of purity and youthful strength or spring which imply the highest state of libertas. By corruption of the idea of purity, you get the modern heroines of London Journal—or perhaps we may more fitly call it "Cockney-daily"—literature. You have one of them in perfection, for instance, in Mr. Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt*—"Lithe, and vigorous, and one with her great white gelding;" and liable to be entirely changed in her mind about the destinies of her life by a quarter of an hour's conversation with a gentleman unexpectedly handsome; the hero also being a person who looks at people whom he dislikes, with eyes "like a dog's in the dark"; and both hero and heroine having souls and intellects also precisely corresponding to those of a dog's in the dark, which is indeed the essential picture of the practical English national mind at this moment,—happy if it remains doggish,—Circe not usually being content with changing people into dogs only. For the Diana Vernon of the

[1] [For other references to Diana Vernon, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 22; and *Rob Roy* generally, see General Index.]

[2] [See, on the significance of Shakespeare's names, *Munera Pulveris*, § 134 *n.* (vol. XVII. pp. 257–258); and on that of Scott's, *Bible of Amiens*, ch. ii. § 18, and *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 19, 31, 114, 122. These latter writings were subsequent, however, to the present book, so that Ruskin must have noticed the same point in some of his unpublished Oxford lectures.]

[3] [The well-known punning motto of the Vernon family (see *Rob Roy*, ch. x.).]

Greek is Artemis Laphria,[1] who is friendly to the dog; no to the swine. Do you see, by the way, how perfectly th image is carried out by Sir Walter in putting his Dian on the border country? "Yonder blue hill is in Scot land," she says to her cousin,[2]—not in the least thinkin less of him for having been concerned, it may be, in on of Rob Roy's forays. And so gradually you get the ide of Norman franchise carried out in the free-rider or free booter; not safe from degradation on that side also; but b no means of swinish temper, or foraging, as at present th British speculative public, only with the snout.

214. Finally, in the most soft and domestic form o virtue, you have Wordsworth's ideal:

> "Her household motions light and free,
> And steps of virgin liberty."[3]

The distinction between these northern types of femi nine virtue, and the figures of Alcestis, Antigone, or Iphi genia,[4] lies deep in the spirit of the art of either country and is carried out into its most unimportant details. W shall find in the central art of Florence at once th thoughtfulness of Greece and the gladness of Englanc associated under images of monastic severity peculiar t herself.

And what Diana Vernon is to a French ballerine danc ing the Cancan, the "libertas" of Chartres and Westmi ster is to the "liberty" of M. Victor Hugo and Mr. Joh Stuart Mill.

[1] [See above, § 19, p. 20.]
[2] [*Rob Roy*, ch. vii.]
[3] [Quoted also in *Sesame and Lilies*, § 78 (Vol. XVIII. p. 131).]
[4] [For the types of Alcestis and Iphigenia, compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 6 (Vol. XVIII. p. 118); and for that of Iphigenia, *Ethics of the Dust*, § 69 (*ibid* p. 289).]

LECTURE IX

THE TYRRHENE SEA

215. We may now return to the points of necessary history, having our ideas fixed within accurate limits as to the meaning of the word Liberty; and as to the relation of the passions which separated the Guelph and Ghibelline to those of our own days.

The Lombard or Guelph league consisted, after the accession of Florence, essentially of the three great cities—Milan, Bologna, and Florence; the Imperial or Ghibelline league, of Verona, Pisa, and Siena. Venice and Genoa, both nominally Guelph, are in furious contention always for sea empire; while Pisa and Genoa are in contention, not so much for empire as honour. Whether the trade of the East was to go up the Adriatic, or round by the Gulf of Genoa, was essentially a mercantile question; but whether, of the two ports in sight of each other, Pisa or Genoa was to be the Queen of the Tyrrhene Sea, was no less distinctly a personal one than which of two rival beauties shall preside at a tournament.

216. This personal rivalry, so far as it was separated from their commercial interests, was indeed mortal, but not malignant. The quarrel was to be decided to the death, but decided with honour; and each city had four observers permittedly resident in the other, to give account of all that was done there in naval invention and armament.

217. Observe, also, in the year 1251, when we quitted our history,[1] we left Florence not only Guelph, as against the Imperial power (that is to say, the body of her knights

[1] [See above, § 110, p. 67.]

who favoured the Pope and Italians, in dominion over thos who favoured Manfred and the Germans), but we left he also definitely with her apron thrown over her shield; an the tradesmen and craftsmen in authority over the knight whether German or Italian, Papal or Imperial.

That is in 1251. Now in these last two lectures must try to mark the gist of the history of the next thirt years. The Thirty Years' War, this, of the Middle Age infinitely important to all ages; first observe, betwee Guelph and Ghibelline, ending in the humiliation of th Ghibelline; and, secondly, between Shield and Apron, o if you like better, between Spear and Hammer, ending i the breaking of the Spear.

218. The first decision of battle, I say, is that be tween Guelph and Ghibelline, headed by two men of pre cisely opposite characters, Charles of Anjou and Manfre of Suabia.[1] That I may be able to define the opposition o their characters intelligibly, I must first ask your attentio to some points of general scholarship.

I said in my last lecture[2] that, in this one, it would b needful for us to consider what piety was, if we happene not to know; or worse than that, it may be, not instinc tively to feel. Such want of feeling is indeed not likely i you, being English-bred; yet as it is the modern cant t consider all such sentiment as useless, or even shameful, w shall be in several ways advantaged by some examinatio of its nature. Of all classical writers, Horace is the on with whom English gentlemen have on the average mo sympathy; and I believe, therefore, we shall most simpl and easily get at our point by examining the piety Horace.

219. You are perhaps, for the moment, surprised, what ever might have been admitted of Æneas, to hear Horac spoken of as a pious person. But of course when you attention is turned to the matter you will recollect man

[1] [See above, § 182, pp. 109–110.]
[2] [See above, § 192, p. 114.]

nes in which the word "pietas" occurs, of which you ıve only hitherto failed to allow the force because you ıpposed Horace did not mean what he said.

220. But Horace always and altogether means what he ys.[1] It is just because — whatever his faults may have een—he was not a hypocrite, that English gentlemen are fond of him. "Here is a frank fellow, anyhow," they y, "and a witty one." Wise men know that he is also ise. True men know that he is also true. But pious en, for want of attention, do not always know that he is ous.

One great obstacle to your understanding of him is ur having been forced to construct Latin verses, with troduction of the word "Jupiter" always, at need, when u were at a loss for a dactyl. You always feel as if orace only used it also when *he* wanted a dactyl.

221. Get quit of that notion wholly. All immortal riters speak out of their hearts. Horace spoke out of the undance of his heart,[2] and tells you precisely what he is, frankly as Montaigne. Note then, first, how modest is: "Ne parva Tyrrhenum per aequor, vela darem;— perosa parvus, carmina fingo."[3] Trust him in such words; absolutely means them; knows thoroughly that he can- ot sail the Tyrrhene Sea,—knows that he cannot float the winds of Matinum,—can only murmur in the sunny llows of it among the heath. But note, secondly, his ride: "Exegi monumentum ære perennius."[4] He is not e least afraid to say that. He did it; knew he had done ; said he had done it; and feared no charge of arrogance.

222. Note thirdly, then, his piety, and accept his assured eech of it: "Dis pietas mea, et Musa, cordi est."[5] He

[1] [Compare the Rede Lecture, § 13, and (on Horace's religion) *Queen of the Air*, 47, 48 (Vol. XIX. pp. 173, 348, 349).]
[2] [Matthew xii. 34.]
[3] [*Odes*, iv. 15, 3–4 and 2, 31; the latter passage is quoted also in *Queen of Air*, § 48 (Vol. XIX. p. 349), where the other words which explain the allusion "the winds of Matinum" are given.]
[4] [*Ibid.*, iii. 30, 1; quoted also in Vol. XVII. p. 547.]
[5] [*Ibid.*, i. 18, 13–14.]

is perfectly certain of that also; serenely tells you so and you had better believe him. Well for you, if yo *can* believe him; for to believe him, you must understan him first; and I can tell you, you won't arrive at tha understanding by looking out the word "pietas" in you White-and-Riddle. If you do, you will find those tire some contractions, Etym. Dub.,[1] stop your inquiry ver briefly, as you go back; if you go forward, through th Italian pieta, you will arrive presently in another group c ideas, and end in misericordia, mercy, and pity. You mus not depend on the form of the word; you must find ou what it stands for in Horace's mind, and in Virgil's. Mor than race to the Roman; more than power to the state man; yet helpless beside the grave, "Non, Torquate, genu non te facundia, non te Restituet pietas."[2]

Nay, also what it stands for as an attribute, not only c men, but of gods; nor of those only as merciful, but als as avenging. Against Æneas himself, Dido invokes th waves of the Tyrrhene Sea, "si quid pia numina possunt.' Be assured there is no getting at the matter by dictionar or context. To know what love means, you must love to know what piety means, you must be pious.

223. Perhaps you dislike the word, now, from its vulg use. You may have another if you choose, a metaph rical one,—close enough it seems to Christianity, and y still absolutely distinct from it,—χριστός. Suppose, as yc watch the white bloom of the olives of Val d'Arno ar Val di Nievole, which modern piety and economy suppo were grown by God only to supply you with fine Luc oil, you were to consider, instead, what answer you coul make to the Socratic question, πόθεν ἄν τις τοῦτο τὸ χρῖσ λάβοι.*

* Xen., *Conviv.*, ii. [4].[4]

[1] [So also the present-day student will find in his "Lewis and Short."]
[2] [*Odes*, iv. 7, 23, 24; compare Vol. XVII. p. xlviii.]
[3] [*Æneid*, iv. 382.]
[4] [At the banquet described in Xenophon's dialogue, the host proposes to intr duce perfumes. Socrates dissuades him. "What odour ought we," asks one the guests, "to exhale?" "That of honour and virtue," Socrates answers. "A

224. I spoke to you first of Horace's modesty. All
ety begins in modesty. You must feel that you are a
ry little creature, and that you had better do as you
e bid. You will then begin to think what you are bid
do, and who bids it. And you will find, unless you are
ry unhappy indeed, that there is always a quite clear
tion of right and wrong in your minds, which you can
ther obey or disobey, at your pleasure. Obey it simply
d resolutely; it will become clearer to you every day:
d in obedience to it, you will find a sense of being in
rmony with nature, and at peace with God, and all His
eatures.[1] You will not understand how the peace comes,
r even in what it consists. It is the peace that passes
derstanding;[2]—it is just as visionary and imaginative as
ve is, and just as real, and just as necessary to the life
man. It is the only source of true cheerfulness, and of
ue common-sense; and whether you believe the Bible,
don't,—or believe the Koran, or don't,—or believe the
edas, or don't,—it will enable you to believe in God, and
ease Him, and be such a part of the *εὐδοκία*[3] of the uni-
rse as your nature fits you to be, in His sight, faithful
awe to the powers that are above you, and gracious in
gard to the creatures that are around.

225. I will take leave on this head to read one more
ece of Carlyle, bearing much on present matters:—

"I hope also they will attack earnestly, and at length extinguish and
dicate, this idle habit of 'accounting for the Moral Sense,' as they
rase it. A most singular problem;—instead of bending every thought
have more, and ever more, of 'Moral Sense,' and therewith to irradiate
ur own poor soul, and all its work, into something of divineness, as the
e thing needful to you in this world! A very futile problem that other,
friends; futile, idle, and far worse; leading to what Moral *Ruin*, you
tle dream of! The Moral Sense, thank God, is a thing you never will

ence can one get such an ointment?" "Not, certainly, from the sellers of per-
nes (*οὐ παρὰ τῶν μυροπωλῶν*)," replied Socrates. "From whence, then?" "Theognis
s said, 'From the good you will learn what is good; but if you mix with the evil,
u will lose even what understanding you have.'"]

[1] [Compare the similar injunction given in "Readings from *Modern Painters*"
ol. XXII. pp. 536–538).]

[2] [Philippians iv. 7.]

[3] [That which is pleasing or acceptable: see below, p. 148 and *n.*]

'account for'; that, if you could think of it, is the perennial Miracle o Man; in all times, visibly connecting poor transitory Man here on th bewildered Earth with his Maker, who is Eternal in the Heavens. By r Greatest Happiness Principle, Greatest Nobleness Principle, or any Princip whatever, will you make that in the least clearer than it already is;— forbear, I say, or you may *darken* it away from you altogether! 'Tw things,' says the memorable Kant, deepest and most logical of Metaphysic Thinkers, 'Two things strike me dumb: the infinite Starry Heaven; and th Sense of Right and Wrong in Man.' *Visible* Infinites, both; *say* nothing o them; don't try to 'account for them'; for you can say nothing wise."[1]

226. Very briefly, I must touch one or two further rela tive conditions in this natural history of the soul. I hav asked you to take the metaphorical, but distinct, wor "χρῖσμα," rather than the direct but obscure one "piety" mainly because the Master of your religion chose the meta phorical epithet for the perpetual one of His own lif and person.

But if you will spend a thoughtful hour or two i reading the scripture, which pious Greeks read, not indee on daintily printed paper, but on daintily painted clay,— you will examine, that is to say, the scriptures of th Athenian religion, on their Pan-Athenaic vases in the faithful days, you will find that the gift of the liter χρῖσμα, or anointing oil, to the victor in the kingly an visible contest of life, is signed always with the image o that spirit or goddess of the air who was the source o their invisible life.[2] And let me, before quitting this pa of my subject, give you one piece of what you will fin useful counsel. If ever from the right apothecary, or μυρ πώλης, you get any of that χρῖσμα,—don't be careful, whe you set it by, of looking for dead dragons or dead dog in it. But look out for the dead flies.[3]

[1] [*Shooting Niagara; and After?* (1867); at p. 224 of vol. vii. of the *Miscellani* in the "People's Edition" of Carlyle.]

[2] [A collection of such vases may be seen in the second Vase Room at the Britis Museum: compare *Queen of the Air*, § 38 (Vol. XIX. p. 336).]

[3] [Ecclesiastes x. 1: "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send fort a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom an honour." Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 77, § 1 (where Ruskin criticises th tendency to explain away the teaching of Scripture as if it emanated only from th "Lord of Bluebottles and fly-blowing"), and Letter 94, § 2 ("A fool attracts folly a decayed meat attracts flies, and distils and assimilates it, no matter out of what book.

227. Again; remember, I only quote St. Paul as I quote Xenophon to you; but I expect you to get some good from both. As I want you to think what Xenophon means by "μαντεία,"[1] so I want you to consider also what St. Paul means by "προφητεία." He tells you to prove all things,—to hold fast what is good, and not to despise "prophesyings."[2]

228. Now it is quite literally probable, that this world, having now for some five hundred years absolutely refused to do as it is plainly bid by every prophet that ever spoke in any nation, and having reduced itself therefore to Saul's condition, when he was answered neither by Urim nor by prophets,[3] may be now, while you sit there, receiving necromantic answers from the witch of Endor.[4] But with that possibility you have no concern. There is a prophetic power in your own hearts, known to the Greeks, known to the Jews, known to the Apostles, and knowable by you. If it is now silent to you, do not despise it by tranquillity under that privation; if it speaks to you, do not despise it by disobedience.

229. Now in this broad definition of Pietas, as reverence to sentimental law, you will find I am supported by all classical authority and use of this word. For the particular meaning of which I am next about to use the word Religion, there is no such general authority, nor can there be, for any limited or accurate meaning of it. The best authors use the word in various senses; and you must interpret each writer by his own context. I have myself continually used the term vaguely. I shall endeavour, henceforward, to use it under limitations which, willing always to accept, I shall only transgress by carelessness,

[1] [This inquiry is not, however, contained in Ruskin's lectures, though in his preface to the *Economist* of Xenophon (in *Bibliotheca Pastorum*) there is a reference (§16) to the opening of the *Memorabilia*, where Xenophon discusses Socrates's theory of μαντική, or divination. The subject is treated by Mr. H. G. Dakyns, in his essay on Xenophon, in the volume of studies called *Hellenica*, 1880, pp. 345, 348.]

[2] [1 Thessalonians v. 20, 21.]

[3] [1 Samuel xxviii. 6, 7.]

[4] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 12 and 60.]

or compliance with some particular use of the word by others. The power in the word, then, which I wish you now to notice, is in its employment with respect to doctrinal divisions. You do not say that one man is of one piety, and another of another; but you do, that one man is of one religion, and another of another.[1]

230. The religion of any man is thus properly to be interpreted, as the feeling which binds him, irrationally, to the fulfilment of duties, or acceptance of beliefs, peculiar to a certain company of which he forms a member, as distinct from the rest of the world. "Which binds him *irrationally*," I say;—by a feeling, at all events, apart from reason, and often superior to it; such as that which brings back the bee to its hive, and the bird to her nest.

A man's religion is the form of mental rest, or dwelling place, which, partly, his fathers have gained or built for him, and partly, by due reverence to former custom, he has built for himself; consisting of whatever imperfect knowledge may have been granted, up to that time, in the land of his birth, of the Divine character, presence and dealings, modified by the circumstances of surrounding life.

It may be, that sudden accession of new knowledge may compel him to cast his former idols to the moles and to the bats. But it must be some very miraculous interposition indeed which can justify him in quitting the religion of his forefathers; and, assuredly, it must be an unwise interposition which provokes him to insult it.

231. On the other hand, the value of religious ceremonial, and the virtue of religious truth, consist in the meek fulfilment of the one as the fond habit of a family, and the meek acceptance of the other, as the narrow knowledge of a child. And both are destroyed at once, and the ceremonial or doctrinal prejudice becomes only an occasion of sin, if they make us either wise in our

[1] [Compare the distinction between religion and morality drawn in *Lectures on Art*, § 37 (Vol. XX. p. 49).]

wn conceit,[1] or violent in our methods of proselytism. Of
ıose who will compass sea and land to make one pros-
yte,[2] it is too generally true that they are themselves
ıe children of hell, and make their proselytes twofold
ıore so.

232. And now I am able to state to you, in terms so
:curately defined that you cannot misunderstand them,
ıat we are about to study the results in Italy of the
ictory of an impious Christian over a pious Infidel, in a
ɔntest which, if indeed principalities of evil spirit are
ver permitted to rule over the darkness of this world, was
ssuredly by them wholly provoked, and by them finally
ecided. The war was not actually ended until the battle
f Tagliacozzo, fought in August, 1268;[3] but you need not
:collect that irregular date, or remember it only as three
ears after the great battle of Welcome, Benevento, which
as the decisive one. Recollect, therefore, securely:

1250. The First Trades Revolt in Florence.
1260. Battle of the Arbia.
1265. Battle of Welcome.

hen between the battle of Welcome and of Tagliacozzo
vhich you might almost English in the real meaning of it
s the battle of Hart's Death: "cozzo" is a butt or thrust
ith the horn, and you may well think of the young
onradin as a wild hart or stag of the hills)—between
ıose two battles, in 1266, comes the second and central
evolt of the trades in Florence, of which I have to speak
ı next lecture.[4]

233. The two German princes who perished in these two
attles—Manfred of Tarentum, and his nephew and ward
onradin—are the natural son, and the legitimate grandson,

[1] [Proverbs xxvi. 5.]
[2] [Matthew xxiii. 15.]
[3] [At the battle of Tagliacozzo (August 23, 1268), Conradin, the last of the
ouse of Hohenstaufen, with the flower of the Ghibelline chivalry, was defeated by
harles I. of Anjou. For Niccola Pisano's commission after this victory, see below,
264 (p. 154).]
[4] [See below, §§ 259, 260, pp. 152, 153.]

of Frederick II.: they are also the last assertors of the infidel German power in South Italy against the Church; and in alliance with the Saracens; such alliance having been maintained faithfully ever since Frederick II.'s triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and coronation as its king. Not only a great number of Manfred's forts were commanded by Saracen governors, but he had them also appointed over civil tribunals. My own impression is that he found the Saracens more just and trustworthy than the Christians; but it is proper to remember the allegations of the Church against the whole Suabian family; namely, that Manfred had smothered his father Frederick under cushions at Ferentino; and that, of Frederick's sons, Conrad had poisoned Henry, and Manfred had poisoned Conrad. You will, however, I believe, find the Prince Manfred one of the purest representatives of northern chivalry. Against his nephew, educated in all knightly accomplishment by his mother, Elizabeth of Bavaria, nothing could be alleged by his enemies, even when resolved on his death, but the splendour of his spirit and the brightness of his youth.

234. Of the character of their enemy, Charles of Anjou, there will remain on your minds, after careful examination of his conduct, only the doubt whether I am justified in speaking of him as Christian against Infidel. But you will cease to doubt this when you have entirely entered into the conditions of this nascent Christianity of the thirteenth century. You will find that while men who desire to be virtuous receive it as the mother of virtues, men who desire to be criminal receive it as the forgiver of crimes; and that therefore, between Ghibelline or Infidel cruelty, and Guelph or Christian cruelty, there is always this difference, —that the Infidel cruelty is done in hot blood, and the Christian's in cold. I hope (in future lectures on the architecture of Pisa[1]) to illustrate to you the opposition between the Ghibelline Conti, counts, and the Guelphic Visconti, viscounts, or "against counts," which issues, for one thing,

[1] [No such lectures were, however, given.]

that, by all men blamed as too deliberate, death of the Count Ugolino della Gherardesca.[1] The Count Ugolino was a traitor, who entirely deserved death; but another Count of Pisa, entirely faithful to the Ghibelline cause, was put to death by Charles of Anjou, not only in cold blood, but with resolute infliction of Ugolino's utmost grief;—not in the dungeon, but in the full light of day—his son being first put to death before his eyes.[2] And among the pieces of heraldry most significant in the Middle Ages, the asp on the shield of the Guelphic viscounts is to be much remembered by you as a sign of this merciless cruelty of mistaken religion; mistaken, but not in the least hypocritical. It has perfect confidence in itself, and can answer with serenity for all its deeds. The serenity of heart never appears in the guilty Infidels; they die in despair or gloom, greatly satisfactory to adverse religious minds.

235. The French Pope, then, Urban of Troyes, had sent for Charles of Anjou; who would not have answered his call, even with all the strength of Anjou and Provence, had not Scylla of the Tyrrhene Sea[3] been on his side. Pisa, with eighty galleys (the Sicilian fleet added to her own), watched and defended the coasts of Rome. An irresistible storm drove her fleet to shelter; and Charles, in a single ship, reached the mouth of the Tiber, and found lodgings at Rome in the convent of St. Paul. His wife meanwhile spent her dowry in increasing his land army, and led it across the Alps. How he had got his wife, and her dowry, we must hear in Villani's words,[4] as nearly as I can give their force English, only, instead of the English word pilgrim, I shall use the Italian "romeo," for the sake both of all English Juliets, and that you may better understand the close of the sixth canto of the *Paradise*.

[For other references to the fate of Count Ugolino, see Vol. I. p. 115.]

[The Counts Gérard and Gavano Donoratico: see Sismondi, ch. xxi. (vol. iii. pp. 389-390).]

[Ruskin thus calls Pisa a city embodying the "rampant energy, which the Greeks expressed in their symbolic . . . Scylla" (see above, p. 103); she is the sea-dog "of the Tyrrhene Sea."]

[Book vi. ch. xci. (vol. ii. pp. 196 *seq.*).]

236. "Now the Count Raymond Berenger had for hi inheritance all Provence on this side Rhone; and he was wise and courteous signor, and of noble state, and virtuous and in his time they did honourable things; and to hi court came by custom all the gentlemen of Provence, an France, and Catalonia, for his courtesy and noble state; an there they made many cobbled verses, and Provençal song of great sentences."

237. I must stop to tell you that "cobbled" or "coupled verses mean rhymes, as opposed to the dull method o Latin verse; for we have now got an ear for jingle, an know that dove rhymes to love. Also, "songs of grea sentences" mean didactic songs, containing much in littl (like the new didactic Christian painting), of which an ex ample (though of a later time) will give you a better ide than any description.

"Vraye foy de necessité,
Non tant seulement d'équité,
Nous fait de Dieu sept choses croire
C'est sa doulce nativité,
Son baptesme d'humilité,
Et sa mort, digne de mémoire:
Son descens en la chartre noire,
Et sa résurrection, voire;
S'ascencion d'auctorité,
La venuë judicatoire,
Ou ly bons seront mis en gloire,
Et ly mals en adversité."[1]

238. And while they were making these cobbled verse and harmonious creeds, "there came a romeo to court, re turning from the shrine of St. James." I must stop agai just to say that he ought to have been called a pellegrin not a romeo, for the three kinds of wanderers are,—Palme one who goes to the Holy Land; Pilgrim, one who goe to Spain; and Romeo, one who goes to Rome. Probabl this romeo had been to both. "He stopped at Cour Raymond's court, and was so wise and worthy (valoroso

[1] [From "Le Testament de Maistre Jean de Meung" (lines 49–60), append to *Le Roman de la Rose.*]

d so won the Count's grace, that he made him his master d guide in all things. Who also, maintaining himself in nest and religious customs of life, in a little time, by his dustry and good sense, doubled the Count's revenues three nes over, maintaining always a great and honoured court. ow the Count had four daughters, and no son; and by e sense and provision of the good romeo—(I can do no tter than translate 'procaccio' provision, but it is only makeshift for the word derived from procax, meaning the neral talent of prudent impudence, in getting forward; 'rwardness,' has a good deal of the true sense, only uted);—well, by the sense and—progressive faculty, shall say?—of the good pilgrim, he first married the eldest ughter, by means of money, to the good King Louis of ance, saying to the Count, 'Let me alone,—Lascia-mi-e—and never mind the expense, for if you marry the st one well, I'll marry you all the others cheaper, for her lationship.'

239. "And so it fell out, sure enough; for incontinently e King of England (Henry III.), because he was the ng of France's relation, took the next daughter, Eleanor, very little money indeed; next, his natural brother, elect ng of the Romans, took the third; and, the youngest ll remaining unmarried,—says the good romeo, 'Now for is one, I will you to have a strong man for son-in-law, o shall be thy heir;'—and so he brought it to pass. r finding Charles, Count of Anjou, brother of the King uis, he said to Raymond, 'Give her now to him, for s fate is to be the best man in the world,'—prophesying him. And so it was done. And after all this it came pass, by envy which ruins all good, that the barons of ovence became jealous of the good romeo, and accused m to the Count of having ill-guided his goods, and made aymond demand account of them. Then the good romeo id, 'Count, I have served thee long, and have put thee m little state into mighty, and for this, by false counsel thy people, thou art little grateful. I came into thy

court a poor romeo; I have lived honestly on thy means; now, make to be given to me my little mule and my staff and my wallet, as I came, and I will make thee quit of all my service.' The Count would not he should go; but for nothing would he stay; and so he came, and so he departed, that no one ever knew whence he had come, nor whither he went. It was the thought of many that he was indeed a sacred spirit."[1]

240. This pilgrim, you are to notice, is put by Dante in the orb of justice, as a just servant; the Emperor Justinian being the image of a just ruler. Justinian's law-making turned out well for England; but the good romeo's match-making ended ill for it; and for Rome, and Naples also. For Beatrice of Provence resolved to be a queen like her three sisters, and was the prompting spirit of Charles's expedition to Italy. She was crowned with him, Queen of Apulia and Sicily, on the day of the Epiphany, 1265; she and her husband bringing gifts that day of magical power enough; and Charles, as soon as the feast of coronation was over, set out to give battle to Manfred and his Saracens. "And this Charles," says Villani,[2] "was wise, and of sane counsel; and of prowess in arms, and fierce, and much feared and redoubted by all the kings in the world;—magnanimous and of high purposes; fearless in the carrying forth of every great enterprise; firm in every adversity; a

[1] [Lines 130 to the end (thus rendered in Cary's version):—

"Within this pearl, that now encloseth us,
Shines Romeo's light, whose goodly deed and fair
Met ill acceptance. But the Provençals,
That were his foes, have little cause for mirth.
Ill shapes that man his course who makes his wrong
Of other's worth. Four daughters were there born
To Raymond Berenger; and every one
Became a Queen; and this for him did Romeo,
Though of mean state and from a foreign land.
Yet envious tongues incited him to ask
A reckoning of that just one, who return'd
Twelve fold to him for ten. Aged and poor
He parted thence; and if the world did know
The heart he had, begging his life by morsels,
'Twould deem the praise it deals him scantly dealt."]

[2] [Book vii. ch. i. (vol. iii. p. 4).]

erifier of his every word; speaking little,—doing much; nd scarcely ever laughed, and then but a little; sincere, nd without flaw, as a religious and catholic person; stern justice, and fierce in look; tall and nervous in person, ive coloured, and with a large nose, and well he appeared royal majesty more than other men. Much he watched, nd little he slept; and used to say that so much time as e slept, one lost; generous to his men-at-arms, but covetus to acquire land, signory, and coin, come how it would, furnish his enterprises and wars: in courtiers, servants pleasure, or jocular persons, he delighted never."

241. To this newly crowned and resolute king, riding uth from Rome, Manfred, from his vale of Nocera under ount St. Angelo, sends to offer conditions of peace. Jehu e son of Nimshi is not swifter of answer to Ahaziah's essenger than the fiery Christian king, in his "What hast ou to do with peace?"[1] Charles answers the messengers th his own lips: "Tell the Sultan of Nocera, this day I ll put him in hell, or he shall put me in paradise."

242. Do not think it the speech of a hypocrite. Charles s as fully prepared for death that day as ever Scotch ovenanter fighting for his Holy League; and as sure that ath would find him, if it found, only to glorify and bless. lfour of Burley against Claverhouse[2] is not more conced in heart that he draws the sword of the Lord and Gideon.[3] But all the knightly pride of Claverhouse himf is knit together, in Charles, with fearless faith, and igious wrath. "This Saracen scum, led by a bastard rman,—traitor to his creed, usurper among his race,—res it look me, a Christian knight, a prince of the house France, in the eyes? Tell the Sultan of Nocera, to-day ut him in hell, or he puts me in paradise."

They are not passionate words neither; any more than

[1] [2 Kings ix. 19.]

[2] [For references to Balfour of Burley and Claverhouse in *Old Mortality*, see . XVIII. p. 115; *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 113, 117; and *Fors Clavigera*, ter 65.]

[3] [Judges vii. 20.]

hypocritical ones. They are measured, resolute, and the fewest possible. He never wasted words, nor showed his mind, but when he meant it should be known.

243. The messenger returned, thus answered; and the French king rode on with his host. Manfred met him in the plain of Grandella, before Benevento. I have translated the name of the fortress "Welcome." It was altered, as you may remember, from Maleventum, for better omen; perhaps, originally, only μαλόεις[2]—a rock full of wild goats—associating it thus with the meaning of Tagliacozzo.

244. Charles divided his army into four companies.[3] The captain of his own was our English Guy de Montfort, on whom rested the power and the fate of his grandfather, the pursuer of the Waldensian shepherds among the rocks of the wild goats.[4] The last, and it is said the goodliest, troop was of the exiled Guelphs of Florence, under Guido Guerra,[5] whose name you already know. "These," said Manfred, as he watched them ride into their ranks, "cannot lose to-day." He meant that if he himself was the victor he would restore these exiles to their city. The event of the battle was decided by the treachery of the Count of Caserta, Manfred's brother-in-law. At the end of the day only a few knights remained with him, whom he led in the last charge. As he helmed himself, the crest fell from his helmet. "Hoc est signum Dei," he said,—so accepting what he saw to be the purpose of the Ruler of all things.

[1] [The original name, due to its unwholesome air (Pliny, iii. 3, 16), was altered when the place was made a Roman colony in B.C. 268.]

[2] [If this word be as Ruskin wrote it, he must have coined it from μαλός (white or woolly, of a goat), which, however, is itself an adjective. The manuscript of this part of *Val d'Arno* is not (so far as the editors know) in existence, or it might have thrown light on the matter. For "the meaning of Tagliacozzo," see above, p. 135.]

[3] [See Villani, book vii. chaps. viii. and ix. (pp. 18 *seq.*).]

[4] [The allusion is to the war of extermination against the Albigenses (1209–1229), under Simon IV., Count of Montfort, in which many of the Waldensians also perished in their Alpine valleys. This Simon was the father of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester (killed at Evesham, 1265), whose son was Guy de Montfort. Count Simon IV. was killed at the siege of Toulouse, June 25, 1218. Guy de Montfort (for whom, see also Vol. XXIV. p. 136) was captured at Catania in 1287 and died in a Sicilian prison.]

[5] [See above, § 126, p. 76.]

t claiming God as his friend, not asking anything of
m, as if His purpose could be changed; not fearing
m as an enemy; but accepting simply His sign that the
pointed day of death was come. He rode into the battle
ned like a nameless soldier, and lay unknown among the
d.

245. And in him died all Southern Italy. Never, after
t day's treachery, did her nobles rise, or her people
sper.

Of the finding of the body of Manfred, and its casting
th, accursed, you may read, if you will, the story in
nte.[1] I trace for you to-day rapidly only the acts of
arles after this victory, and its consummation, three years
er, by the defeat of Conradin.

The town of Benevento had offered no resistance to
arles, but he gave it up to pillage, and massacred its
abitants. The slaughter, indiscriminate, continued for
ht days; the women and children were slain with the
n, being of Saracen blood. Manfred's wife, Sybil of
irus, his children, and all his barons, died, or were put
death, in the prisons of Provence. With the young
nrad, all the faithful Ghibelline knights of Pisa were
to death. The son of Frederick of Antioch, who
ve the Guelphs from Florence,[2] had his eyes torn out,
l was hanged, he being the last child of the house of
abia. Twenty-four of the barons of Calabria were exe-
ed at Gallipoli, and at Rome. Charles cut off the feet
those who had fought for Conrad; then—fearful lest
y should be pitied—shut them into a house of wood,
l burned them. His lieutenant in Sicily, William of the
ndard,[3] besieged the town of Augusta, which defended
lf with some fortitude, but was betrayed, and all its
abitants (who must have been more than three thou-
d, for there were a thousand able to bear arms),

[See above, § 189, pp. 112–113 *n.*]
[See above, § 98, p. 60.]
[For the incidents here related, see Sismondi, ch. xxi. (vol. iii. pp. 390 *seq.*).]

massacred in cold blood; the last of them searched for in their hiding-places, when the streets were empty, dragged to the sea-shore, then beheaded, and their bodies thrown into the sea. Throughout Calabria the Christian judges of Charles thus forgave his enemies. And the Mohammedan power and heresy ended in Italy, and she became secure in her Catholic creed.

246. Not altogether secure under French dominion. After fourteen years of misery, Sicily sang her angry vespers, and a Calabrian admiral burnt the fleet of Charles before his eyes, where Scylla rules her barking Salamis. But the French king died in prayerful peace, receiving the sacrament with these words of perfectly honest faith, as he reviewed his past life: "Lord God, as I truly believe that you are my Saviour, so I pray you to have mercy on my soul; and as I truly made the conquest of Sicily more to serve the Holy Church than for my own covetousness, so I pray you to pardon my sins."[2]

247. You are to note the two clauses of this prayer. He prays absolute mercy, on account of his faith in Christ; but remission of purgatory, in proportion to the quantity of good work he has done, or meant to do, as against evil. You are so much wiser in these days, you think, not believing in purgatory; and so much more benevolent —not massacring women and children. But we must not be too proud of not believing in purgatory, unless we are quite sure of our real desire to be purified: and as to our not massacring children, it is true that an English gentleman will not now himself willingly put a knife into the throat either of a child or a lamb; but he will kill any quantity of children by disease in order to increase his rents as unconcernedly as he will eat any quantity of mutton

[1] [The battle of Tagliacozzo in 1268 being followed in 1282 by the massacre of the French, known as the Sicilian Vespers. Charles thereupon directed his fleet against Sicily, but it was burnt by Roger de Loria (a Calabrian admiral in the service of the King of Aragon) off Reggio—see Sismondi, ch. xxiii. (vol. iv. pp. 7, 10)—"where Scylla rules her barking Salamis"; that is, in the Straits of Messina (Scylla and Charybdis).]

[2] [The words are given by Villani, book vii. ch. xciv. (vol. iii. pp. 170–171).]

nd as to absolute massacre, I do not suppose a child feels much pain in being killed as a full-grown man, and life is of less value to it. No pain either of body or ought through which you could put an infant, would comparable to that of a good son, or a faithful lover, ing slowly of a painful wound at a distance from a family pendent upon him, or a mistress devoted to him. But the tories of Charles, and the massacres, taken in sum, would t give a muster-roll of more than twenty thousand dead; n, women, and children counted all together. On the ins of France, since I first began to speak to you on subject of the arts of peace, at least five hundred usand men, in the prime of life, have been massacred[1] the folly of one Christian emperor, the insolence of other, and the mingling of mean rapacity with meaner ity, which Christian nations now call "patriotism."[2]

248. But that the Crusaders (whether led by St. Louis by his brother), who habitually lived by robbery, and ght be swiftly enraged to murder, were still too savage conceive the spirit or the character of this Christ whose ss they wear, I have again and again alleged to you;[3] , I imagine, without question from many who have n accustomed to look to these earlier ages as authori- ive in doctrine, if not in example. We alike err in posing them more spiritual, or more dark, than our n. They had not yet attained to the knowledge which have despised, nor dispersed from their faith the shadows h which we have again overclouded ours.

Their passions, tumultuous and merciless as the Tyr- ne Sea, raged indeed with the danger, but also with uses, of naturally appointed storm; while ours, pacific in ruption, languish in vague maremma of misguided pools; l are pestilential most surely as they retire.

[For other references to the Franco-German war, see Vol. XVIII. p. 35 *n.*]

[See Vol. XVII. p. 556 *n.*]

[See above, § 54 (p. 36); and compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 66 (Vol. XXII. 41); *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 306 *n.*); and "An Oxford Lecture," (Vol. XXII. p. 535).]

LECTURE X

FLEUR-DE-LYS

249. Through all the tempestuous winter which, during th period of history we have been reviewing, weakened, i their war with the opposed rocks of religious or knightl pride, the waves of the Tuscan Sea, there has been slo increase of the Favonian power[1] which is to bring fruitfu ness to the rock, peace to the wave. The new elemen which is introduced in the thirteenth century, and perfec for a little time the work of Christianity, at least in som few chosen souls, is the law of Order and Charity, intellectual and moral virtue, which it now became th function of every great artist to teach, and of every tru citizen to maintain.

250. I have placed on your table one of the earlie existing engravings by a Florentine hand,[2] representin the conception which the national mind formed of th spirit of order and tranquillity, "Cosmico," or the Equi of Kosmos, not by senseless attraction, but by spiritu thought and law. He stands pointing with his left hand the earth, set only with tufts of grass; in his right ha he holds the ordered system of the universe—heaven a earth in one orb;—the heaven made cosmic by the cours of its stars; the earth cosmic by the seats of authority a fellowship,—castles on the hills and cities in the plain.

251. The tufts of grass under the feet of this figu will appear to you, at first, grotesquely formal. But th are only the simplest expression, in such herbage, of t subjection of all vegetative force to this law of ord

[1] ["Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni" (Horace: *Odes*, i. 4. 1).

[2] [This is one of the Tarocchi cards (see Vol. XX. p. 335 *n.*); No. 33, belongi to suit B.]

uity, or symmetry, which, made by the Greek the prinal method of his current vegetative sculpture, subdues in the hand of Cora or Triptolemus, into the merely ple sceptre, or animates it, in Florence, to the likeness the Fleur-de-lys.

252. I have already stated to you[1] that if any definite wer is meant by these triple groups of leaves, which ke their authoritatively typical form in the crowns of the etan and Lacinian Hera, it is not the violet, but the rple iris; or sometimes, as in Pindar's description of the th of Iamus, the yellow water-flag, which you know so ll in spring, by the banks of your Oxford streams.* But, general, it means simply the springing of beautiful and lerly vegetation in fields upon which the dew falls pure. is the expression, therefore, of peace on the redeemed l cultivated earth, and of the pleasure of Heaven in the careful happiness of men clothed without labour, and l without fear.

253. In the passage, so often read by us, which annces the advent of Christianity as the dawn of peace earth, we habitually neglect great part of the promise, ing to the false translation of the second clause of sentence. I cannot understand how it should be still dful to point out to you here in Oxford that neither

* In the catalogues of the collection of drawings in this room,[2] and in *Queen of the Air* (§§ 82 *seqq.*), you will find all that I would ask you notice about the various names and kinds of the flower, and their symc use.—Note only, with respect to our present purpose, that while the white lily is placed in the hands of the Angel of the Annunciation n by Florentine artists, in their general design, the fleur-de-lys is given him by Giovanni Pisano on the façade of Orvieto; and that the flower he crown-circlets of European kings answers, as I stated to you in my ure on the Corona,[3] to the Narcissus fillet of early Greece; the crown bundance and rejoicing.

[See *Catalogue of the Educational Series*, No. 12 (Vol. XXI. p. 76).]

[That is, in the Ruskin Drawing School, where the present course of lectures delivered. For the catalogue, see again, *Catalogue of the Educational Series*, 12; and "Instructions in Elementary Exercises," § 11 (Vol. XXI. p. 243). For passage in the *Queen of the Air*, see Vol. XIX. pp. 373–378.]

[The third of the lectures on Birds, now added to *Love's Meinie* (Vol. XXV.).]

the Greek words "ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία," nor those of the Vulgate, "in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis," in the slightest degree justify our English words, "goodwill to men."[1]

Of God's goodwill to men, and to all creatures, for ever, there needed no proclamation by angels. But that men should be able to please *Him*,—that their wills should be made holy, and they should not only possess peace in themselves, but be able to give joy to their God, in the sense in which He afterwards is pleased with His own baptized Son;[2]—this was a new thing for angels to declare and for shepherds to believe.

254. And the error was made yet more fatal by its repetition in a passage of parallel importance,—the thanksgiving, namely, offered by Christ, that His Father, while He had hidden what it was best to know, not from the wise and prudent, but from some among the wise and prudent, and had revealed it unto babes; not "for so it seemed good" in His sight, but "that there might be well pleasing in His sight,"[3]—namely, that the wise and simple might equally live in the necessary knowledge, and enjoy the presence, of God. And if, having accurately read these vital passages, you then as carefully consider the tenour of the two songs of human joy in the birth of Christ, the Magnificat, and the Nunc Dimittis, you will find the theme of both to be, not the newness of blessing, but the equity which disappoints the cruelty and humbles the strength of men; which scatters the proud in the imagination of their hearts; which fills the hungry with good things; and is not only the glory of Israel, but the light of the Gentiles.[4]

255. As I have been writing these paragraphs, I have

[1] [Luke ii. 14.]

[2] [Matthew iii. 27.]

[3] [Luke x. 21; Matthew xi. 25, 26, (ἀπὸ σοφῶν και συνετῶν . . . ὅτι οὕτως ἐγένετο εὐδοκία ἔμπροσθέν σου). The Revised Version retains "from *the* wise and prudent" but translates the latter words "for so it was well-pleasing in Thy sight."]

[4] [Luke i. 52, 53, ii. 32.]

een checking myself almost at every word,—wondering, Vill they be restless on their seats at this, and thinking l the while that they did not come here to be lectured n Divinity? You may have been a little impatient,— ow could it well be otherwise? Had I been explaining oints of anatomy, and showing you how you bent your ecks and straightened your legs, you would have thought e quite in my proper function; because then, when you ent with a party of connoisseurs through the Vatican, ou could point out to them the insertion of the clavicle the Apollo Belvidere; and in the Sistine Chapel the rfectly accurate delineation of the tibia in the legs of hrist. Doubtless; but you know I am lecturing at pre- nt on the goffi,[1] and not on Michael Angelo; and the ffi are very careless about clavicles and shin-bones; so at if, after being lectured on anatomy, you went into the mpo Santo of Pisa, you would simply find nothing to ok at, except three tolerably well-drawn skeletons. But after being lectured on theology, you go into the Campo nto of Pisa, you will find not a little to look at, and to member.

256. For a single instance, you know Michael Angelo admitted to have been so far indebted to these goffi as borrow from the one to whose study of mortality I ve just referred, Orcagna, the gesture of his Christ in e Judgment.[2] He borrowed, however, accurately speaking, e position only, not the gesture; nor the meaning of * You all remember the action of Michael Angelo's hrist,—the right hand raised as if in violence of reproba- n; and the left closed across His breast, as refusing all

* I found all this in M. Didron's *Iconographie*, above quoted;[3] I had ver noticed the difference between the two figures myself.

[1] [See above, § 10, p. 15.]
[2] [Compare Vol. IV. p. 275 *n.*, and Vol. XII. p. 147.]
[3] [See pp. 118, 123 for previous references to *Iconographie Chrétienne: Histoire de u*, par M. Didron, Paris, 1843, p. 268, and Fig. 67. The figure is here (Fig. 5) en in outline, together with an outline of the Christ by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel.]

mercy. The action is one which appeals to persons of very ordinary sensations, and is very naturally adopted by the Renaissance painter, both for its popular effect, and its capabilities for the exhibition of his surgical science. But the old painter-theologian, though indeed he showed the right hand of Christ lifted, and the left hand laid across His breast, had another meaning in the actions. The fingers of

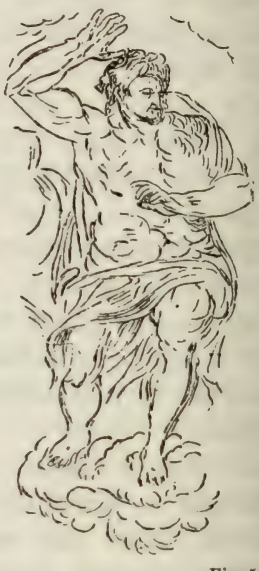

Fig. 5

the left hand are folded, in both the figures; but in Michael Angelo's as if putting aside an appeal; in Orcagna's, the fingers are bent to draw back the drapery from the right side. The right hand is raised by Michael Angelo as in anger; by Orcagna, only to show the wounded palm. And as, to the believing disciples, He showed them His hands and His side, so that they were glad,—so, to the unbelievers, at their judgment, He shows the wounds in hand and side. They shall look on Him whom they pierced.[1]

[1] [John xix. 37, xx. 20.]

257. And thus, as we follow our proposed examination
c the arts of the Christian centuries, our understanding
c their work will be absolutely limited by the degree of
cr sympathy with the religion which our fathers have
bqueathed to us. You cannot interpret classic marbles
vthout knowing and loving your Pindar and Æschylus,
rither can you interpret Christian pictures without knowing
ad loving your Isaiah and Matthew. And I shall have
cntinually to examine texts of the one as I would verses
c the other; nor must you retract yourselves from the
lbour in suspicion that I desire to betray your scepticism,
c undermine your positivism, because I recommend to you
te accurate study of books which have hitherto been the
lht of the world.[1]

258. The change, then, in the minds of their readers at
ts date, which rendered it possible for them to compre-
hnd the full purport of Christianity, was in the rise of the
rw desire for equity and rest, amidst what had hitherto
ben mere lust for spoil, and joy in battle. The necessity
f justice was felt in the now extending commerce; the
dsire of rest in the now pleasant and fitly furnished habita-
tn; and the energy which formerly could only be satisfied
i strife, now found enough both of provocation and anta-
gnism in the invention of art, and the forces of nature.
I have in this course of lectures endeavoured to fasten your
attention on the Florentine Revolution of 1250, because its
date is so easily memorable, and it involves the principles
o every subsequent one, so as to lay at once the founda-
tns of whatever greatness Florence afterwards achieved by
hr mercantile and civic power. But I must not close
een this slight sketch of the central history of Val d'Arno
vthout requesting you, as you find time, to associate in
yur minds, with this first revolution, the effects of two
vhich followed it, being indeed necessary parts of it, in the
later half of the century.

[1] [John ix. 5.]

*

259. Remember then that the first, in 1250, is embryonic; and the significance of it is simply the establishment of order and justice against violence and iniquity. It is equally against the power of knights and priests, so far as either are unjust,—not otherwise.

When Manfred fell at Benevento, his lieutenant, the Count Guido Novello, was in command of Florence. He was just, but weak; and endeavoured to temporize with the Guelphs. His effort ought to be notable to you, because it was one of the wisest and most far-sighted ever made in Italy; but it failed for want of resolution, as the gentlest and best men are too apt to fail. He brought from Bologna two knights of the order—then recently established—of *joyful* brethren;[1] afterwards too fatally corrupted, but at this time pure in purpose. They constituted an order of chivalry which was to maintain peace, obey the Church, and succour widows and orphans; but to be bound by no monastic vows. Of these two knights, he chose one Guelph, the other Ghibelline; and under their balanced power Guido hoped to rank the forces of the civil, manufacturing, and trading classes, divided into twelve corporations of higher and lower arts.* But the moment this beautiful arrangement was made, all parties—Guelph, Ghibelline, and popular,—turned unanimously against Count Guido Novello. The benevolent but irresolute captain indeed gathered his men into the square of the Trinity; but the people barricaded the streets issuing from it; and Guido, heartless, and unwilling for civil warfare, left the city with his Germans in good order. And so ended the incursion of the infidel Tedeschi for this time. The Florentines then dismissed the merry brothers whom the Tedeschi had set over them, and

* The seven higher arts were, Lawyers, Physicians, Bankers, Merchants of Foreign Goods, Wool Manufacturers, Silk Manufacturers, Furriers. The five lower arts were, Retail Sellers of Cloth, Butchers, Shoemakers, Masons and Carpenters, Smiths.

[1] [See Villani, book vii. ch. xiv. (vol. iii. p. 35). For another reference to the "Merry Brothers" (Cavalieri Godenti), see *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § (Vol. XXIV. p. 15).]

esought help from Orvieto and Charles of Anjou; who nt them Guy de Montfort and eight hundred French lers; the blessing of whose presence thus, at their own quest, was granted them on Easter Day, 1267.

On Candlemas, if you recollect,[1] 1248, they open their ates to the Germans; and on Easter, 1267, to the French.

260. Remember, then, this revolution, as coming be- veen the battles of Welcome and Tagliacozzo; and that expresses the lower revolutionary temper of the trades, ith English and French assistance. Its immediate result as the appointment of five hundred and sixty lawyers, oolcombers, and butchers, to deliberate upon all State uestions,—under which happy ordinances you will do well, your own reading, to leave Florence, that you may atch, for a while, darling little Pisa, all on fire for the oung Conradin. She sent ten vessels across the Gulf of enoa to fetch him; received his cavalry in her plain of arzana; and putting five thousand of her own best sailors to thirty ships, sent them to do what they could, all own the coast of Italy. Down they went; startling Gaeta ith an attack as they passed; found Charles of Anjou's rench and Sicilian fleet at Messina, fought it, beat it, and urned twenty-seven of its ships.[2]

261. Meantime, the Florentines prospered as they might ith their religious-democratic constitution,—until the death, the odour of sanctity, of Charles of Anjou, and of that ope Martin IV. whose tomb was destroyed with Urban's Perugia.[3] Martin died, as you may remember, of eating olsena eels,[4]—that being his share in the miracles of the ke; and you will do well to remember at the same time, at the price of the lake eels was three soldi a pound; d that Niccola of Pisa worked at Siena for six soldi a y, and his son Giovanni for four.

262. And as I must in this place bid farewell, for a ne, to Niccola and to his son, let me remind you of the

[1] [See above, § 98, p. 60.]
[2] [In 1268: see Sismondi, ch. xxi. (vol. iii. p. 378).]
[3] [See above, § 246, pp. 143–144.]
[4] [See *Purgatorio*, xxiv. 23, 24.]

large commission which the former received on the occasion of the battle of Tagliacozzo, and its subsequent massacres when the victor, Charles, having to his own satisfaction exterminated the seed of infidelity, resolves, both in thanksgiving, and for the sake of the souls of the slain knights for whom some hope might yet be religiously entertained to found an abbey on the battle-field. In which purpose he "sent for Niccola to Naples, and made him build on the field of Tagliacozzo, a church and abbey of the richest and caused to be buried therein the infinite number of the bodies of those who died in that battle day; ordering farther, that, by many monks, prayer should be made for their souls, night and day. In which fabric the king was so pleased with Niccola's work, that he rewarded and honoured him highly."[1]

263. Do you not begin to wonder a little more what manner of man this Nicholas was, who so obediently throws down the towers which offend the Ghibellines,[2] and so skilfully puts up the pinnacles which please the Guelphs? A passive power, seemingly, he;—plastic in the hands of any one who will employ him to build, or to throw down. Of what exists of evidence, demonstrably in these years here is the strongest brain of Italy, thus for six shillings a day doing what it is bid.

264. I take farewell of him then, for a little time ratifying to you, as far as my knowledge permits, the words of my first master in Italian art, Lord Lindsay:—

"In comparing the advent of Niccola Pisano to that of the sun at his rising, I am conscious of no exaggeration; on the contrary, it is the only simile by which I can hope to give you an adequate impression of his brilliancy and power relatively to the age in which he flourished. Those sons of Erebus, the American Indians, fresh from their traditional subterranean world, and gazing for the first time on the gradual dawning of the day in the East, could not have been more dazzled, more astounded

[1] [Vasari, vol. i. p. 67 (Bohn). The monastery, now in ruins, retains the name of "Santa Maria della Vittoria."]

[2] [See above, § 45, p. 33.]

[3] [The study of him was resumed in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 48 (below, p. 223).]

hen the sun actually appeared, than the popes and podestas, friars and eemasons, must have been in the thirteenth century, when from among ie Biduinos, Bonannos, and Antealmis of the twelfth, Niccola emerged in s glory, sovereign and supreme, a fount of light, diffusing warmth and diance over Christendom. It might be too much to parallel him in actual enius with Dante and Shakespeare; they stand alone and unapproachable, ich on his distinct pinnacle of the temple of Christian song; and yet either of them can boast such extent and durability of influence, for whatver of highest excellence has been achieved in sculpture and painting, not Italy only, but throughout Europe, has been in obedience to the impulse e primarily gave, and in following up the principle which he first struck it. . . .

"His latter days were spent in repose at Pisa, but the precise year of s death is uncertain; Vasari fixes it in 1275; it could not have been uch later. He was buried in the Campo Santo. Of his personal charter we, alas! know nothing; even Shakespeare is less a stranger to us. it that it was noble, simple, and consistent, and free from the petty ibles that too frequently beset genius, may be fairly presumed from the orks he has left behind him, and from the eloquent silence of tradition."[1]

265. Of the circumstances of Niccola Pisano's death, the ceremonials practised at it, we are thus left in norance.

The more exemplary death of Charles of Anjou took lace on the 7th of January, then, 1285; leaving the rone of Naples to a boy of twelve; and that of Sicily, a Prince of Spain. Various discord, between French, panish, and Calabrese vices, thenceforward paralyzes South aly, and Florence becomes the leading power of the uelph faction. She had been inflamed and pacified through ntinual paroxysms of civil quarrel during the decline Charles's power; but, throughout, the influence of the bles declines, by reason of their own folly and insonce; while the people, though with no small degree of lly and insolence on their own side, keep hold of their ain idea of justice. In the meantime, similar assertions law against violence, and the nobility of useful occupaon, as compared with that of idle rapine, took place in ologna, Siena, and even at Rome, where Bologna sends er senator, Branca Leone (short for Branca-di-Leone,

[1] [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, vol. ii. pp. 101, 113. Dots are inrted in this edition to distinguish the two extracts.]

Lion's Grip), whose inflexible and rightly guarded reign c terror to all evil and thievish persons, noble or other, one of the few passages of history during the Middle Age in which the real power of civic virtue may be seen exe cised without warping by party spirit, or weakness c vanity or fear.[1]

266. And at last, led by a noble, Giano della Bell the people of Florence write and establish their final cor demnation of noblesse living by rapine, those "Ordinament della Giustizia," which practically excluded all idle person from government, and determined that the priors, or leade of the State, should be priors, or leaders of its arts an productive labour; that its head "podesta" or "power should be the standard-bearer of justice; and its counc or parliament composed of charitable men, or good men "boni viri," in the sense from which the French forme their noun "bonté."

The entire governing body was thus composed, firs of the Podestas, standard-bearer of justice; then of his mil tary captain; then of his lictor, or executor; then of th twelve priors of arts and liberties—properly, deliberators o the daily occupations, interests, and pleasures of the bod politic;—and, finally, of the parliament of "kind men whose business was to determine what kindness could b shown to other states, by way of foreign policy.

267. So perfect a type of national government has onl once been reached in the history of the human race And in spite of the seeds of evil in its own impatience, an in the gradually increasing worldliness of the mercantil body; in spite of the hostility of the angry soldier, and th malignity of the sensual priest, this government gave t Europe the entire cycle of Christian art, properly so calle and every highest Master of labour, architectural, scriptura or pictorial, practised in true understanding of the fait of Christ;—Orcagna, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Leonardo, Luin

[1] [For the brief dictatorship of Branca Leone at Rome (1253–1258), see Sismond ch. xviii. (vol. iii. pp. 163–168).]

[2] [For Ruskin's reflections at an earlier date on Republican institutions Florence, see a letter of 1845 given in Vol. XII. pp. 171–172 *n.*]

s his pupil, Lippi, Luca, Angelico, Botticelli, and Michael ngelo.

268. I have named two men, in this group, whose ames are more familiar to your ears than any others, ngelico and Michael Angelo;—who yet are absent from y list of those whose works I wish you to study,[1] being oth extravagant in their enthusiasm,—the one for the obleness of the spirit, and the other for that of the flesh. name them now, because the gifts each had were exclu- vely Florentine; in whatever they have become to the ind of Europe since, they are utterly children of the Val Arno.

269. You are accustomed, too carelessly, to think of ngelico as a child of the Church, rather than of Florence. e was born in 1387,—just eleven years, that is to say, ter the revolt of Florence *against* the Church, and ten ter the endeavour of the Church to recover her power y the massacres of Faenza[2] and Cesena. A French and nglish army of pillaging riders were on the other side the Alps,—six thousand strong; the Pope sent for it; obert Cardinal of Geneva brought it into Italy. The lorentines fortified their Apennines against it; but it took inter quarters at Cesena, where the Cardinal of Geneva assacred five thousand persons in a day, and the children d sucklings were literally dashed against the stones.

270. That was the school which the Christian Church had epared for their Brother Angelico. But Fésole, secluding him in the shade of her Mount of Olives, and Florence revealing to him the true voice of his Master, in the mple of St. Mary of the Flower, taught him his lesson peace on earth, and permitted him his visions of rapture heaven. And when the massacre of Cesena was found have been in vain, and the Church was compelled to eat with the revolted cities who had united to mourn

[1] [See the list in Vol. XXII. p. 333; but with regard to Angelico, see below, 253.]

[2] [On March 29, 1376, Sir John Hawkwood, in the service of Gregory XI., ered Faenza and delivered it up to military execution and pillage.]

for her victories, Florence sent her a living saint, Catherine of Siena, for her political Ambassador.

271. Of Michael Angelo I need not tell you: of the others, we will read the lives, and think over them one by one;[1] the great fact which I have written this course of lectures to enforce upon your minds is the dependence of all the arts on the virtue of the State, and its kindly order.

The absolute mind and state of Florence, for the seventy years of her glory, from 1280 to 1350, you find quite simply and literally described in the 112th Psalm, of which I read you the descriptive verses, in the words in which they sang it, from this typically perfect manuscript of the time:—

"Gloria et divitie in domo ejus, justitia ejus manet in seculum seculi.
Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis, misericors, et miserator, et justus.
Jocundus homo, qui miseretur, et commodat: disponet sermones suos in judicio.
Dispersit, dedit pauperibus; justitia ejus manet in seculum seculi; cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria."[2]

I translate simply, praying you to note as the true one the *literal* meaning of every word:—

"Glory and riches are in his house. His justice remains for ever.
Light is risen in darkness for the straightforward people.
He is merciful in heart, merciful in deed, and just.
A jocund man; who is merciful, and lends.
He will dispose his words in judgment.
He hath dispersed. He hath given to the poor. His justice remains for ever. His horn shall be exalted in glory."

272. With vacillating, but steadily prevailing effort, the Florentines maintained this life and character for full half a century.

You will please now look at my staff of the year 1300, adding the names of Dante and Orcagna, having each their separate masterful or prophetic function.

* In my second Lecture on Engraving; *Ariad. Flor.*, § 52 [Vol. XXI. p. 333].

[1] [See the next course of lectures.]

[2] [With "Jucundus" for "Jocundus" and the addition of "et" in the first line, these are verses 3, 4, 5, and 9 of the Psalm in the Vulgate. Verse 9 is quoted in *Munera Pulveris*, § 160 (Vol. XVII. p. 283).]

That is Florence's contribution to the intellectual work f the world during these years of justice. Now, the romise of Christianity is given with the lesson from the eur-de-lys: Seek ye first the royalty of God, and His ıstice, "and all these things," material wealth, "shall be ldded unto you."[1] It is a perfectly clear, perfectly literal, -never failing and never unfulfilled promise. There is no ıstance in the whole cycle of history of its not being ccomplished,—fulfilled to the uttermost, with full measure, ressed down, and running over.[2]

273. Now hear what Florence was, and what wealth ıe had got by her justice. In the year 1330, before she ll, she had within her walls a hundred and fifty thousand habitants, of whom all the men—(laity)—between the ges of fifteen and seventy, were ready at an instant to go ıt to war, under their banners, in number twenty-four ıousand. The army of her entire territory was eighty ıousand; and within it she counted fifteen hundred noble milies, every one absolutely submissive to her gonfalier ' justice. She had within her walls a hundred and ten ıurches, seven priories, and thirty hospitals for the sick ıd poor; of foreign guests, on the average, fifteen hundred, nstantly. From eight to ten thousand children were ught to read in her schools. The town was surrounded ' some fifty square miles of uninterrupted garden, of olive, rn, vine, lily, and rose.[3]

And the monetary existence of England and France pended upon her wealth. Two of her bankers alone ıd lent Edward III. of England five millions of money ı sterling value of this present hour).[4]

274. On the 10th of March, 1337, she was first accused, ith truth, of selfish breach of treaties.[5] On the 10th of

[1] [Matthew vi. 33.]
[2] [Luke vi. 38.]
[3] [See Villani, book xi. chaps. xc.–xciii. (vol. vii. pp. 194 *seq.*).]
[4] [See Villani, book xi. ch. lxxxvii. (vol. vii. p. 186), and Sismondi, ch. xxxiii. ol. v. p. 261).]
[5] [When she bought the lordship of Arezzo. "Cette conquête coûta à la répub- ue plus que des trésors; elle compromit sa bonne-foi; pour la première fois on ccusa d'avoir mal observé ses traités": Sismondi, ch. xxxiii. (vol. v. p. 251).]

April, all her merchants in France were imprisoned b Philip of Valois; and presently afterwards Edward of Eng land failed, quite in your modern style, for his five millions These money losses would have been nothing to her; bu on the 7th of August, the captain of her army, Pietro de Rossi of Parma, the unquestioned best knight in Italy received a chance spear-stroke before Monsélice, and die next day.[1] He was the Bayard of Italy; and greater tha Bayard,[2] because living in a nobler time. He never ha failed in any military enterprise, nor ever stained succes with cruelty or shame. Even the German troops unde him loved him without bounds. To his companions he gav gifts with such largesse, that his horse and armour were a that at any time he called his own. Beautiful and pur as Sir Galahad, all that was brightest in womanhood watche and honoured him.

And thus, 8th August, 1337, he went to his own place —To-day I trace the fall of Florence no more.

I will review the points I wish you to remember; an briefly meet, so far as I can, the questions which I thin should occur to you.

275. (I.) I have named Edward III. as our heroic typ of Franchise.[3] And yet I have but a minute ago spoken of him as "failing" in quite your modern manner. I mu correct my expression:—he had no intent of failing whe he borrowed; and did not spend his money on himsel Nevertheless, I gave him as an example of frankness; bu by no means of honesty. He is simply the boldest an royalest of Free Riders; the campaign of Crecy is, throughout, a mere pillaging foray. And the first point I wish yo to notice is the difference in the pecuniary results of livin by robbery, like Edward III., or by agriculture and ju commerce, like the town of Florence. That Florence ca lend five millions to the King of England, and lose the

[1] [See Sismondi, ch. xxxiii. (vol. v. p. 256).]
[2] [Compare, for Bayard, *Queen of the Air*, § 46 (Vol. XIX. p. 348).]
[3] [See above, §§ 195, 198, pp. 115, 117; and compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letters and 25.]

ith little care, is the result of her olive gardens and r honesty. Now hear the financial phenomena attending ilitary exploits, and a life of pillage.

276. I give you them in this precise year, 1338, in which te King of England failed to the Florentines:—

"He obtained from the prelates, barons, and knights of the shires, one f of their wool for this year—a very valuable and extraordinary grant. e seized all the tin" (above ground, you mean, Mr. Henry!) "in Cornwall d Devonshire, took possession of the lands of all priories alien, and of e money, jewels, and valuable effects of the Lombard merchants. He manded certain quantities of bread, corn, oats and bacon, from each nty; borrowed their silver plate from many abbeys, as well as great s of money both abroad and at home; and pawned his crown for fifty usand florins." *

He pawns his queen's jewels next year; and finally mmons all the gentlemen of England who had forty unds a year, to come and receive the honour of knighthood, or pay to be excused!

277. (II.) The failures of Edward, or of twenty Edwards, uld have done Florence no harm, had she remained true herself, and to her neighbouring states. Her merchants ly fall by their own increasing avarice; and above all by e mercantile form of pillage, usury.[1] The idea that money uld beget money,[2] though more absurd than alchemy, had an apparently practical and irresistibly tempting confirmation in the wealth of villains, and the success of fools. Alchemy, in its day, led to pure chemistry; and calmly ylded to the science it had fostered. But all wholesome dignation against usurers was prevented, in the Christian nd, by wicked and cruel religious hatred of the race of Christ. In the end, Shakespeare himself, in his fierce effort ainst the madness, suffered himself to miss his mark by king his usurer a Jew: the Franciscan institution of the

* Henry's *History of England*, book iv., chap. i.[3]

[For references to this subject, see Vol. XVI. p. 169 *n.*, and Vol. XVII. p. 20.]

[Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82 (footnote).]

[*The History of Great Britain*, by Robert Henry, D.D., Edinburgh, 1781, vol. iv. p. 58.]

Mount of Pity[1] failed before the lust of Lombardy and th logic of Augsburg;[2] and, to this day, the worship of th Immaculate Virginity of Money, mother of the Omnipo tence of Money, is the Protestant form of Madonna worshi

278. (III.) The usurer's fang, and the debtor's shame might both have been trodden down under the feet of Italy had her knights and her workmen remained true to eac other. But the brotherhoods of Italy were not of Cain t Abel—but of Cain to Cain. Every man's sword was agains his fellow.[3] Pisa sank before Genoa at Meloria,[4] the Italia Ægos-Potamos;[5] Genoa before Venice in the war of Chiozza the Italian siege of Syracuse. Florence sent her Brune leschi to divert the waves of Serchio against the walls o Lucca;[7] Lucca her Castruccio, to hold mock tournament before the gates of vanquished Florence.[8] The weak moder

[1] [See *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 203, 204 (Vol. XXII. pp. 438–440), and *Fo Clavigera*, Letter 22.]

[2] [For the reference here see Vol. XXII. p. 438.]

[3] [See Judges vii. 22.]

[4] [In 1284, when Ugolino della Gherardesca betrayed his city to Genoa: s above, p. 136.]

[5] [In some notes on Xenophon among Ruskin's MSS. is the following passa on the alliance between Sparta and Persia, which led to the destruction of t Athenian fleet at Ægos-Potamos (B.C. 405), the downfall of Athens, the expediti of the Ten Thousand, and later events:—

> "It is not yet my time to enter into any examination of the even of his life—they are part of the greatest and the most fantastic traged according to my knowledge, ever played on the variegated stage of th our earth and its seas—for—again and always speaking within the limi of my knowledge—has any hour ever been so fatal in its affliction to t whole race of mankind through the delirium of its kings as that whi passed under the thunder-cloud and stormy wind of Ægos-Potamos? Wh Gods of Hades set the heart of Greek against Greek and of Athenia against Sicilian, during that worst of civil wars which then between Euro and Asia consummated the ruins of the religions and arts of the old worl we must serve our own Gods better before we rightly discern. Th Athenian soldier, at least, was chastised by sorrow into redemption fro insanity; from his youth patient to endure misfortune, and in ear manhood calm in conduct of a retreat more honourable than a hundr victories."]

[6] [See *Stones of Venice*, Vol. IX. p. 21 *n.*]

[7] ["In the years 1429–1430, when the war of the Florentines against Lucca w at its height, Brunellesco, having been sent thither by the republic, . . . conceiv the thought of turning the city of Lucca into an island, by digging ground ar enclosing it within trenches, when, a part of the river Serchio being turned f that purpose, the city might be laid under water" (Note in Vasari's Life, vol. p. 461, Bohn's edition.]

[8] [In 1325. See Sismondi, ch. xxx. (vol. v. p. 113).]

lian reviles or bewails the acts of foreign races, as if his destiny had depended upon these; let him at least assume the pride, and bear the grief, of remembering that, among the virgin cities of his country, there has not been one which would not ally herself with a stranger, to effect a sister's ruin.

279. Lastly. The impartiality with which I have stated the acts, so far as known to me, and impulses, so far as discernible by me, of the contending Church and Empire, cannot but give offence, or provoke suspicion, in the minds of those among you who are accustomed to hear the cause of Religion supported by eager disciples, or attacked by confessed enemies. My confession of hostility would be open, if I were an enemy indeed; but I have never possessed the knowledge, and have long ago been cured of the pride, which makes men fervent in witness for the Church's virtue, or insolent in declamation against her errors. The will of Heaven, which grants the grace and ordains the diversities of Religion, needs no defence, and sustains no defeat, by the humours of men; and our first business in relation to it is to silence our wishes, and to calm our fears. If, in such modest and disciplined temper, you arrange your increasing knowledge of the history of mankind, you will have no final difficulty in distinguishing the operation of the Master's law from the consequences of the disobedience to it which He permits; nor will you respect the law less, because, accepting only the obedience of love, it neither hastily punishes, nor pompously rewards, with what men think reward or chastisement. Not always under the feet of Korah the earth is rent; not always at the call of Elijah the clouds gather; but the guarding mountains for ever stand round about Jerusalem, and the rain, miraculous evermore, makes green the fields for the evil and the good.[1]

280. And if you will fix your minds only on the

[Numbers xvi. 1–33; 1 Kings xviii. 45; Psalms cxxv. 2; Matthew v. 45.]

conditions of human life which the Giver of it deman
"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and wh
doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and
love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"[1] you w
find that such obedience is always acknowledged by tempo
blessing. If, turning from the manifest miseries of cr
ambition, and manifest wanderings of insolent belief, y
summon to your thoughts rather the state of unrecord
multitudes, who laboured in silence, and adored in hu-
lity, widely as the snows of Christendom brought mem
of the Birth of Christ, or her spring sunshine, of I
Resurrection, you may know that the promise of the Be-
lehem angels has been literally fulfilled; and will pray th
your English fields, joyfully as the banks of Arno, may s
dedicate their pure lilies to St. Mary of the Flower.

[1] [Micah vi. 8.]

APPENDIX

(NOTES ON THE PLATES ILLUSTRATING THIS VOLUME[1])

281. In the delivery of the preceding Lectures, some account was given of the theologic design of the sculptures by Giovanni Pisano at Orvieto,[2] which I intended to have printed separately, and in more complete form, in this Appendix. But my strength does not now admit of my fulfilling the half of my intentions, and I find myself, at present, tired, and so dead in feeling, that I have no quickness in interpretation, or skill in description of emotional work. I must content myself, therefore, for the time, with a short statement of the points which I wish the reader to observe in the Plates, and which were left unnoticed in the text.

282. Plate I. is the best copy I can get, in permanent materials, of a photograph of the course of the Arno, through Pisa, before the old banks were destroyed. Two arches of the Ponte-a-Mare, which was carried away in the inundation of 1870, are seen in the distance; the church of La Spina, in its original position overhanging the river; and the buttressed and rugged walls of the mediæval shore. Never more, any of these, to be seen in reality, by living eyes.[3]

[For the rearrangement of the original plates in this edition see Bibliographical Note, p. 5; and for new ones now inserted, see Introduction, p. lxii.]

[See above, § 180, p. 109, where Ruskin refers to photographs of the sculptures; in delivering the lectures, he gave descriptions of them. An account of the subjects may be seen in J. L. Bevir's *Visitor's Guide to Orvieto* (1884).]

[The church of S. Maria della Spina, having been damaged by flood and fire in 1871, was rebuilt and its level raised. See Vol. IV. p. 39; *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 18 and 20; and *Guide to the Academy at Venice*.]

283. PLATE II.—A small portion of a photograph o Niccola Pisano's Adoration of the Magi, on the pulpit o the Pisan Baptistery. The intensely Greek character of th heads, and the severely impetuous chiselling (learned fro Late Roman rapid work), which drives the lines of th drapery nearly straight, may be seen better in a fra ment of this limited measure than in the crowded massi of the entire subject. But it may be observed also th there is both a thoughtfulness and a tenderness in th features, whether of the Virgin or the attendant ange which already indicate an aim beyond that of Greek art.

PLATE VI.—The Pulpit of the Baptistery (of which th preceding plate [II.] represents a portion). I have on given this general view for convenience of reference. Bea tiful photographs of the subject on a large scale are easi attainable.[1]

284. PLATE VIII.—The Fountain of Perugia. Execute from a sketch by Mr. Arthur Severn. The perspective o the steps is not quite true; we both tried to get it righ but found that it would be a day or two's work, to litt purpose,—and so let them go at hazard. The inlaid patte behind is part of the older wall of the cathedral; the la door is of course inserted.

PLATE IX., LETTER E.—From Norman Bible in t British Museum;[2] showing the moral temper which regulat common ornamentation in the twelfth century.

285. PLATE X.—Door of the Baptistery at Pisa. T reader must note that, although these plates are nec sarily, in fineness of detail, inferior to the photographs fro which they are taken, they have the inestimable advanta of permanence, and will not fade away into spectres wh the book is old.[3] I am greatly puzzled by the richness the current ornamentation on the main pillars, as oppos

[1] [One is in the Reference Series at Oxford, No. 72 (Vol. XXI. p. 32).]

[2] [This is a mistake. The letter does not occur in any of the illuminated M in the Museum. Probably it was copied from one in Ruskin's library.]

[3] [In this edition, while permanence is retained, the scale is somewhat creased.]

o the general severity of design. I never can understand ıow the men who indulged in this flowing luxury of foliage vere so stern in their masonry and figure-draperies.

Plate XI. (upper subject).—Part of the lintel of the loor represented on Plate V., enlarged. I intended, in the Lecture on Marble Couchant, to have insisted, at some ength, on the decoration of the lintel and side-posts, as one f the most important phases of mystic ecclesiastical sculpure. But I find the materials furnished by Lucca, Pisa, nd Florence, for such an essay, are far too rich to be xamined cursorily; the treatment even of this single lintel ould scarcely be enough explained in the close of the Lecture. I must dwell on some points of it now.

286. Look back to § 175 in *Aratra Pentelici*,[1] giving tatement of the four kinds of relief in sculpture. The ppermost of these plinths is of the kind I have called round relief"; you might strike it out on a coin. The ower is "foliate relief"; it looks almost as if the figures ad been cut out of one layer of marble, and laid against nother behind it.

The uppermost, at the distance of my diagram, or in ature itself, would scarcely be distinguished at a careless lance from an egg-and-arrow moulding. You could not ave a more simple or forcible illustration of my statenent (§§ 20, 21) in the first chapter of *Aratra*,[2] that the ssential business of sculpture is to produce a series of greeable bosses or rounded surfaces; to which, if possible, ome meaning may afterwards be attached. In the present nstance, every egg becomes an angel, or evangelist, and very arrow a lily, or a wing.* The whole is in the most xquisitely finished Byzantine style.

287. I am not sure of being right in my interpretation

* In the contemporary south door of the Duomo of Genoa, the Greek noulding is used without any such transformation.

[1] [Vol. XX. p. 323.]
[2] [Vol. XX. p. 214.]

of the meaning of these figures; but I think there can be little question about it. There are eleven altogether; the three central, Christ with His mother and St. Joseph; then, two evangelists, with two alternate angels, on each side. Each of these angels carries a rod with a fleur-de-lys termination; their wings decorate the intermediate ridges (formed, in a pure Greek moulding, by the arrows); and, behind the heads of all the figures, there is now a circular recess; once filled, I doubt not, by a plate of gold. The Christ, and the Evangelists, all carry books, of which each has a mosaic, or intaglio ornament, in the shape of a cross. I could not show you a more severe or perfectly representative piece of *architectural* sculpture.

The heads of the eleven figures are as simply decorative as the ball flowers are in our English Gothic tracery; the slight irregularity produced by different gesture and character giving precisely the sort of change which a good designer wishes to see in the parts of a consecutive ornament.

288. The moulding closes at each extremity with a palm-tree, correspondent in execution with those on coins of Syracuse; for the rest, the interest of it consists only in these slight variations of attitude by which the figures express wonder or concern at some event going on in their presence. They are looking down; and, I do not doubt, are intended to be the heavenly witnesses of the story engraved on the stone below,—The Life and Death of the Baptist.

The lower stone on which this is related, is a model of skill in Fiction, properly so called. In Fictile art, in Fictile history, it is equally exemplary. "Feigning" or "affecting" in the most exquisite way by fastening intensely on the principal points.

Ask yourselves what are the principal points to be insisted on, in the story of the Baptist.

He came, "preaching the Baptism of Repentance for the remission of sins." That is his Advice, or Order-preaching.

And he came, "to bear witness of the Light." "Behold

e Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the rld."[1] That is his declaration, or revelation-preaching.

289. And the end of his own life is in the practice of s preaching—if you will think of it—under curious diffi-lties in both kinds. Difficulties in putting away sin—ficulties in obtaining sight. The first half of the stone gins with the Apocalyptic preaching. Christ, represented in youth, is set under two trees, in the wilderness. John is scarcely at first seen; he is only the guide, rcely the teacher, of the crowd of peoples, nations, and guages, whom he leads, pointing them to the Christ. ithout doubt, all these figures have separate meaning. m too ignorant to interpret it; but observe generally, y are the thoughtful and wise of the earth, not its fians or rogues. This is not, by any means, a general nesty to blackguards, and an apocalypse to brutes, which John is preaching. These are quite the best people he find to call, or advise. You see many of them carry s of paper in their hands, as he does himself. In com-ison with the books of the upper cornice, these have cial meaning, as throughout Byzantine design.

'Adverte quod patriarchæ et prophetæ pinguntur cum rotulis in manibus quidam vero apostoli cum libris, et quidam cum rotulis. Nempe quia per Christi adventum fides figurative ostendebatur, et quoad multa, in se implicita erat. Ad quod ostendendum patriarchæ et prophetæ pinguntur cum rotulis, per quos quasi quædam imperfecta cognitio designatur; quia vero apostoli a Christo perfecte edocti sunt, ideo libris, per quos designatur perfecta cognitio, uti possunt."

WILLIAM DURANDUS,[2] quoted by Didron, p. 305.

290. PLATE XI. (lower subject).—Next to this subject the preaching comes the Baptism; and then, the circumstances of St. John's death. First, his declaration to Herod, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife:"[3] on which he is seized and carried to prison:—next, Herod's feast,

[Mark i. 4; John i. 8, 29.]
[Prelate and jurist (1237–1296), author of *Speculum Judiciale* and *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum.*]
[Mark vi. 18, 24.]

—the consultation between daughter and mother, "What shall I ask?"—the martyrdom, and burial by the disciples. The notable point in the treatment of all these subjects is the quiet and mystic Byzantine dwelling on thought rather than action. In a northern sculpture of this subject, the daughter of Herodias would have been assuredly dancing;[1] and most probably, casting a somersault. With the Byzantine, the debate in her mind is the only subject of interest, and he carves above, the evil angels, laying their hands on the heads, first of Herod and Herodias, and then of Herodias and her daughter.[2]

291. PLATE XII. (upper subject).—The issuing of commandment not to eat of the tree of knowledge.[3] (Orvieto Cathedral.)

This, with Plates XIII. and XIV. (upper subject), will give a sufficiently clear conception to any reader who has a knowledge of sculpture, of the principles of Giovanni Pisano's design. I have thought it well worth while to publish with two of them[4] facsimiles of the engravings which profess to represent them in Grüner's monograph* of the Orvieto sculptures; for these outlines will, once for all, and better than any words, show my pupils what is the real virtue of mediæval work,—the power which we mediævalists rejoice in it for. Precisely the qualities which are *not* in the modern drawings, are the essential virtues of the early sculpture. If you like the Grüner outlines best, you need not trouble yourself to go to Orvieto, or anywhere else in Italy. Sculpture, such as those outlines represent, can be supplied to you by the acre, to order, in any modern

* The drawings are by some Italian draughtsman, whose name it is no business of mine to notice.[5]

[1] [In a mosaic of St. Mark's, also, she is dancing: see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 94.]
[2] [On this laying of the hands, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 24 (below, p. 319).]
[3] [Genesis ii. 17.]
[4] [The lower subjects on Plates XII. and XIV.]
[5] [*Die Basreliefs an der Vorderseite des Doms zu Orvieto, mit erläuterndem Texte von Emil Braun. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Grüner. I. Basso-rilievi al Duomo d'Orvieto incisi sui disegni di Vincenzo Pontani da D. Ascani, B. Bartoccini e L. Grüner:* Leipzig, 1858. Ruskin presented his copy of the book to Whitelands College, Chelsea.]

Academician's *atelier*. But if you like the strange, rude, quaint Gothic realities (for these photographs are, up to a certain point, a vision of the reality) best; then, don't study mediæval art under the direction of modern illustrators. Look at it—for however short a time, where you can find it—veritable and untouched, however moulded or shattered. And abhor, as you would the mimicry of your best friend's manners by a fool, all restorations and improving copies. For remember, none but fools think they can restore[1]—none but worse fools, that they can improve.

292. Examine these outlines, then, with extreme care, and point by point. The things which they have refused or lost, are the things you have to love, in Giovanni Pisano.

I will merely begin the task of examination, to show you how to set about it. Take the head of the commanding Christ. Although inclined forward from the shoulders in the advancing motion of the whole body, the head itself is not stooped; but held entirely upright, the line of forehead sloping backwards. The command is given in calm authority; not in mean anxiety. But this was not expressive enough for the copyist,—"How much better *I* can show what is meant!" thinks he. So he puts the line of forehead and nose upright; projects the brow out of its straight line; and the expression then becomes,—"Now, be very careful, and mind what I say." Perhaps you like his "improved" action better? Be it so; only, it is not Giovanni Pisano's design; but the modern Italian's.

293. Next, take the head of Eve. It is much missed in the photograph—nearly all the finest lines lost—but enough is got to show Giovanni's mind.

It appears, he liked long-headed people, with sharp chins and straight noses. It might be very wrong of him; but that was his taste. So much so, indeed, that Adam and Eve have, both of them, heads not much shorter than one-sixth of their entire height.

Your modern Academy pupil, of course, cannot tolerate

[1] [Compare *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 242, and Vol. XIX. p. 463.]

this monstrosity. He indulgently corrects Giovanni, and Adam and Eve have entirely orthodox one-eighth heads by rule of schools.

But how of Eve's sharp-cut nose and pointed chin, thin lips, and look of quiet but rather surprised attention—not specially reverent, but looking keenly out from under her eyelids, like a careful servant receiving an order?

Well—those are all Giovanni's own notions;—not the least classical, nor scientific, nor even like a pretty, sentimental modern woman. Like a Florentine woman—in Giovanni's time—it may be; at all events, very certainly what Giovanni thought proper to carve.

Now examine your modern edition. An entirely proper Greco-Roman academy plaster bust, with a proper nose and proper mouth, and a round chin, and an expression of the most solemn reverence; always, of course, of a classical description. Very fine, perhaps. But not Giovanni.

294. After Eve's head, let us look at her feet. Giovanni has his own positive notions about those also. Thin and bony, to excess, the right, undercut all along, so that the profile looks as thin as the mere elongated line on an Etruscan vase; and the right showing the five toes all well separate, nearly straight, and the larger ones almost as long as fingers! the shin-bone above carried up in as severe and sharp a curve as the edge of a sword.

Now examine the modern copy. Beautiful little fleshy Venus-de'-Medici feet and toes—no undercutting to the right foot,—the left having the great-toe properly laid over the second, according to the ordinances of schools and shoes and a well-developed Academic and operatic calf and leg. Again charming, of course. But only according to Mr Gibson or Mr. Powers[1]—not according to Giovanni.

Farther, and finally, note the delight with which Giovanni has dwelt, though without exaggeration, on the muscle

[1] [John Gibson, R.A. (1790–1866), sculptor of the "Tinted Venus"; Hiram Powers (1805–1873), American sculptor, resident at Florence. His first work in marble was a figure of "Eve" (1838), which won the praise of Thorwaldsen.]

the breast and ribs in the Adam; while he has subdued l away into virginal severity in Eve. And then note, and ith conclusive admiration, how in the exact and only place here the poor modern fool's anatomical knowledge should ve been shown, the wretch loses his hold of it! How he s entirely missed and effaced the grand Greek pectoral uscles of Giovanni's Adam, but has studiously added what ean fleshliness he could to the Eve; and marked with ack spots the nipple and navel, where Giovanni left only e severe marble in pure light.

295. These instances are enough to enable you to detect e insolent changes in the design of Giovanni made by the odern Academy-student in so far as they relate to form solute. I must farther, for a few moments, request ur attention to the alterations made in the light and ade.

You may perhaps remember some of the passages. They cur frequently, both in my inaugural lectures, and in *ratra Pentelici*, in which I have pointed out the essen- l connection between the schools of sculpture and those chiaroscuro. I have always spoken of the Greek, or sentially sculpture-loving schools, as chiaroscurist; always the Gothic, or colour-loving schools, as non-chiaroscurist. nd in one place (I have not my books here, and cannot fer to it) I have even defined sculpture as light-and-shade *awing* with the chisel.[1] Therefore, the next point you ve to look to, after the absolute characters of form, is the ode in which the sculptor has placed his shadows, both express these, and to force the eye to the points of s composition which he wants looked at. You cannot ssibly see a more instructive piece of work, in these spects, than Giovanni's design of the Nativity, Plate XIV. far as I yet know Christian art, this is the central type the treatment of the subject; it has all the intensity and ssion of the earliest schools, together with a grace of repose

[1] [*Lectures on Art*, § 165, and *Aratra Pentelici*, § 178 (Vol. XX. pp. 160, 6).]

which even in Ghiberti's beautiful Nativity,[1] founded upon it, has scarcely been increased, but rather lost in languor. The motive of the design is the frequent one among all the early masters; the Madonna lifts the covering from the cradle to show the Child to one of the servants, who starts forward adoring. All the light and shade is disposed to fix the eye on these main actions. First, one intense deeply-cut mass of shadow, under the pointed arch, to throw out the head and lifted hand of the Virgin. A vulgar sculptor would have cut all black behind the head. Giovanni begins with full shadow; then subdues it with drapery absolutely quiet in fall; then lays his fullest possible light on the head, the hand, and the edge of the lifted veil.

He has undercut his Madonna's profile, being his main aim, too delicately for time to spare; happily the deep-cut brow is left, and the exquisitely refined line above, of the veil and hair. The rest of the work is uninjured, and the sharpest edges of light are still secure. You may note how the passionate action of the servant is given by the deep shadows under and above her arm, relieving its curves in all their length, and by the recess of shade under the cheek and chin, which lifts the face.

Now take your modern student's copy, and look how *he* has placed his lights and shades. You see, they go as nearly as possible exactly where Giovanni's *don't*. First, pure white under his Gothic arch, where Giovanni has put his fullest dark. Secondly, just where Giovanni has used his whole art of chiselling, to soften his stone away, and show the wreaths of the Madonna's hair lifting her veil behind, the accursed modern blockhead carves his shadow straight down, because he thinks that will be more in the style of Michael Angelo. Then he takes the shadows away from behind the profile, and from under the chin, and from under the arm, and puts in two grand square blocks of

[1] [The second subject on the northern gates of the Baptistery at Florence.]

Allen & Co. Sc

The Nativity

Giovanni Pisano and Modern Italian

dark at the ends of the cradle, that you may be safe to look at that, instead of the Child. Next, he takes it all away from under the servant's arms, and lays it all behind above the calf of her leg. Then, not having wit enough to notice Giovanni's undulating surface beneath the drapery of the bed on the left, he limits it with a hard parallel-sided bar of shade, and insists on the vertical fold under the Madonna's arm, which Giovanni has purposely cut flat, that it may not interfere with the arm above; finally, the modern animal has missed the only pieces of womanly form which Giovanni admitted, the rounded right arm and softly revealed breast; and absolutely removed, as if it were no part of the composition, the horizontal incision at the base of all—out of which the first folds of the drapery rise.

296. I cannot give you any better example, than this modern Academy-work, of the total ignorance of the very first meaning of the word "Sculpture" into which the popular schools of existing art are plunged. I will not insist, now, on the uselessness, or worse, of their endeavours to represent the older art, and of the necessary futility of their judgment of it. The conclusions to which I wish to lead you on these points will be the subject of future lectures, being of too great importance for examination here. But you cannot spend your time in more profitable study than by examining and comparing, touch for touch, the treatment of light and shadow in the figures of the Christ and sequent angels, in Plate XII., as we have partly examined those of the subject before us; and in this assuring yourself of the uselessness of trusting to any ordinary modern copyists, for anything more than the rudest chart or map—and even that inaccurately surveyed —of ancient design.

Plate XIII. given in this volume contains the two lovely subjects of the Annunciation and Visitation, which, being higher from the ground, are better preserved than the groups represented in the other plates. They will be

found to justify, in subtlety of chiselling, the title I gav to Giovanni, of the Canova of the thirteenth century.*

I am obliged to leave without notice, at present, th branch of ivy, given in illustration of the term "marbl rampant," at the base of Plate XII. The foliage c Orvieto can only be rightly described in connection wit the great scheme of leaf-ornamentation which ascende from the ivy of the Homeric period in the sculpture of Cyprus, to the roses of Botticelli, and laurels of Belli and Titian.[1]

* *Ante*, § 179 [p. 108].

[1] [A subject which seems to have been treated in an extempore passage in h next course of lectures: see below, p. 270.]

[CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE
OF EVENTS REFERRED TO IN "VAL D'ARNO"

This is the chronological table referred to in the Introduction (above, p. lvii.). It gives in their order all the historical events noticed in "Val d'Arno," and adds a few others which are noticed elsewhere.

A.D.

1206. Birth of Niccola Pisano.

1215. Assassination of Buondelmonte on the Ponte Vecchio; division of Florentines into Guelphs and Ghibellines (§ 97).

1241. The Pope Gregory IX. summons a General Council. The Pisans, in alliance with the Emperor Frederick II., defeat the Genoese at Meloria, and capture some of the Bishops (§§ 60, 91).

1244. The Pope Innocent IV. leaves Rome and escapes to Lyons, where he summons a General Council which deposes Frederick II. (§ 58).

1248. (Candlemas.) Frederick of Antioch (son of Frederick II.) and the Uberti (Ghibellines) expel the Guelphs from Florence (§ 98); Florence opens her gates to the Germans (§ 259). Niccola Pisano is employed to destroy the Guelphic towers (§§ 45, 98, 100, 101, 133, 263).

1248–1249. St. Louis, with his crusading army, at Cyprus, is succoured by the Venetians, to whom Frederick II. gave a safe-conduct (§ 92).

1250. (October 20.) First Trades Revolt in Florence (§§ 91, 232, 259). The Podesta deposed; Uberti of Lucca appointed "Captain of the People" (§§ 1, 102, 232); his flag half white, half red (§ 1). The towers in Florence cut down in height (§§ 107, 133).

1250. (December 13.) Death of Frederick II., under whom the Ghibellines had enjoyed a period of supremacy (§§ 2, 92, 109).

1251. (January.) Ghibellines expelled; Guelphic supremacy established (§§ 109, 110, 217); Guelphs change their arms from white lily on red field to red lily on white field (§§ 109–111, 114).

1252. Florentine Guelphs defeat the Pisans at Pontadera and the Sienese at Montalcino (§ 116).

1252. The golden florin first coined. This soon became a general standard of value, thus marking the leading position taken by Florence in commerce (§§ 117, 118).

1253–1258. Rule of Brancaleone, of Bologna, at Rome (§ 265).

1254, 1254. Wars of Florence against neighbouring towns—Pistoja, Siena, Volterra, Pisa—waged in good faith (§ 121), to extend "artisan government" (§ 122)—as illustrated in §§ 126 *seq.*—culminate in this "Year of Victories" (§ 121: compare p. 192).

1254. At the Emperor Manfred's instigation the Pisans break their treaty with Florence, by whom they are defeated on the Serchio (§ 123); a victory commemorated on the florins (§§ 123, 124, 138).

1254. Poggibonsi, a Ghibelline stronghold, destroyed by Florence (§ 131).

1258. (July.) The Uberti beheaded; Ghibellines expelled, and their palaces thrown down (§§ 131, 133).

1260. (September 4.) Battle on the Arbia, near Montaperti; Guelphs defeated; Ghibellines propose to raze Florence to the ground—a plan successfully opposed by Farinata degli Uberti (§§ 130, 133, 232).

1261. Urban IV. (Simon of Tours) elected Pope (§ 181).

1264. Miracle of Bolsena, and founding of the Cathedral of Orvieto; Giovanni Pisano employed (§§ 176, 184).

1264. Death of Pope Urban IV. at Perugia. Giovanni Pisano makes his tomb and the fountain of Perugia (§§ 40, 43).

A.D.
1265. Election of Pope Clement IV. (§ 185).
1265. (May.) Birth of Dante at Florence.
1266. Battle of Benevento; Manfred (son of Frederick II.), in alliance with Pisa a Sicily, defeated by Charles of Anjou, in alliance with the Pope (§§ 185, 189, 23 244); extinction of the Saracen power in Italy (§ 245).
1266, 1267. After the battle of Benevento the Guelphs regain power. The Florentir rise against Manfred's lieutenant, Count Guido Novello; Guy de Montfort ent at their invitation (§ 259). This is the "central trades revolt" of Floren (§ 232); Charles of Anjou was elected Signor, sharing power with the lead of the Trade Guilds (§ 260).
1268. The Pisans, in support of Conradin, burn some of the ships of Charles off Messi (§ 260).
1268. (August 23.) Battle of Tagliacozzo; Conradin (last of the House of Hohenstaufe and the Ghibellines defeated by Charles of Anjou (§§ 232, 262). Niccola Pisa commissioned by Charles to build a memorial abbey (§ 262).
1271. Charles of Anjou summons the Papal Court to Viterbo; Tebaldo Visconti (G gory X.) elected Pope (see Vol. XXIV. p. 136).
1278. Death of Niccola Pisano.
1280–1350. The golden years of Florence (§§ 271–273); for the artists of the period, s the table in Vol. XXII. p. 333.
1282. (Easter Monday.) The Sicilian Vespers (§ 246); the fleet of Charles of Anjou bu by Roger de Loria, Admiral of the King of Aragon (§ 246).
1282. The Guilds assume the supreme power, entrusting the government to a *Signor* formed of their Presidents or *Priori*.
1284. Battle of Meloria; defeat of Pisa by Genoa (§ 278).
1285. (January 7.) Death of Charles of Anjou (§§ 246, 265).
1285. Death of Pope Martin IV. at Perugia (§ 261).
1288–1289. Imprisonment and starvation of Count Ugolino della Gherardesca at Pisa (§ 2
1293. The "Ordinamenti della Giustizia"—a code of regulations due to Giano della Be (§ 266) for keeping the nobles in check; administered by a Gonfalionere de Giustizia, supported by a civic militia; the banner, a red cross upon a wh ground.
1300. Arnolfo made a citizen of Florence (*Ariadne Florentina*, § 62).
1302. Death of Cimabue.
1310. Death of Arnolfo (*Ariadne Florentina*, § 62).
1320. Death of Giovanni Pisano.
1325. Duke Charles of Calabria installed in Florence (*Mornings in Florence*, § 157).
1330. Wealth of Florence (§ 273).
1334. Giotto appointed architect of the Cathedral; the Campanile begun.
1336. Death of Giotto.
1337. (March 10.) Florence first accused of breach of treaties (§ 274).
1337. (April 10.) Her merchants in France imprisoned by Philip of Valois (§ 274).
1337. (August 7.) Her captain, Pietro de' Rossi, killed at Monselice (§ 274).
1338. Edward III. of England borrows five millions sterling from Florentine banke causes of the decline of Florence (§§ 273, 277, 278).
1345. Death of Andrea Pisano.
1375. Dispute between Florence and Rome on "a question of free trade in corn Sir John Hawkwood sent by the Papal legate to devastate Florentine te tory; revolt against Rome of the cities of Etruria, under the lead of Flore (§§ 186–189).
1375. Tomb of Pope Urban in Perugia destroyed (§§ 43, 189).
1376. Mission of St. Catherine of Siena to Avignon to secure the return of the Pa Court to Rome (§ 270).
1376, 1377. Massacres by the Pope Gregory XI. at Faenza and Cesena (§ 269).
1387. Birth of Fra Angelico (§ 269).]

II

THE ÆSTHETIC AND MATHEMATIC SCHOOLS OF ART IN FLORENCE

(LECTURES DELIVERED 1874)

THE ÆSTHETIC AND MATHEMATIC SCHOOLS OF ART IN FLORENCE

LECTURES GIVEN BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD IN MICHAELMAS TERM, 1874

By JOHN RUSKIN

GEORGE ALLEN
LONDON AND ORPINGTON
1906

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This course of lectures was delivered at Oxford in 1874, on November 10, 13, 17, 20, 24, 27, and December 1 and 4. It was announced in the *University Gazette* of October 16, 1874, when the synopsis (p. 183) was also given.

The lectures have not hitherto been published.]

SYNOPSIS

A. Æsthetic Schools of 1300:—

	PAGE
LECTURE I. ARNOLFO	185
„ II. CIMABUE	197
„ III. GIOTTO[1]	210

B. Mathematic Schools of 1400:—

LECTURE IV. BRUNELLESCHI	211
„ V. QUERCIA	221
„ VI. GHIBERTI	237

C. Christian Romantic Schools of 1500:[2]—

LECTURE VII. ANGELICO	249
„ VIII. BOTTICELLI	265

[1] [Not available. The lecture was incorporated in *Mornings in Florence:* see below, p. 210.]

[2] [In the original synopsis the heading C. was "Final Efforts of Æsthetic Art in Florence." It is here altered in accordance with what Ruskin says in §§ 2, 89, 93, pp. 186, 249, 252. For an earlier synopsis, when Ruskin was first thinking of the lectures, see a letter to Professor Norton of August 21, 1874 (in a later volume).]

THE ÆSTHETIC AND MATHEMATIC SCHOOLS OF ART IN FLORENCE

LECTURE I[1]

ARNOLFO[2]

In my former lectures I broadly stated to you that the Northern savage art, which I generally called Norman, and the Southern savage art, which I generally called Byzantine, met in Florence, and then became Christian.[3]

This blending of arts took place in the thirteenth century, and formed, about the year 1300, the perfect Christian school of art in Florence. That Christian school by its vivid virtue and exercised senses was enabled to discern right from wrong, and beautiful from base, with precision never before or since reached by the conscience or intellect of man. I have called it, in the references made to it in this course of lectures, the *Æsthetic School of Florence*, meaning that which had, by reason of use, its senses exercised to the discernment of good from evil.[4]

Diminishing gradually in the faith which was to it more than sight, and adding only to it mathematic science and practical skill, this Florentine power became, about the

[1] [Delivered on November 10, 1874.]

[2] [For other notices of Arnolfo di Lapo (1232–1310), see *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 64, 65, 68, where he is classed as the Captain of the first Christian school, and the traditional story of his early training is discussed (Vol. XXII. pp. 339, 340, 380); and *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 8, 12 (below, pp. 300, 305). See also, for incidental references to him, Vol. V. p. 331, and Vol. IX. p. 15.]

[3] [See *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 67, 68 (Vol. XXII. pp. 342, 343), and also the lecture on "The School of Florence" (Vol. XX. p. 362).]

[4] [See Hebrews v. 14.]

year 1400, dextrous in the representation of all natu objects—chiefly the body of man—to a degree which h not been seen in art since the best days of Greece. Th school of scientific form, culminating in Michael Angel I have for present reference called the *Mathematic Sch of Florence.*

Finally, mathematics and anatomy—pursued exclusive —proving, when they got used to them, to be dull, t Florentines substituted sensual pleasure for mathematics the chief object of her art. It has remained so to this da having in the pursuit of it destroyed the schools of gre art among all European nations.

2. But at the time of its first victories a group of me in whom the training of the old æsthetic or faithful sch had not been effaced, rose to defend its ancient cause, a recorded the vision of severe Christianity with the learni and delights of advancing civilization. This school giv you the great group of painters belonging to the peri centralized by the year 1500. Among them some ha faith, and all have feeling. But doctrine is so mingled wi legend and invention that I call them, generally, *Christi Romantic.*[1]

Of these three schools, then—briefly, of 1300, 1400, a 1500—already exampled to you[2] in three groups of five, fi and seven men, chosen of each, I am now to pursue t history, as our time serves.

3. But to that end I must first distinguish somewh more finely the threads or strands of the savage art of t twelfth century, which the Fates of Florence spin into th golden chord.

* *Ariadne Florentina,* § 46.[3]

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[1] [In Mr. Wedderburn's notes of these lectures (see above, p. lix.) is Rusk extempore summary of these five stages of art, thus (see § 10):—

"(1) Savage; (2) Æsthetic; (3) Mathematic; (4) Attempt to regain Æsthetic, which may be called Romantic, combining faith and imaginat against (5) Sensual and Infidel."]

[2] [In *Ariadne Florentina,* § 53 (Vol. XXII. p. 333).]

[3] [Vol. XXII. p. 329; and compare *Val d'Arno,* § 268 (above, p. 157).]

The savage art of the North is found in two distinct reads—pure Norman and Lombard.

The savage art of the South is found in two distinct reads—pure Greek and Arabian.

We must rapidly fasten the distinctions of them.

4. Pure Norman art you may recognize always by its mplete, and completely disciplined, humanity, amusing self, it may be, with the carving of monsters, or enraging self, it may be, into the carving of cruel and terrible ings, but entirely recognizing what is monstrous and uel, separating it as such from what is natural and kind, d, above all, showing profound sense of the dignity and rity of women.

Here is a sketch of an angle of the pedestal of a ndelabrum of pure Norman sculpture in the Church of . Paul at Rome.[1] It represents a queen sitting between o animals of much inferior nature, one simply brutal, e other partly human; she puts one arm round the ck of each, and keeps them quiet. It is a mere piece grotesque ornamentation, mainly cut for interlacing of es; but the dignity of the queen, and the severe flowing her long hair from beneath her crown, could only ve been represented by a sculptor who had seen real eens of the great Norman time. The head of the ram carved with complete intelligence of animal form, and eat sense of the beauty of its softest characters; and the otesque head of the knight implies much, and I doubt t just, contempt on the artist's part for some classes of e Norman chivalry. But the entire piece is the work a man who had his senses fully exercised to discern th good and evil.

5. The term "Lombard" I must ask you to understand ore vaguely of sculpture actually belonging to the period the Lombard dynasty. I cannot show you an authentic

[1] [The sketch is not included in the Oxford Collection. A woodcut of the chal candlestick (one of the few works saved from the fire of 1825) is given at 93 of C. C. Perkins's *Italian Sculptors*, 1868. The candlestick was the work of colò di Angelo, A.D. 1148.]

example. But of the spirit which was in the first Lomba king of Italy[1] there remain definite vestiges in Italy, alt gether distinct from its Norman work. In a former lectu which I suppose few of my present audience heard, a which, being unpublished, I cannot refer to, I have ma some attempt at analysis of the Lombard spirit. I do n say, observe, that cruelty is the special sign of Lomba race; still less that this sculpture I show you[2] can traced to Lombardic chisels. It is twelfth-century archite ture, and all I can tell you of it is, that it was built the first Bishop of Assisi in that century. But it is, less definitely than this other, characteristic of an entir different race of sculptors, one which only in default better evidence and name you may call Lombard, till y find out, which I hope you will, what it is. The essent point is that you should see it, and know its character. is distinguished, on the one side, from all Norman sculpt by absolute incapacity to draw a beautiful or dignifi human form, and by a perfectly insane delight in facts cruelty and pain; while, on the other side, it is distinguish from all Greek and Arabian sculpture by a fire, spi splendour of sharp chiselling, and ingenuity of architectu construction unrivalled before or since in Northern work.

6. Here, then, is a sketch of the wheel window of t Duomo of Assisi.[3] The little unintelligible sculpture in t axle of it is a St. Michael standing on the dragon: t proportion of its arches and of the fleur-de-lys encompa ing them cannot be bettered. It has stood in this slen balancing six hundred years, and will now perish only mouldering, not by dislocation; and the grace and pov of the furrow with which the sculptor bends every l

[1] [The first draft adds here, "when he forced his wife Rosamond to d out of her father's skull": compare the lecture on "The School of Floren Vol. XX. p. 360, which is that immediately referred to in the text.]

[2] [See Plate XV., which shows the principal door of the Cathedral of Ass this building—dedicated to Rufinus, its first bishop—dates from the early par the twelfth century. For a reference to one of the sculptures above the door, e below, § 15, p. 194.]

[3] [This sketch is not in the Oxford Collection. For a reference to it, e Ruskin's letter from Assisi of July 10, 1874 (above, p. xliv.).]

Photo Alinari

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"Lombard" Sculpture: the door of the Duomo, Assisi

were quite inimitable by my poor painter's hand, till I gave it up in despair.

In like manner all the placing of the forms—all the diselling of feathers, scales, armour, or anything of which te perception involves no sense of human gentleness in the sulpture of the two animals in this porch—is triumphant. It the entire moulding round the arch is composed of dragons or beasts devouring in an involved reciprocity, every de being somewhere swallowed, and some-other-where s allowing, so as to present the liveliest image of modern political economy; while the power of modern mechanical and brutal force over ancient chivalry is as typically shown h this dragon eating a knight like a piece of celery, beginning at the head of him.

7. Now I must again warn you against my own possible injustice in attaching, however timidly, the term Lombardic to this sculpture. All I know of it is that it is not Norman, not Greek, not Arabian, and that it is connected with a structural power which does exist unquestionably among the Lombards. And therefore I only wish you to remember that there are these two strands or threads of North work—one gentle, but not ingeniously structural; the other ingeniously structural, but not gentle. The first I know to be Norman; the second, only in default of better name, with a note of interrogation, I call Lombard.

8. Then, secondly, the two strands of Southern work are Greek and Arabian. I will detain you from our main subject to-day only by pointing out not a separating, but a common characteristic infallibly distinguishing them from Northern work. Here is the last example I can show you of pure Greek work in Europe, the Emperor Frederik II.'s tomb at Palermo;[1] and here[2] is work which,

[1] [Plate XVI.; the drawing is No. 84 in the Reference Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. 134).]

[2] [Mr. Wedderburn's note at this point is:—

"*Greek* art is full of stern discipline and has perfect balance. *Arabian:* here construction is gone, tracery comes in, arabesque being the origin of Italian tracery. (Door of St. Mark's shown.)"

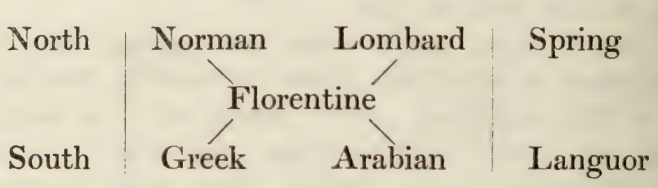
Ruskin thus showed one of the Arabian doors of St. Mark's; either that on the north

though properly Byzantine or impure Greek, is impure by the admixture of the Arabian character, which therefore we can at once distinguish.

[The] Pure Greek [example shows] entablature, pediment, all severe, and the monsters supporting the sarcophagus, directly and accurately derived from the Attic Gorgon, and decoration restricted to sculpture and mouldings.

[The] Arabian [example shows] a bending arch, an entire denial of the severe structural laws of pediment and architrave, and external application of fantastic or arabesque colour decoration, with windows of trellis work, leading, as you will find, to the earliest forms of Gothic tracery.

9. [So, then, we have:—]



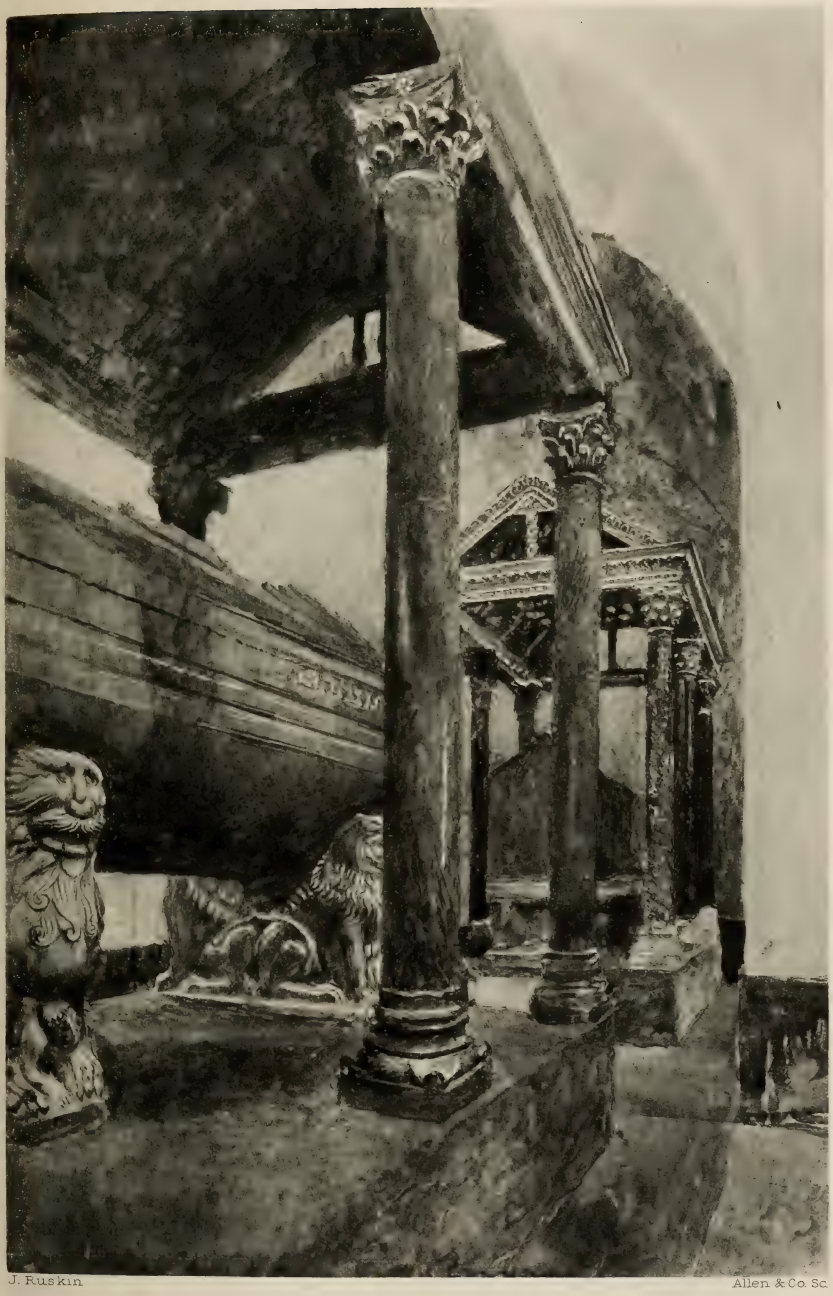
For a Norman or Lombard line is always springy; a Greek or Arab line always flowing.[1] And to know the difference between a line of spring and flux is therefore an æsthetic gift more essential in the science of the sculpture of marble than even in the science of the sculpture of mountains.[2] I put the point aside for to-day; we have no time for it.

But how came these four elements to concur at Florence? They are all mere grafts on the original Florentine stock—Etruria. They do not create Florence, but reanimate and re-create her. They are grafts which do not themselves grow on her old stock, but give their life to it.

of the building (No. 99 in the Rudimentary Series, Vol. XXI. p. 198), or the door on the west façade which is shown in Plate 16 of *Examples of Venetian Architecture* (Vol. XI. p. 350).]

[1] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest*, § 101.]

[2] [A reference no doubt to the short course of lectures which Ruskin had given at the beginning of the term (Michaelmas, 1874), on "Mountain Form in the Higher Alps." Parts of the lectures were used in *Deucalion*, chaps. i.–iii.]



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Tomb of the Emperor Frederick II., Palermo

10. Now, then, have you got this order into your hands?—

1200. Savage art of four kinds.

1300. Christian æsthetic art.

1400. Christian mathematic art.

1500. Christian Romantic art.

1600. Infidel licentious art.

That is the transition, considered in its mental phase. Now you have to fit into this the correspondent changes in external form:—

1200. All the four groups of 1200 have essentially either round arched or low gabled architecture. The Arabian in creed has curves and points and minarets, but enforces the dome as the central type of grand construction.

1300. Pointed Gothic develops itself in connection with hopeful Christianity.[1]

1400. Pointed Gothic is gradually subdued and broken down by the mathematical sculptors working on Greek models.

1500. Pointed Gothic is entirely rejected, and the pure cinquecento style invented by the workers of Christian Romance.

1600. Pure cinquecento becomes first rococo or grotesque, and then vanishes, modern Regent Street and Boulevard architecture being left as a residuum of the whole series.

11. I would fix your attention to-day, then, on the formal transition from the round arch to the pointed—in 1200—which takes place eventually under Arnolfo.

That transition means infinitely more than a mere structural improvement in fashion. The round arch churches were essentially either Judgment Halls or tombs, developed from the basilica or the catacomb.[2] The pointed arch churches were luminous temples for hopeful prayer and joyful praise—"Offer unto God thanksgiving"[3]—and

[1] [Compare "spires pointing to heaven," Vol. XVI. p. 374 *n.*]

[2] [Compare, below, p. 205 *n.*]

[3] [Psalms l. 14.]

the most telling and characteristic feature in the change wa not the mere building a pointed for a round arch, but th piercing the windowless cavern of the apse into a semicircl of shafted windows—one glow of coloured light.

And this joyfulness of true Gothic art enters into it soul at the moment, and in the place when Christianity which, till that time, had only been the consoling superst tion of warrior nations, under calamity became the practica religion of a nation established in truth and love;—whe the edicts of the faith were obeyed before its mysterie were dictated, and the minds, which before had only dwel on some method of ending a life of war with men in peace with God, now for the first time apprehended th power of Christianity to be necessarily here also, if here after, in peace on earth and goodwill towards men.[1]

12. In the half century during which this great tran sition in feeling took place, after the Florentine year o victories,[2] the three great churches were built which remai yet chief objects of reverence to the thoughtful traveller— the Cathedral, Santa Maria Novella, and Santa Croce. O these, the present Cathedral was last built, but its Baptistery the first cathedral of Florence, existed from the earliest dat of the city's prosperity. Arnolfo is named as the Restore of the Baptistery, the builder of Santa Croce, the Designe of the Cathedral. Under what circumstances he did, or i supposed by tradition to have done, this work, we mus consider with some care.

13. Arnolfo, says Vasari,[3] was born in the year 1232 the son of "a certain Maestro Jacopo, a German," whos name was abbreviated by the Florentines to Lapo:—

"Arnolfo was thirty years old when his father died. He had already attained high repute, having not only acquired from his father whatever

[1] [Luke ii. 14: see *Val d'Arno*, § 253 (above, p. 148).]

[2] [A.D. 1254: see *ibid.*, § 121 (above, p. 74).]

[3] [The following extract from Vasari (vol. i. pp. 54–57, Bohn) is no doubt what Ruskin read; the note in the MS. is "Now read Vasari's account with casual comments."]

latter could teach, but also studied the art of design under Cimabue, for purpose of employing it in sculpture. He was now considered the best tect in Tuscany, and the Florentines confided to him the construction he outer circle of their city walls, which were founded in 1284; they erected the Loggia of Or San Michele, their corn market, after his s, covering it with a simple roof, and building the piers of brick. In year, when the cliff of Magnoli, undermined by water, sank down he side of San Giorgio, above Santa Lucia, on the Via de' Bardi, the ntines issued a decree, to the effect that no building should be thence- rd erected on that place, which they declared to be rendered perilous he cause above stated; herein they followed the counsels of Arnolfo, his judgment has proved to be correct by the ruin in our day of magnificent houses and other buildings. . . . In the year 1294, church of Santa Croce, belonging to the Friars Minors, was founded the designs of Arnolfo, when he gave so ample an extent to the and side aisles of this building, that the excessive width rendered it ssible to bring the arches within the roof; he therefore, with much ment, raised arches from pier to pier, and on these he constructed roofs, from which he conducted the water by stone gutters, built he arches, giving them such a degree of inclination that the roofs secured from all injury from damp. The novelty and ingenuity of contrivance was equal to its utility, and well deserves the consideration r day.[1] . . .

All these undertakings being completed, the Florentines resolved, as anni Villani relates in his History,[2] to construct a cathedral church eir city, determining to give it such extent and magnificence that ng superior or more beautiful should remain to be desired from the r or industry of man. Arnolfo then prepared the plans and executed model of that temple, which can never be sufficiently extolled, the h of Santa Maria del Fiore, directing that the external walls should ncrusted with polished marbles, rich cornices, pilasters, columns, carved e, figures and other ornaments, with which we now see it brought, t entirely, yet in a great measure to completion. But what was most l wonderful in that work was the fact that he incorporated the h of Santa Reparata, besides other small churches and houses which around it, in his edifice, yet, in arranging the design of his ground (which is most beautiful), he proceeded with so much care and nent, making the excavations wide and deep, and filling them with lent materials, such as flint and lime, and a foundation of immense s, that they have proved equal, as we still see, to the perfect support at enormous construction, the cupola, which Filippo di Ser Brunellesco ed upon them, and which Arnolfo had probably not even thought of g thereon; nay, from the fame acquired by these constructions, the is still called 'Lungo-i-Fondamenti.' . . . The walls of the building almost entirely covered externally with marbles of various colours, and n with Florentine granite, even to the most minute corners of the e."

[1] [On this passage, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 11 (below, p. 304).]
[2] [Book viii. chap. vii.]

14. You have, then, provided by this Arnolfo:—

Foundations without Flaw[1]—

Arabian grace and colour added to Etrusca severity.

Joy of light as well as of colour in the pierce apse.

Perfect external masonry.

Simplest and usefullest internal vaulting.

Inlaying: the old Etruscan art in perfection.

Field, externally, for sculpture; internally, f painting.

15. At the two extremities[2] of the tower of Assisi sta buildings which seem to have been set there by fate wi the distinct object of making manifest the oppositio [between the Lombard and the Gothic].

The Duomo, at the upper end of the city, retains i Lombardic façade absolutely uninjured. It is a perfe architectural composition, with three wheel windows a three richly sculptured doors, separated from each other b a bold cornice and beautifully proportioned arcade. Ri decoration by external sculpture is the builder's object; a in spirit and fineness of chiselling, or in force of cruel li it cannot be surpassed. Whatever bites, rends, devours, destroys, these builders can represent; of the Madonn their only idea is that she is a powerful animal givi suck.[4] Although the apse of this building is simple, it still an architectural composition, having the same gene intention as the elaborate apse of the Duomo of Veron the power of the building is in sculpture, in proportion, use of rich niche and shaft—not in subject sculpture, st less in painting.

[1] [Mr. Wedderburn's notes of the lecture contain the following *obiter dictum* Ruskin on the Leaning Tower of Pisa: "I do not believe it to be due to faili of joints, or falling or sinking of foundation. My own opinion is that it was *tour de force*. The Pisans were seamen, and the idea might be from the slope a ship's mast."]

[2] [The passage "At the two extremities . . . clearly later porch" is inserted fr Ruskin's diary, written at Assisi in 1874, when he was preparing these lectures.

[3] [See Plate XVII., which shows the two buildings here described.]

[4] [See the sculpture over the door of the Duomo; Plate XV.]

Photo Alinari

The Duomo, Assisi

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The Church of S. Francesca, Assisi

16. One walks down the hill to San Francesco; and in what remains there of the original building, the principles are exactly reversed. Bare walls, hastily put together and held in shape by richest appliances of arch and buttress, are enough for the church outside. There is no sculpture of any importance. Rude waggon vaults, arches built anyhow, walls anyhow; the apse, a mere vertical hexagon on a cylinder, with no care for proportion, for delicacy of masonry, for anything but blank resistance to the elements; the whole spirit of the building is in its interior painting and painted glass sustained in simplest tracery. The Catherine-wheel window, and rude tracery below it, is the only portion clumsily adopted from the Lombards. For the extreme simplicity,—the absolute negation of architectural charm,—I can only account by supposing the original church built with a definite idea of obeying St. Francis' command of poverty, and that its painting is a *cheap* decoration. It is a sepulchral urn of common Etruscan earth, painted by its religious potter, as of old in Greece, but inside instead of outside. This opposition between the Duomo and San Francesco is perfectly clear and tenable, even taking San Francesco with all its chapels and finer vaultings, as it at present stands,—divesting it only of the clearly later porch.

17. The exterior of the Holy Cross and St. Mary's were severely without ornament. The typical form of Italian Gothic was created by Arnolfo, in fitting the ancient marble wall with its sculpture to the structural form of the pointed arch.[1]

You know of him, then, that he was architect, sculptor, mosaic-worker; that under him the Gothic tomb attained

[1] In the "casual comments" mentioned above, Ruskin, no doubt, elaborated these points. Thus, Mr. Wedderburn's notes contain these passages: "The tomb of St. Paul at Rome may be Arnolfo, with four angels inside the Gothic canopy, for these four angels sweeping down and rising are the greatest instance anywhere of Northern fire combined with Italian grace." And again, "Arnolfo in the pierced apse gives joy of light and colour. He combines Arabian grace and Etruscan symmetry." "The tomb of St. Paul" means the Gothic tabernacle by Arnolfo which escaped the fire when the sarcophagus of St. Paul was destroyed. Discussion of the characteristics of "Arnolfo-Gothic," illustrated in the case of Santa Croce, may now be read in *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 8–10 (below, pp. 300–303).]

its perfect form; the Italian Gothic church, its finished ide
We have next to examine the transitions in sculpture a
painting which took place beneath his Captainship.

Of the great master in sculpture I spoke last year;[1] n
in my two next lectures we have to examine the collate
labour and triumph of the two great painters, master a
scholar, *per quos*—for so Giotto's epitaph should be e
panded—pictura extincta revixit.[2]

[1] [In the lectures on Niccola Pisano in *Val d'Arno*. For Arnolfo, as "captain" of the group containing Pisano, Cimabue, and Giotto, see Vol. XX p. 333.]

[2] [The epitaph (by Politian), placed by Lorenzo de' Medici beneath the bust Giotto in the Cathedral at Florence, begins "Ille ego sum, per quem pict extincta revixit." For another reference to it, see *Mornings in Florence*, § (below, p. 319), and "Giotto's Pet Puppy," § 9 (below, p. 474).]

LECTURE II[1]

CIMABUE[2]

In the last lecture we saw how Florence was the Etruscan stock receiving the grafts of North and South. this grafted strength Cimabue was the first exponent.[3] this great painter we usually think as an institutor of a noble order of stronger men; himself, otherwise, contemptible. But I have at once to assure you that he was quite of the greatest men of Italy; had he closed, instead of beginning, the splendour of her schools, he would have stood beside Tintoret and Michael Angelo. But again: so far as we admit his genius, we err in attributing to it wholly a change which was national and universal. Cimabue was the crisis of a national change—a national, not an individual change. It is so with all great men: they rise to greatness on unknown stepping-stones.[4] First of the Florentines, first of European men, Cimabue attained in thought, he saw with spiritual eyes exercised to discern good from evil, the face of her who was blessed among women; and with his following hand, made visible the Magnificat of his heart.[5] How he was able to draw this dream, and to interpret it, is our subject of question to-day:—not a matter, believe me, dependent in any wise on any human skill or human genius.

[1] [Delivered on November 13, 1874.]

[2] [For Ruskin's new appreciation of Cimabue during his sojourn at Assisi in 187, see the Introduction (above, p. xlii.). And, in his later writings, compare *Mornings in Florence* (below, p. 328), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.]

[3] [These two first sentences are inserted from Mr. Wedderburn's notes.]

[4] [The passage "Cimabue was . . . stepping-stones" is added from Mr. Wedderburn's notes. With it may be compared *Ariadne Florentina*, § 45 (Vol. XXII. p. 329).]

[5] [Ruskin afterwards incorporated this sentence ("First of the Florentines . . . of his heart") in *Mornings in Florence*, § 35 (below, p. 330). It is, however, repeated here in order to show the train of thought in the lecture.]

19.[1] The school of painting in the Val d'Arno separat itself from that of sculpture at once by its dependence other masters. Niccola Pisano, finding Greek Byzanti sculpture degraded, learns how to reform and restore it fro Græco-Roman sarcophagi,[2] and treats Scripture history as Greek Naturalist. But Cimabue, finding Greek Byzanti painting degraded, reforms and restores it out of his ov heart, putting into it only the life of that; and he tre Scripture history as a Greek Father of the Church. N cola Pisano is therefore the head of the naturalist sch of artists, and Cimabue of the legendary and imaginati The power of Niccola, as a teacher, is in his vigorous a fearless adoption of the natural fact; the power of Cimab is in conceiving with new passion what had been cold a dead in religious legend. Strictly speaking, Cimabue foun no new school. It is the Christian-Greek school which him comes into flower and glows with the colour of n life. And afterwards all the passion of Christian painti develops itself in consistent aspiration,—flames of pure a eager fire. The Pisan school chastises, disciplines, inform investigates; touched with the Florentine religious fervo it culminates in Luca della Robbia; betraying the sou of life, it perishes in Michael Angelo. You are to no then, as the characteristic point of difference between t schools, that whatever Cimabue bestows is his own; so a Giotto; so also the monk Lippi; so finally Sandro Bottic and Perugino. They carry on without a break the tra tions of the Greek Church, adding the grace and tend ness of the Etrurian-Christian mind. But whatever Nicc Pisano, or Giovanni Pisano, or Donatello, or Ghiberti, g is not strictly their own, but their gathering from clas masters under discipline of classic law; and they tr all religious tradition as a subject of art, but Cimabue a Giotto think of their art only as the servant of tradition.

20. This, I say, is the characteristic point of differen

[1] [§§ 19–21 are printed from some pages in Ruskin's diary of 1874; the pa were to be used, as he notes at the top, in the present course of lectures.]

[2] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 14 (above, pp. 17–18).]

ut the point of difference does not embrace the whole atter. Distinct in this one respect, Giotto and Niccola e alike in many other respects; alike in many more ings than they are opposed in. Alike chiefly in following e visible nature around them as their object of imitation, ough under different guides, and with variously subordi- ted motives. Niccola Pisano, as far as I remember, never rves an entirely beautiful face, and never a grotesque or aracteristic one. He is grand and legal as the antique.[1] iotto, on the contrary, dwells with the delight of Gains- rough on beauty and with the definiteness of Holbein character. But both, with equal intenseness, follow the sion of actual life before them, and realise with con- ually increasing clearness of sight and skill, the one what classic, the other what is gracious, in the Florentines of eir day.*

21. Now as soon as this relation of the two schools be- mes manifest, the question occurs, Why should the Byzan- e traditions blossom suddenly at Cimabue's touch, as they e subdued under Niccola's? There is reason for Niccola's wly-born power: he sees the masters of the perfect time. ut what reason is there for Cimabue's newly-born power, o ignores? None, external. He is the Florentine spirit elf—the Etrurian lover of religion and mystery returning its strength as the nation recovers its glory, expressing elf in the genius of one great man as that of Venice in ntoret. Parallels are never exact in these wide things. e greatest man in Venice comes last; in Florence, first. ep by step, Carpaccio, Bellini, Giorgione create the netian power, culminating in Tintoret. The Florentine ntoret is sent where all around is dark; he breaks through

* I have spoken in these few pages of Niccola, first as a Naturalist, then as a Legalist; of Cimabue and Giotto, first as Legalist—traditionary, then as Naturalist—emotional. This is right, but sadly confusing. Niccola Pisano, more properly, from the first represents the Classic, Rational, irreligious element.[2]

[1] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 283 (above, p. 166).]

[2] [Ruskin goes on in his diary to refer to Niccola's "Deposition from the Cross"; the notes were worked up in the lectures (see below, pp. 225 *seq.*).]

the darkness, forms the greatness of Giotto, and there nothing greater afterwards. And the real subject of inquir for us—the heart of the whole matter is not how Cimabu or Giotto educated themselves, or what were the circun stances of *their* lives; but how the Florentines had becon a people capable of producing either of them, had become different from the Byzantines, from the Franks, from th Germans, as to produce Cimabues and Giottos after the own heart. My own belief is that these men are both abs lutely of Græco-Etruscan race,[1] as opposed to the Norma that they represent the new budding of an undergrou stem which has its root partly in Greece proper, partly Egypt, and that the spirit-life which invented the forms the throned gods and kings of Thebes is in the veins Cimabue; and that the domestic truth and tenderness whi gave us the tales of Nausicaa and Penelope, again lives Giotto. They are at once Greek of the Greeks, and Chri tian of the Christians—the flower and purest force of bot

22. I had best begin by reading you what I do n doubt to be true in the story of Vasari:[2]—

"By the will of God in the year 1240, Giovanni Cimabue, of the no family of that name, was born in the city of Florence, to give the fi light to the art of painting. This youth, as he grew up, being conside by his father and others to give proof of an acute judgment and a cl understanding, was sent to Santa Maria Novella to study letters unde relation, who was then master in grammar to the novices of that conve But Cimabue, instead of devoting himself to letters, consumed the wh day in drawing men, horses, houses, and other various fancies, on his bo and different papers,—an occupation to which he felt himself impelled nature; and this natural inclination was favoured by fortune, for governors of the city had invited certain Greek painters to Florence the purpose of restoring the art of painting, which had not merely dege rated, but was altogether lost. These artists, among other works, began paint the chapel of the Gondi, situate next the principal chapel, in Sa Maria Novella, the roof and walls of which are now almost entirely destro by time,—and Cimabue, often escaping from the school, and having alre made a commencement in the art he was so fond of, would stand wat ing those masters at their work, the day through. . . . Wherefore, thou

[1] [Compare *Laws of Fésole*, Vol. XV. p. 345.]

[2] [The following passages (vol. i. pp. 35–43 in Bohn's edition) are probably w Ruskin read.]

mabue imitated his Greek instructors, he very much improved the art, ieving it greatly from their uncouth manner, and doing honour to his untry by the name that he acquired, and by the works which he permed.[1] Of this we have evidence in Florence, from the pictures which painted there; as, for example, the front of the altar of Santa Cecilia, l a picture of the Virgin in Santa Croce, which was, and is still, attached one of the pilasters on the right of the choir. After this he painted a all picture of St. Francis, in panel, on a gold ground, drawing it, a new ng in those times, from nature, with such means as he could obtain, and cing around it the whole history of the saint in twenty small pictures, of minute figures, on a ground of gold.

"Having afterwards undertaken to paint a large picture in the abbey the Santa Trinita in Florence for the monks of Vallombrosa, he made at efforts to justify the high opinion already formed of him, and evinced roved powers of invention in that work, and displayed a fine manner the attitudes of the Virgin, whom he depicted with the child in her s, and with numerous angels, in the act of worship, around her, on a l ground. . . .

"Cimabue next painted in fresco at the hospital of the Porcellana, at corner of the Via Nuova, which leads into the Borgo Ogni Santi. On front of this building, which has the principal door in the centre, he ted the Virgin receiving the annunciation from the angel, on one side, Jesus Christ, with Cleophas and Luke, on the other; all figures of size of life. In this work he departed still more decidedly from the formal manner of his instructors, giving more life and movement to draperies, vestments, and other accessories. . . . Cimabue was again moned by the same prior, who had employed him for the works of ta Croce, and he now painted for him a colossal crucifix on wood, which till to be seen in that church. The execution of this crucifix gave t satisfaction to the prior, who caused the artist to accompany him to convent of San Francesco in Pisa, where Cimabue painted a picture of Francesco. . . .

". . . The name of Cimabue becoming widely known by these labours, was invited to Assisi, a city of Umbria, where, in company with certain ek masters, he painted a portion of the vaulted roof in the lower ch ch of San Francesco, together with the life of Jesus Christ and that t. Francis, on the walls of the same church. In these works he greatly assed those Greek masters, and encouraged by this, he began alone aint the upper church in fresco. . . . Near the high altar, and in the e between the windows entirely up to the roof, he painted eight hisal pictures from the Old Testament, beginning with the early chapters enesis, and taking the most prominent events in due order. . . .

". . . Having returned to Florence he afterwards painted the picture he Virgin for the church of Santa Maria Novella, where it is suspended igh between the chapel of the Rucellai family and that of the Bardi

[Mr. Wedderburn's notes show that at this point Ruskin, in his running comments, contrasted Cimabue with Niccola Pisano: "Note that whilst Niccola turns to sarcophagi, and so is turned back to classical art (see above, p. 198), Cimabue, being apprenticed to these Greeks, gives up the Norman drawing of horses and on his books, and is a thorough Byzantine."]

of Vernio. This picture is of larger size than any figure that had be painted down to those times; and the angels surrounding it make it e dent that, although Cimabue still retained the Greek manner, he was neve theless gradually approaching the mode of outline and general method modern times. Thus it happened that this work was an object of so mu admiration to the people of that day—they having then never seen an thing better—that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honoured for it. It further reported, and may be read in certain records of old painters, th whilst Cimabue was painting this picture in a garden near the gate San Pietro, King Charles the elder, of Anjou, passed through Floren and the authorities of the city, among other marks of respect, conduct him to see the picture of Cimabue. When this work was thus shown the king, it had not before been seen by any one; wherefore all the m and women of Florence hastened in great crowds to admire it, making possible demonstrations of delight. The inhabitants of the neighbourhoo rejoicing in this occurrence, ever afterwards called that place Borgo Alleg and this name it has ever since retained, although in process of time became enclosed within the walls of the city.

". . . Cimabue was entombed in Santa Maria del Fiore, the followi epitaph being composed on him by one of the Nini:—

> "'Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenere
> Sic tenuit, vivens, nunc tenet astra poli.'

"I will not omit to observe that if the greatness of Giotto, his discip had not diminished the glory of Cimabue, his fame would have risen s higher, as Dante remarks in his *Commedia*, where, alluding in the eleven canto of the *Purgatorio* to this inscription on the tomb, he says:—

> "'Credette Cimabue nella pintura
> Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
> Si che la fama di colui s'oscura.'"[1]

23. Now, notice the date—1240. The boy was t years old in 1250,[2] the great revolution to Peace. Th was the thing which Cimabue was to find voice for. don't know if you have a distinct idea of Etruscans—w they were, or what they were. But mass them in yo minds thus:—

Pagan Etruscans, exactly like the Greeks, and havi their chief dynasty at the same time as the Greek, co temporary with earliest Rome.

[1] [*Purgatorio*, xi. 94. Compare Vol. IV. p. 202 *n.*; Vol. XIX. p. 28; and *Morni in Florence*, § 37 (below, p. 333).]

[2] [See, again, *Val d'Arno*, for the significance of that year (above, pp. 11, 62–152).]

Christian Etruscans, converted, I don't know when, but ery quietly in a group here at Florence till the thirteenth entury—so quietly that there's no history of Florence hatever before the thirteenth century. Then the Lomard nobles intermarry with the peaceful Etruscans, quarrel ith them, and there is one continual clatter of street ghting till 1250,[1] when the peaceful Etruscans turn out he Lombards, and begin their own great Florentine life—uch strengthened by their battle, taught how to hit rd with sword or chisel, and thenceforward, Etruscans -animate, living to our own day. Then, in Cimabue you ve his own Etruscan ancient and peaceful blood—the ombardic temper mingling in its restlessness; finally, the aditional education in religious legend given him by his reek masters. That is the way in which the grafting tells n his own nature.

24. And now consider what gave the power to the new ligion he had to interpret.

I call it a new religion. I doubt not you had again d again tacitly, but energetically, dissented from me in signing so late a date to the reality of Christian art.[2] ut you will find on accurate reflection that the Chrisnity of the so-called dark ages, beautiful and lofty as it as in their great teachers and saints, could not express self through the art of its converts. The men, to whom was really vital, prevailed by destroying their idols; by rning them to a living God, not a sculptured one; and hile the fierce Lombards had at last established a doctrine hich would permit them to carve their church fronts as if ilt to Nimrod instead of Christ, the great Cistercian power se under St. Bernard absolutely forbidding the sculpture of y animal form or human form except only the Crucifix.[3]

25. For the rest you will find that the great saints e pre-eminently men of practical power—agriculturists,

[1] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 1 (above, p. 11).]
[2] [Compare on this point *Val d'Arno*, § 8 (above, p. 15).]
[3] [Compare the lecture entitled *Mending the Sieve*, §§ 23, 24 (now printed in *Our thers have Told Us*).]

economists, physicians, masters of discipline to the body and soul of man, not artists, nor even lovers of nature. The beautiful sites chosen for the Cistercian abbeys were only that they might be far from cities, not that they might be amidst forests or flowers. The worldly Protestant sneers at the wisdom which chose the richest meadows by the fairest streams; but you may rest assured that neither then, nor now, nor at any time, has the power of a church been established by selfishness, or monies, or luxury. The Cistercian chose the ground which his industry could make fruitful, because his religion consisted in the teaching of all simple arts of peace; and his influence on this life of Europe was in showing a liberal acceptance of the guidance of the Good Shepherd. "He leadeth me beside the still waters, and restoreth my soul."[1]

26. And at last, by St. Benedict, St. Bernard, St. Francis, and multitudes of many men like Hugo of Lincoln,[2] labouring in calm and rational strength against the fever of the world, the real motive of Christianity had been apprehended. And was it wonderful that all souls should turn to the first Annunciation of it, should regard with new and strange horror the maid whose ear first heard the saying, "The Holy Thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God"?[3] In the meantime the advance of Knightly Honour and of Kingly Wisdom had purified into brightest form the living types of maid and mother among the higher ranks of Europe. Cimabue had women to paint from, pure as snow, and bright as sunshine.

27. Take next[4] the choice of subjects. First, the front of the altar of St. Cecilia; the Virgin with angels in Santa Croce; and, for the monks of Vallombrosa, Christ with Cleophas and St. Luke. Then, St. Francis (so called "from

[1] [Psalms xxiii. 2, 3.]

[2] [For other references to St. Benedict and St. Bernard, see, again, *Mending the Sieve*, §§ 8 *seq.*; *Deucalion* ("The Iris of the Earth" and "Thirty Years Since"); and *Præterita*, iii. §§ 36, 40. For St. Francis, see below, pp. 299 *seq.*; for Hugo of Lincoln, *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 43 and 83.]

[3] [Luke i. 35.]

[4] [*i.e.*, of the points which appear in the passages from Vasari.]

nature"). Then, St. Agnes, with the story of her life. Then, again St. Francis. Finally, he is called to the great work of the Upper Church of Assisi—the story of Genesis. All these subjects belong to the so-called Contemplative cycle of Byzantine art, to which Cimabue is constantly referred; while his pupil Giotto is supposed to have introduced the Dramatic school which delights in incident.

[Here, no doubt, followed the passage on Contemplative and Dramatic art now incorporated in *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 31 *seq.*, to which in this edition an additional passage from the MS. of the present lecture is added (see below, p. 326). The real question concerning the different schools, said Ruskin, is "What do you admire?" He proceeded to illustrate Cimabue's choice of subjects from the works of the artist at Assisi.]

28. And now I must tell you quickly what will be useful to you to know in visiting Assisi—my staying-at-home hearers must be patient with me, for it is really necessary now to give travellers some clue better than their Murray's Guide.

The whole Church of Assisi consists, first, of the tomb of St. Francis, cut down into the rock; above that, a low church, built in a space which is increased by cutting back into the slope of the hill, and entered at the side; above, the Upper Church of Assisi. The Lower Church is a cross, massively round arched, simply a waggon vault crossing a waggon vault.[1] It is just 26 feet high from pavement to crown of arch, and about 35 to 37 feet wide—Italian round arched work of simplest kind. Above this, the Upper

[1] [In Ruskin's diary of 1874 there is the following passage on the churches of Assisi:—

"Antiquarians have dwelt much on the image of the ship in the church. But the likeness to a ship was only a metaphor. Actually and without metaphor they wanted to make their church like a tomb. Partly like what they were accustomed to in catacombs; partly, the Roman domes and basilica tribunes; partly, the crusades and Holy Sepulchre—and houses, as of Christ. The waggon vault, therefore, as used in churches, is not merely adoption of continuous arch for roof, but of the κοίλη of the catacomb. In the Lower Church of Assisi, then, this principle was carried out to the uttermost. The ground, I suppose, broke away originally in a small cliff, above the great slope to the valley, and they would simply clear out the hill, putting the lower church well into the ground, considering it as a magnificent crypt for the upper one, and preparing for the upper one by enormous circular piers and by exceedingly low arches as of a railway tunnel. The whole idea of the architecture being of strength only, the decoration being with colour, as in the Catacombs."]

Church was built by the German Lapo, Arnolfo's master. It is accomplished Northern Gothic, and 60 feet high. Both churches together, therefore, are not a hundred feet high; no magnificence of size is aimed at. The Upper Church is painted on both sides and at this top end by Cimabue; on both sides at the bottom by Giotto, in an early stage of his power, while the cross vault of the Lower Church is painted by Giotto in his middle time.

The church stands, because of the form of the ground, with its altar to the west instead of the east, so that Murray's Guide always calls the north transept the south one. Observe, therefore, on the north side—beginning from the west and reading towards the east—Cimabue painted sixteen subjects; in a double line on the south side sixteen more. The sixteen on the north are from the Old Testament, the sixteen on the south from the New. Finally, opposite the altar, two more complete Cimabue's plan.

29. Now, I want you to notice his choice of subjects. He has to represent the history of the Old Testament by its most important scenes.

All men who came after him, or, I think, before, thought of the life of Moses as important; of the life of David as important; of the lives of the prophets as important. "No," says Cimabue, "I won't tell you all that long story. I want you to be a Contemplative person, in the Greek manner. I will give you what I want you most to think of." Now note this cycle, for subjects of thought:—

1. The Creation of the World.[1]
2. The Creation of Adam.
3. The Creation of Eve.
4. The Fall.
5. The Expulsion.
6. The Labour of Life.
7. Death of Abel.
8. Judgment on Cain.

[1] [For a note on the treatment of the subject in this fresco, see in a later volume the letter to Professor Norton of August 26, 1874.]

Eight of his sixteen subjects gone already. But he has given you enough to think on—the power of God over all, and his relation to man as a Judge of his sin.

Now hear the next eight subjects:—

9. Building the Ark.
10. Deluge.
11. Abraham's Sacrifice of Isaac.
12. Abraham and the Angels.
13. The Blessing of Jacob.
14. The Rejection of Esau.
15. The Selling of Joseph.
16. The Brethren in Egypt.

And he stops there. You would think the series incomplete, and that he had meant to go on. But you know it isn't incomplete, for his opposite sixteen, from the life of Christ, are indisputably complete.

Well, if you begin to think, you will see he wants to tell you, first, what God will curse—lust and anger; secondly, what God will bless—faith and patience. This is his Etruscan Gospel—labour with faith; and the Brother Joseph's forgiveness of injuries, instead of the Brother Cain's rage against innocence.

30. Under this church there is, then, the Lower Church—a round or waggon-vaulted cross. In the north transept of that [is Cimabue's] Madonna enthroned with St. Francis.[1]

I will afterwards show you the complete series of transitional Madonnas.[2] But the point of transition is that the

[1] [Here there is a blank space in the MS., indicating, no doubt, that Ruskin at this point showed a copy of the fresco, with comments. See his drawing of Cimabue's Madonna at Assisi, which is engraved as the frontispiece to *The Bible of Amiens;* and compare, with the account of various types of Madonnas given in that book (ch. iv. § 49), the description of the Madonna of Murano in *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 65).]

[2] [Mr. Wedderburn's notes show that in the course of the lecture Ruskin contrasted the Madonnas of old days with the modern frescoes—of advertisements such as one then prevalent of Mrs. Allen's hair-restorer, "the great Madonna of the nineteenth century, with flowing hair and equally flowing promises; but even she palls on repetition" (see *Mornings in Florence,* § 34; below, p. 329). In the diary of 1874, written at Assisi, there is a passage which may here be added:—

"Standing on the steps which descend from the upper cloisters into the north transept of the Lower Church, we have, on the wall beside me, an exquisite fresco by Giotto in front, his four great moral poems; opposite, a

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16. The Brethren in Egypt.

And he stops there. You would think the series incomplete, and that he had meant to go on. But you know it is not incomplete, for his opposite sixteen, from the life of Christ, are indisputably complete.

Well, if you begin to think, you will see he wants to tell you, first, what God will curse—lust and anger; secondly, what God will bless—faith and patience. This is his Etruscan Gospel—labour with faith; and the Brother Joseph's forgiveness of injuries, instead of the Brother Cain's rage against innocence.

30. Under this church there is, then, the Lower Church—a round or waggon-vaulted cross. In the north transept of the [is Cimabue's] Madonna enthroned with St. Francis.[1]

I will afterwards show you the complete series of transitional Madonnas.[2] But the point of transition is that the

[Here there is a blank space in the MS., indicating, no doubt, that Ruskin at this point showed a copy of the fresco, with comments. See his drawing of Cimabue's Madonna at Assisi, which is engraved as the frontispiece to *The Bible of Amiens;* and compare, with the account of various types of Madonnas given in that book (ch. iv. § 49), the description of the Madonna of Murano in *Stones of Venice,* vol. I. (Vol. X. p. 65).]

Mr. Wedderburn's notes show that in the course of the lecture Ruskin contrasted the Madonnas of old days with the modern frescoes—of advertisements such as were then prevalent of Mrs. Allen's hair-restorer, "the great Madonna of the nineteenth century, with flowing hair and equally flowing promises; but even she palls on repetition" (see *Mornings in Florence,* § 34; below, p. 329). In the diary of 1874, written at Assisi, there is a passage which may here be added:—

"Standing on the steps which descend from the upper cloisters into the north transept of the Lower Church, we have, on the wall beside me, an exquisite fresco by Giotto in front, his four great moral poems; opposite, a

Greek Madonna had been a mighty deity, μήτηρ θεοῦ, Moth
of God—majestic always, sometimes terrible, and with ve
tiges of the power of Latona and Athena, mother and mai
The Lombard Madonna, on the contrary, had been a me

Madonna by Cimabue; overhead, the series of frescoes from the Life
Christ by Taddeo Gaddi. Three great transitions in Florentine art may he
be studied without moving from one place:—

"(1.) The Cimabue represents Etruscan-Greek art, unchanged in purpo
though reanimate in more tender power. To paint the great Gods as
old—eternal things, for perpetual meditation—Athena, Apollo, Madon
St. Francis, Christ.

"(2.) The fresco beside us represents the first delight taken in art
pure human emotion affecting various characters. The moral poems on t
great vault represent the new philosophy developed by the effect of Chr
tianity on such various human characters.

"(3.) The frescoes of Taddeo Gaddi show the modification of the id
of divinity, produced by the new interest in human feeling.

"The change in method of decoration correspondent to these transitio
in aim is of great importance. Cimabue uses every device of Dædalus
his power to exalt the dignity of the great Gods, inlays their thrones, gil
their garments, but uses broad masses of division and colour to increase t
conception of power. Giotto, thinking only of emotion, feels ornament in
way, often refuses it altogether; but the most exquisite conditions of sen
mental colours and the subtlest appliances, within strict limits of decorati
element, give infinitely more enjoyment than the most elaborate wealth
Dædalus. Taddeo Gaddi, weaker and more commonplace in emotion, brin
back the decorative element into an equality of claim; makes his compo
tions almost primarily ornamental; enriches them with new skill in shad
and harmony.

"(4.) At Assisi we can go no further in the history of art. But enteri
the gallery of Perugia we get three further transitions, which lead us to t
close of art. In Fra Angelico we find the new emotional element carried
its final strength on the side of goodness; and with such intensity that it
longer fears decoration nor is oppressed by it, but seizes and triumphs in t
entire treasure of Dædalian ornament, transmuting it all by its own passi
into spiritual gold.

"Up to this point the contest, or harmony, has been between emoti
and decoration. The more grave struggle between emotion and imitati
has not been thought of—the imitative power being too feeble.

"(5.) Then Raphael imitates—losing emotion.

"(6.) Then the degraded result of *lost* emotion, in search of affect
action;—in the vile Madonna of the drawing-room, of his design, paint
by his imitators. This imitation of Raphael is exquisite, and shows all t
bad qualities of him pure. It is now—*art* of every sort, used to set for
a figure of an unbelieved Madonna for public entertainment. From tl
Madonna for show to a harlot for show there is no essential transitio
Carnal pleasure, and no faith, are alike in both this Madonna and the low
French modernism—but differently bred."

A note in the diary adds that the picture referred to in (6) is "The Madonna sitti
with her arm gracefully thrown into repose." The picture is by Anselmo di Giovar
and Domenico Alfani; the drawing by Raphael is in the gallery at Lille. For t
frescoes of Taddeo Gaddi at Assisi (3), see *Mornings in Florence*, § 78 (below, p. 37
(2) The "poems" by Giotto are "Poverty," "Chastity," "Obedience," and "T
Glorification of St. Francis": see above, p. xliv. (1) The Cimabue is referred
in the preceding note (p. 207).]

pe of rude maternity,[1] the maiden character and the divine
e being both lost. Cimabue made his Madonna entirely
man; divested her of all Greek deity; made her of all
rgins the humblest, of all mothers the most sorrowful.[2]

But he made her also entirely noble and pure—in
idenhood unsullied; in motherhood glorious; receiver
the life which was to descend thenceforward evermore
ough all the spiritual generations of redeemed mortality.

[See above, § 15, p. 194.]

[Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 23 (below, p. 318). Mr. Wedderburn notes
mark by Ruskin to the effect that though Cimabue "fails in nose perspective,
expression of eye is excellent."]

LECTURE III

GIOTTO

[This lecture was delivered on November 17, but it does not appe in its place among the MS. of the present course. Ruskin noted, going through the MS. at a later date, that some of it was used f the Eton lecture on Giotto—"Giotto's Pet Puppy": notes for tl lecture are printed below (pp. 471–475). Other portions of the Oxfo lecture on Giotto were used in various parts of *Mornings in Floren* which may indeed be described as itself a lecture on the master. M Wedderburn's summary note of the lecture shows some of the topi treated: "How Giotto realised the good in both the domestic a the monastic life, thought to be antagonistic. The vulgar glitter Ghirlandajo as compared with Cimabue's shepherd boy, Giotto, w suddenly banishes all conventionality and paints things as they a Giotto's 'Birth of the Virgin' and 'Meeting of Joachim and Ann painted without gold, yet far surpassing Ghirlandajo's 'Birth of Virgi and 'Meeting with Elizabeth.' Effect of Giotto on Titian. Giotto t founder of the schools of colour in Italy. His difficulty in perspectiv in painting of hands and feet. His choice of moments." These topi are discussed in *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 17 *seq.* (pp. 312 *seq.*), (p. 350).]

LECTURE IV[1]

BRUNELLESCHI[2]

31. We enter to-day on the study of the group of artists whom I wish you to think of as characterisically mathematic in their temper of work—desirous, that is to say, of correcting the impressions of sense by the appliance of the laws of reason, and the measurement or other sure determination of the facts—so that their minds instead of being in habitual state of αἴσθησις, or perception, are in a habitual state of μάθησις, or learning and demonstration.

32. You will at once feel that there are in this change of temper, possibilities both of advance and decline. If your eyes deceive you, and by the fitting of a foot-rule you can correct their error and go on more safely, your mathematics are a real advantage to you. And my pupils engaged here in practice know well with what repeated and troublesome insistence I beg them to use the entire mathematical process of measuring things with compasses,[3] instead of the semi-æsthetic process of winking at them past a held up pencil. But if, in admiration of the accuracy of our compasses, or of the smoothness and precision of the line they draw, we begin to use them as substitutes for eyes, and live thenceforward with our compasses in our hands, and our eyes in our pockets (especially if they are employed in counting the money there), we have gained no advantage either by our scruples or instruments.

33. And farther, æsthetic observation, even if weak, takes

[1] Delivered on November 20.]

[2] For other references to Brunelleschi, see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 72 (Vol. XXII. p. 3[illegible]); *Val d'Arno*, §§ 267, 278 (above, pp. 156, 162); Vol. VIII. p. 67 *n.*; and Vol. XV. p. 345.]

[3] See, for instance, Vol. XV. pp. 38, 44, 51, 342, 365; and Vol. XXI. p. 239.]

IMMACULATE HEART

in the whole at a glance; but mathematic study proceed from part to part, and may pause at an unimportant part.

Again, the conditions of æsthetic perception admit o no proof whether we are right or wrong; the contemplativ painter, as such, is neither proud of what he sees withou effort, nor angry if other people don't see the same, an this state of calm and modesty is very good for him. Bu the mathematic painter, laboriously ascertaining that he i right in every particular that may be tested, not onl exults in his own knowledge, but is scornful of everybod who will not take the same pains and arrive at the sam results—that is to say, very often scornful of persons muc greater than himself—and he therefore becomes incapable o taking pleasure in their perceptions. For instance, in thi entirely æsthetic painting by Turner of Salisbury Cathedral the spire is quite perilously out of the perpendicular, an the shepherd has one eye somewhat higher than the othe A merely mathematic painter would at once be offende by these irregularities, and would take no pleasure in th light of the sky or the colour of the cathedral, which wa what Turner wished him to attend to.

34. But chiefly, with respect to Florentine art at th period, the greatest subjects on which it was occupie involved the exercise of the æsthetic faculty in what ventured in my last lecture[2] to call an insane degree intensity; that is to say, to the point of actually see ing and hearing sights and sounds which had apparentl no external cause.[3] Now the mathematic mind, requirin demonstration and examination, necessarily refuses both it faith and its industry to visions of this nature, and there fore occupies itself necessarily with material objects onl or with abstract theorems.

[1] [Here Ruskin showed his drawing by Turner; for other references to it s Vol. XXI. p. 223.]

[2] [The lecture on Giotto; the passage occurs in *Mornings in Florence*, § below, p. 331).]

[3] [A note in the MS. shows that Ruskin here referred to his "Matlock dreams' they are described in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 213 (Vol. XXII. pp. 445–447).]

35. For instance, Michael Angelo, who is the culmi-
ning power of the Mathematic school, paints his angels
without wings. The masters of the Æsthetic school always
had seen them with wings, and painted them so without
asking any questions; but Michael Angelo, who never saw
an, but only reasoned them out, and produced them by
mathematic processes, necessarily felt, as an anatomist, the
impossibility of their having wings, and could not, there-
fore, either logically or with any pleasure, represent them.
And as it appears almost equally unreasonable to suppose
that human bodies should float in the air without wings,—
although in some cases, especially that of the Creation of
Adam, he gives entire buoyancy by the help of drapery
and cloud, and in others by gesture,—on the whole he
likes to have his figure well down on the ground, and will
always take more pains with a reeling Bacchus, a dying
Adonis, or a recumbent Leda, than a flying Victory.[1]

Nevertheless, and in face of all these dangers, the dis-
cipline of the Mathematic school is necessary to the per-
fection of the Æsthetic; and the group of consummate
painters, with whom our study terminates, unite the inex-
plicable grasp of the one, with the indisputable accuracy of
the other.

36. To-day, however, we are to examine the character
of the men who belonged specially to the Mathematic as an
antagonist, or at least a distinct, body of artists, unsym-
pathetic with the earlier visionary masters, and by their
influence bringing about the victory, afterwards total, of
scientific methods of art.

The Mathematic school begins with Niccola Pisano; cul-
minates in Michael Angelo; its central captain is Brunelleschi.

All three men of gigantic power, and of apparently uni-
versal faculty; all three sculptors and architects. Michael

[1] For other references to the Creation of Adam (Sistine Chapel), see Vol. X. p. 1; to the statues of Bacchus and Adonis (Museo Nazionale, Florence), Vol. III. p. 3, Vol. IV. p. 281, and, below, p. 231; the picture of Leda is in the National Gallery, but not exhibited.]

Angelo, a painter also; all three recognized in their time as absolute masters and lawful authorities—men not merely to be admired, but obeyed.

37. And so recognized, observe, just because, though apparently gifted with all faculty, they were wanting, at least weak, in one, the most precious—imagination; for that is wholly æsthetic. And it is just that which is offensive to a large number of observers, who cannot understand it. It was his imagination which prevented Botticelli from forming a school in Italy; his imagination which prevented Turner from forming a school in England. Had you left him his powers of execution, his love of truth, and given him only as much imagination as Sir Augustus Callcott,[1] he would have formed a school of landscape instantly. All these three men, then, had a special power in Italy. Niccola Pisano taught her physical truth and trustworthiness in all things; Brunelleschi the dignity of abstract mathematical law; Michael Angelo the majesty of the human frame. To Niccola you owe the veracity, to Brunelleschi the harmony, and to Michael Angelo the humanity, of mathematic art.

38. To Brunelleschi, I say, you owe its harmony, he being a man of entirely harmonious, exalted, and refined nature, no less intense than scrupulous, no less strong than patient, and no less daring than subtle. He is the discerner of all that has been recovered, and the founder of all that has been done, in classical architecture justly and honourably so called. Michael Angelo, San Michel, Sansovino, Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Wren are all his scholars; to him you, in reality, owe whatever is good and pure, whatever is delicate and learned, in the architecture of modern Europe. But above all things you especially owe to him—what perhaps some of my audience may be more grateful to him for than I am—the three great domes of Florence, Rome, and London.

[1] [For other references to Callcott, see Vol. III. p. 191.]

39. I should much like to test the feeling of my audience on this matter. Of course, if I were to ask everybody who had seen with admiration the dome of Florence to hold up their hands, everybody would lift hand who had been there. But what I should like to know is whether, on slow self-examination, they look forward to another sight of the dome of Florence, as they do to seeing, after a year or two's interval, the spire of Strassburg again, or the towers of the west front of Rouen.

And for the general public—would not the glimpses of Florence be just as brilliant if the dome were not there — provided only the mosaic shops were? I don't mean that one would not miss the dominant mass of it in distant views of the city, just as one would miss St Paul's from London; but only that the enjoyment of one's Florentine or London life does not depend on those objects, however admittedly sublime; and I think that when amateurs express themselves with enthusiasm about that Florentine cupola, they are in reality only patting the dome of Florence to appease their own consciences, like Sydney Smith's little girl caressing the tortoise, when her father told her she might as well pat the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter.[1]

40. Observe, in saying so much as this, I carefully hold apart all influence of association or historical sentiment. If you introduce that element of emotion, it does not much matter, supposing the historical or pathetic interest equal, whether your approach to any great city or ruin of city is announced by the outline on the horizon of a tower, a dome, or a pyramid. But counting only the enduring pleasure we take in the sight of a beautiful thing, I believe that in a healthy and naturally æsthetic mind one does heartily enjoy seeing Coventry spires again as one

[1] ["We were all assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party stooped down and began eagerly stroking the shell of the turtle. 'Why are you doing that, B——?' said Sydney Smith. 'Oh, to please the turtle.' 'Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter'" (*Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*, 1860, p. 335).]

drives down the hill into the town, or the three gables of Peterborough over the flats, or the long-ridged back of the roof of Amiens, with its sharp arrow of a belfry,[1] but that in driving about Florence it is a matter of extreme indifference whether at the end of a street we see the dome or not.

41. For my own part I am free to confess that I have not the slightest idea what Michael Angelo meant when he said, "Like thee I will not build one, better than thee I cannot." I don't even know what he is supposed to have meant[2]—whether to have been thinking only of the skill of construction, or perceiving a grace of proportion which he could only spoil by altering. So far as he meant the first, no unprofessional person can give any admiration on the same grounds. The merit of structure in a dome depends on relations of weight in the shell and buttresses of it—which to admire, you must first know a great deal of high mathematics—and then the thickness and material of the walls, and shell all the way up. No general spectator can have the slightest idea whether a dome is ill built or well in such particulars.

42. For the general grace of its outline a dome is merely to be considered as a cup turned upside down: and as on any shelf of the Etruscan Room of the British Museum, or of the Florentine Uffizi, I can see twenty cups in a row, every one of them of a different outline, and every one of them equally pretty, I confess myself utterly unable to understand why Michael Angelo should have felt himself unequal to drawing another cup that should be just as agreeable in outline as that of his Florentine friend, and stand just as steadily bottom upwards.

And, in fact, respecting all these traditional remarks of Michael Angelo, you will do well to receive them without

[1] [For other references to Coventry spires, see *Val d'Arno*, §§ 147, 152 (above, pp. 89, 93); for Ruskin's admiration of Peterborough, see Vol. IX. p. 215 *n.*; and for the *flèche* of Amiens Cathedral, *Bible of Amiens*, ch. i. § 5.]

[2] [See, however, *Eagle's Nest*, § 138 (Vol. XXII. pp. 216–217), where Ruskin described what Michael Angelo did mean.]

a[y] oppressive sense of their profundity. You never can fi[nd] out, in the first place, to whom they were said; and if you could, I think it probable you would consider them a[s] spoken more with a view to the impression upon that n[o]t always very sagacious hearer, than as the final results o[f] his own reflection. For instance, in different parts of y[our] admirable Murray's Guide you will find it related, as t[he] occasion serves, that Michael Angelo, after looking a l[on]g while at Donatello's St. George, said to it, "March"; t[hen] after looking a long while at Ghiberti's St. Mark, h[e] said to it, "Speak"; and after looking a long while at t[he] bronze horse of Marcus Aurelius, he said to it, "Trot."[1]

These observations may in each case have been thought b[y] the bystanders to represent the most refined and con-c[en]trated form of artistic criticism; but certainly one or t[wo] such cannot but have been made by every artist in t[he] course of his critical life, and their record is only of i[m]portance to you as at least proving that the impression g[en]erally received of Michael Angelo's own theory of sculp-t[ur]e by his contemporaries was that he considered it his f[ir]st object to make his figures look living.

43. I think that you may in like manner receive his p[ra]ise of the dome of Florence as indicating primarily his s[en]se of its safety and economical stability, qualities which it had, as it proved afterwards, in a degree inimitable by hi[m].[2] And you will find in the records of the thought gi[ve]n to it by its builder the same idea prevalent above ot[he]rs. It is not the beauty of the dome, but its unex-ar[am]pled size, of which Brunelleschi intends Florence to be pr[ou]d; and his own skill is to be shown in the scientific ar[t] mechanical functions of designing a safe dome so big,

[See Murray's *Handbook for Central Italy*, ed. 1864, p. 138, where Michael A[n]elo's remarks about the St. George and the St. Mark on Or' San Michele are qu[o]ted, and the *Handbook for Rome*, ed. 1894, p. 36, where that on the statue of Marcus Au[r]elius on the Capitol is given.]

[Ruskin seems here to refer to the facts that Michael Angelo did not live to see the [c]ompletion of the Dome of St. Peter's which he modelled on Brunelleschi's design, and [t]hat in 1740 the cupola, having given signs of insecurity, had to be repaired and str[e]gthened.]

the refuge of fools, the tintinnabulary apparatus in our cathedral towe or belfries are likely to be considered as the bells in our highest fools caps. But in any case the temporary silence of the harmonious campanil and the temporary inconvenience of having to look at one's watch to kno when one had to go to church, would have been preferable to the spolia tion of our quadrangle for the same period, however short or however, a it seems not unlikely to be, long—at all events, the full term of a undergraduate's residence.

"But the matter of which I have to speak more seriously is the— hope only suggested—addition of pinnacles to the flank of Christchurc Hall. I do not know whether they have been found to be a part of th original plan, but whether original or inventive, they are indefensible alik on structural and æsthetic grounds.

"It is a first principle in noble architecture never to put pinnacle where the building will be stable without them, and therefore a direc and open heresy to use them along the walls of any building that has wooden roof. Their proper position is exclusively on the flanks of vaults on æsthetic and sentimental grounds the pinnacle is an expression c fantasy and enthusiasm perfectly proper in religious edifices, or in turret and pleasantly studious chambers of civil ones, but peculiarly inapplicabl to the refectory. There is no occasion to indicate either by the flora grace of crockets, or the heaven-directed aspiration of pinnacles, the spc on earth where one cooks or eats one's dinner, and the proposed addition to the mass, now finely proportioned, which has a real look of largenes and power and a proper domestic dignity, will only change the decen and venerable refectory of Christchurch, Oxford, into a lame and lifeles imitation of the chapel of King's College, Cambridge."

The wooden belfry, which was only a temporary structure, was the subject of on of "Lewis Carroll's" most amusing *jeux d'esprit* (*The New Belfry of Christ Churcl Oxford. A Monograph by D. C. L.:* Oxford, 1872). The addition of the pinnacle to the Hall was subsequently carried out (see the Rev. H. L. Thompson's lif of *Henry George Liddell*, 1899, p. 162). For Ruskin's views of King's College Cambridge, see Vol. VIII. pp. 63 *n.*, 164.]

LECTURE V[1]

QUERCIA[2]

4. Among the several subjects of question,[3] which my pupils probably find in this list of artists with whom I wish them primarily to become acquainted, perhaps even the absence of the names of Michael Angelo and Raphael may not, if they are acquainted with the general tenor of my writings, be so surprising to them as the presence of the name of Quercia, or Jacopo della Quercia, of whose existence many of them probably never heard, and of whose works I have very seldom hitherto spoken. Nor indeed are there now many remaining to be spoken of. His fountain at Siena is destroyed, and a modern copy of it put up instead;[4] his bas-relief on the north side of the Duomo of Florence has been blanched by a process of purification which has apparently changed it into chalk from marble; his two fonts at Lucca have been scraped thoroughly down with sand-paper; while of his tomb of the wife of Paul Guinigi there, one side has been carried to Florence, and the canopy or other decoration adjunct long ago destroyed

[Delivered on November 24.]

[For other general references to Jacopo della Quercia (1374–1438), see Vol. XII. p. 08; *Ariadne Florentina*, § 65 (Vol. XXII. p. 341); *Val d'Arno*, §§ 38, 39, 79 *n.*, 82 above, pp. 30, 49, 51); and *Mornings in Florence*, § 124 *n.* (below, p. 417). For descriptions of, or references to, his tomb of Ilaria di Caretto, see *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. pp. 122, 347, and Plate 3); *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66; and *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, §§ 10 *n.*, 23 *seq.* For the influence of this tomb on Ruskin, see Vol. IV. p. 346, and *Præterita*, ii. §§ 112 *seq.*; and compare Introduction (above, p. xlvii.).]

[The MS. adds, "which, besides the two awkward misprints, my pupils . . ." Presumably the diagram of artists (now given in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 48) had contained the misprints.]

[See *Val d'Arno*, §§ 38, 39 (above, p. 30).]

by the mob;[1] so that there remains of it now only one sic of the sarcophagus, and happily untouched except by tim though unprotected but by the repentant kindness of fo tune, the recumbent figure of its dead.

46. Nevertheless, on the ground of the excellence of th one work, of the position he held among the sculptors Italy at the time of the competition for the gates of Flo ence, and of the facts of his life recorded by Vasari, yo will find that I have justly placed him among the highe representatives of the mathematic sculpture of 1400; an you will not, I think, impugn my having done so when tell you that this statue of the lady of Caretto[2] is the onl piece of monumental work I know in the world whic unites in perfect and errorless balance the softest mysteri of emotion with the implacable severities of science, an that, if any of my pupils had time to see only one statue i Italy, and permitted me to choose for them, out of all he churches and all her galleries, the one which would teac them most, I should name to them no ideal statue of Go or Goddess, Saint or Athlete, but this perfect image of th early dead wife of an Etruscan noble.

47. Yet observe I do not praise it to you as a supremel wonderful thing at all, but only as a supremely right one nay, the singly quite right one, which you can see in a Italy. There are many which come near it, many whic

[1] [Vasari, after describing the monument, adds: "When Paolo Guinigi left, rather was driven out of Lucca, in the year 1429, and the city remained free, th sepulchre was removed from its place; and such was the hatred borne to the nam of Guinigi by the Lucchese, that it was almost totally destroyed; but their admir tion of the beautiful figure and rich ornaments restraining them to a certa extent, they some time afterwards caused the sarcophagus, with the statue, to l carefully placed near the door leading into the sacristy, where they now are (vol. i. p. 315, Bohn). One side of the base, with three boys holding a festoo was removed to the National Museum at Florence, having been purchased in th year 1829. "In 1891, however, the monument was by good fortune once mor removed to the centre of the transept, the side of the sarcophagus being returne to its rightful position; and the tomb was then surrounded by a strong iron railin to prevent any further injury to the beautiful work which Mr. Ruskin had taug the authorities at last to treat with reverence. A plaster cast of the entire mon ment may be seen in the South Kensington Museum" (William White: *The Prin ciples of Art as Illustrated in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield*, 1895, p. 373).]

[2] [Ilaria, daughter of Carlo Marchese del Caretto.]

artistic skill equal it; none which, as a standard of art, judgment, and feeling, matches it. And, for the present at least, you can perfectly see it. Its canopy, as I said, is gone; the sarcophagus with its recumbent figure stands as simply by the transept wall of Lucca Cathedral as a table at the side of your room,[1] and just at the height of your hand, if you wished to raise the head on its pillow which will never move more. Fortunately, again, the wall behind is of dark brown marble, relieving the white form; and a cross and circle, cut deep into its stone, before the tomb was placed there, sign her resting-place with sweet fortuitous sacredness. I made this sketch merely to show you this place and look of the tomb; it is impossible to draw it.[2]

48. You have then, I repeat, in this tomb, a standard of perfect rightness—the most accurately faultless achievement of that Mathematical school of which the aim is primarily to be right. Of which effort and its results we will examine with reference to this sculpture, as far as I can describe it to you, the history more in detail.

I told you that the Mathematic school begun with Nicola Pisano. He, first of Italians, began not merely to see, but to think; not contented with representing what seemed to him to be so, but steadily asking himself whether the thing was so. A great step in the arts, we perceive. I willingly accepted Lord Lindsay's comparison of the advent of Niccola Pisano to the sun at his rising.[3] Nevertheless, the sun is sometimes too piercing and sometimes too hot; and there are things which may be seen better, and flowers which will grow better, in the shade.

The thing appears, we said, to the æsthetic and perceptive person to be so and so; the mathematic person

[For its now altered position, see a preceding note.]

[Plate XIX. (p. 226) shows the position. It is from a drawing by Ruskin at Brantwood. For a photograph of the whole monument, see Vol. IV. p. 122 (Plate 3).]

[See *Val d'Arno*, § 264 (above, p. 154).]

sternly asks, Is it so? Very fine of him, provided he b sure that he ask, Is it *all* so? instead of only persecuting small portion of it with demonstration. But the chanc are heavily against him—unconquerably against him—i the beginning. He can only mathematically know, or cu little in beginning. Let us see how Niccola himself bega

49. Fortunately his traditionally first work in sculptu —the first, that is to say, which, independently execute was judged worthy to be employed in a sacred edifice[1]— well within reach in the very porch of this same Duomo Lucca,[2] in the transept of which is the tomb by Querci Within a hundred yards of each other you may pa from the beginning to the central perfectness of Math matic sculpture.

I made this drawing of the porch partly for its ow sake, chiefly for this piece of Niccola's sculpture. It repr sents the taking down from the cross, and is of excellen sufficient to call forth this burst of word-painting fro the modern critic:[3]—

"No example of the century can be said to have combined in the sa degree skill in composition and grouping, with boldness of attitude, fo shortening, and vigour of handling,—a deep study of nature and anato with lofty character and expression. The body of the Saviour, still sup in death, had just been taken from the cross, and was held in the power grasp of Joseph of Arimathea. On his shoulder the head, recumbent the outstretched arm, hung powerless. That arm the Virgin tende embraced, whilst S. John carefully upheld the other. Nicodemus stro to extract the nail from one of the feet. . . . In the Saviour's supplen of limb and frame, fine foreshortening, and perfect proportion, in t figures around, force allied to natural movement might fetter the attenti

[1] ["Niccola was no less excellent in sculpture than in architecture; and the façade of the church of San Martino, in Lucca, he executed a Deposition Christ from the Cross, half relief in marble, which is full of admirable figu finished with extreme care, the marble being entirely perforated, and the wh completed in a manner which gave hope, to those who were previously pursui this art with weary steps, that a master was now about to arise, from whose and example they might look for greater facilities to their future progress th had yet been enjoyed" (Vasari, vol. i. p. 63 in Bohn's translation).]

[2] [An alto-relievo which still fills a lunette over one of the side doors.]

[3] [With the passage here given from Crowe and Cavalcaselle, may be compa the description of the work in C. C. Perkins's *Tuscan Sculptors*, 1864, vol. pp. 12–14.]

the most careless spectator, whilst the more critical observer, remarka certain squareness of stature and a slight overcharge of drapery, some bleness of frame and classic imitation in the females, might point to se as the only defects that could possibly be noticed" (*A New History of Painting in Italy*, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, vol. i. p. 136).

50. Well, all that is in a great measure true; but however well the sculpture may be composed, you cannot clearly from the pavement see what the figures are about. Here already, in the very dawn of it, you see the fault of the Mathematic school of which I told you;[1] not depending much upon sight themselves, they don't think the spectator should care about it either. If the sculpture is good itself, whether you can see it or not is of no consequence.

However, it was very important for me, belonging wholly to the Æsthetic school, to see as much as I could; so I got a ladder, and the first thing I found was that the basket carried by one of the lateral figures was full of herbs to embalm the body with. They are trefoils, and cut with great care; but now just consider how in this little point the school exhibits itself for good and evil. The figure carries the basket, so.[2] Had a sculptor of the true Æsthetic school done it, he would have sloped the basket as to let you see what was in it from below. That would have been mathematically wrong, but instinctively and naturally right. Such a naïve thing as this, however, could only occur in a boy's work. The moment I saw it knew that the tradition of the early date of this marble must be true.

51. Well, the next thing that caught my eye was the skull at the foot of the cross. Now this skull, to indicate the Golgotha, is always present in the old Byzantine crosses; but it is quite roughly drawn, being unimportant except as a sign. Here is one, for instance, of very early

[That is, putting the sculpture above instead of below: see above, p. 218.]

[*i.e.*, in such a position that its contents are not visible to the spectator. The Plate, it will be seen, is reproduced from a photograph taken from a at which they are visible.]

enamel[1]—the old Æsthetic school, in which the workma with what sight and sense he has, looks at the angels ar the Christ intently, but does not care about looking at th skull.

But the boy Niccola, bent upon doing everything right and thoroughly, of course gets a skull to work from; ar as that will stay quiet enough to be copied, goes at with might and main, and produces such a facsimile bone that one can't believe it marble at all, so sharp th broken edges of the nose are. All mathematically righ of course; but then the whole thing is no bigger than walnut—you can't see it from below a bit, and if you coul you don't want to.

52. The next thing I had to examine was the figure the foot of the cross; ordinarily, in the passionate old schoo it is the Magdalen kissing the feet, or St. John holdin the limbs as they decline. But the boy Niccola, thinkin in his own way, mind you, just as Giotto does, only thin ing to other ends—the boy of Pisa says to himself, "Ye it's all very pretty kissing the feet, but that might be don anywhere; what I have got to show is the actual fact the taking down from the cross;" and so he puts a ma pulling the nails out with a big pair of pincers.[2] All ve right, observe; mathematically right as to his facts, only w don't want that particular class of facts for this subject.

53. Thinking for himself, I said, like Giotto, only other ends. Do any of my hearers chance to remembe that in my account of Giotto's little picture of Golgoth I told them that one executioner was hammering down th wedges of the cross? I should like you to ask me—o better, to ask and feel the answer for yourselves—how th incident differs from this. It is just as literal, just as- in the ordinary sense of the word—vulgar. But with Giot

[1] [This example does not appear to have been placed in the Oxford Collectio

[2] [Compare in a later volume Ruskin's letter to Professor Norton from Luc August 18, 1874, in which he notices these same points in Niccola's work.]

[3] [Again a reference to the missing lecture on Giotto. The passage here referr to occurs, however, in *Mornings in Florence*, § 29 (see below, p. 325).]

Photo Alinari

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Deposition of Christ, by Niccola Pisano

is subordinate and opposed, precisely as Shakespeare offers h incident to his main tragic passion, deeply enhancing With Niccola it is principal; the passion left out for sake of it.

54. I anticipate, however, in saying so, what I have tell you of the principal figure—Joseph of Arimathea eiving the body in his arms. If, in this main action, erence, or affection, the thrill and awe of the now omplished sorrow, had been in the least felt or thought by the boy, we of the Æsthetic school would have for- n him his skull and pincers. But the young lad of a had never for an instant thought of anything of the l. His whole boyish soul is set on showing how heavy body is; how like clay it falls on St. Joseph's shoulder; the muscles of St. Joseph's arm and heart sustain how he balances himself on the ladder as the weight e more and more on him. Mathematical and physical s, you see, all of them; all the laws of gravity, of cs, of dynamics; all the forms and functions of bones flesh rightly observed and shown for the first time in world again since the last days of Greece.

55. Wonderful work it is, and in its way, for a boy, culous. So true it is, so energetic, so ponderous in dead flesh, and so vigorous in the living, that you t well imagine it, at a first glance, Michael Angelo's ad of Niccola's—the consummation of Mathematic art ad of its beginning. But you cannot but have felt, he relation of this material veracity to its subject the fficiency, childishness, and unfeelingness of it.

Right, however, indubitably, to its measure of concep- Right, unassailably, so far as calculable laws can teach, ing aside at once and for ever all weak fears of the rial truth, and idle failures of reaching it. It cannot better done, visibly says Niccola, like Dürer,[1] of his ely conscientious labour; let no one henceforward touch l who does not mean, thus far at least, to do likewise.

[1] [See Vol. XIX. p. 52.]

56. No one did. The revolution accomplished itse without appeal. Thenceforward the human body becam known as his alphabet to every Tuscan sculptor; thence forward dynamic law, perspective law, optical law, wer recognized as unbending to any fantasy, and no one wa held an artist at all who could not mould bodies an balance limbs as a potter plays with clay, or who coul not adjust every strain to the strength and every move ment to its time.

57. In the sculpture I have just examined with yo all these characters are exaggerated in their discovery b the youthful enthusiasm. Niccola, as he grew older, adde greater ones; but it was not the fiery Pisan race, bu only the old central Etruscan, which on its deep religiou sentiment could wear, like a St. Michael putting on h armour, the riveted and rigid steel of inviolable law, yc never feel the iron check one wave of its angelic wings —only that race, and only the strongest men of that rac and in its purest age—or at least at this time, 1400- when the traditions of virtue as of art were sealed by th consent of its people into an ethical and physical syste of education undreamed of till then, and now forgotte And this statue of the lady of Caretto marks for yc not only the time of perfect law in art, but of perfe law in life; only such a woman can ever have had suc a tomb.

58. Let me mark for you, before pressing that chi truth, the technical points in which that sculpture advanced beyond Niccola's.

[Here the MS. breaks off, Ruskin leaving this portion of h theme to extempore delivery. It seems from a later passage (§ 6 that the passage now in *Mornings in Florence* (§§ 13, 14), on the ton of a member of the Galileo family at Santa Croce, was original written for this place. Next he jots down:—

"Then its place, between niched tablets of Santa Croc Etruscan tombs, etc."

The MS. resumes further discussion of the evolution of tombs—a su ject already discussed in *The Stones of Venice* (Vol. XI. pp. 81 *seq.*

59. You have, then, on one side, the early type of recumbent statue, beautiful in sentiment and rich in the picturesque elements of Gothic design, but rigid in feature, inaccurate in portraiture, and leaving or even attracting the attention to wander away from the figure itself to the complex meshes of its picturesque decoration. The tomb of Aymer de Valence in Westminster Abbey,[1] with its exquisitely enamelled shield, is the best type that I know myself in Europe of this most precious mode of monument—inestimable in its own primitive and quaint virtues, but still imperfect. You will look at it, if you have true feeling, with deep reverence, with delighted admiration, but not with tears. These tombs extend in date through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

60. Then, on the other side, you have the late tomb, in which the figure has become perfect in portraiture and consummate in truth of limb and drapery, and therefore the sculptor soon ceases to be content with the recumbent quietude, but raises the figure on its elbow or side, then animates it, seats it, erects it, changes it into the portrait-statue, which may or may not be above the tomb, but, if on the tomb, is almost sure to be theatrical and ridiculous.

But of the portrait-statue still retaining the recumbent position, and very touching and lovely, you have a pure example in the children by Chantrey at Lichfield, of which the cast is in our galleries;[2] while both at Florence and Venice you have, in their days of decline, every variety of the dramatic and vivacious statue-personage which represents man as insolently defying, instead of thankfully and resignedly submitting to death.

61. Precisely in equipoise between these two conditions of imperfection and of extravagance, between the cold

[1] [In the choir; the tomb of Aymer, or Andomar de Valence, Earl of Pembroke (died 1323); it is figured at p. 34 of the *Deanery Guide to Westminster Abbey*.]

[2] [Chantrey's masterpiece, the monument of the two children of the Rev. W. Robinson, is under the east window of the south choir aisle. For Ruskin's other references to Chantrey, see Vol. XII. p. 152 *n*. A collection of casts and models of Chantrey's work is in the University Galleries.]

severity which cannot reach the tenderness of death, a
the vivid insolence which forgets its power, is placed t
perfect tomb—a sacred portraiture of an infinite peace
laid, as it were, between the living and the dead—Chris
word spoken in perpetual marble: "She is not dead—
sleepeth."[1]

62. And now let me ask you to note one by one t
conditions in the mind of the sculptor, and the modes
which he must use reserve, or forbid his own imaginati
skill, and pride, to obtain such a result as this. Above
things, first, he must subdue his pride, or, at least, his lo
of applause. He must derive no praise from the unfeeli
Every decoration that can be parted with he refuses: the
is no fringe or embroidery here to be played with in p
sence of death. All *terror* also he refuses: there is
ghastliness of winding-sheet, no wasting of sickness
the features. All *curiosity* he refuses: there is no fi
impressing of the pillow by the head, no subtle crumpli
of the wrinkles of the dress about the limbs. Nay, all t
attractive extreme of the fairest truth he refuses: a lo
of the hair escapes from its fillet and trembles loos
down upon the cheek with a perfect tenderness, and h
Ghiberti or Luca della Robbia touched it, it would ha
been so soft, so finishedly like hair, that the eye mig
have been caught by it, and the meaner thought intend
—how wonderful. Not so with Quercia. A few quiet re
lute touches, ineffably subtle and unperceived in their sk
and the lock lies on the cheek indeed, but you do n
look at it—only at the face.

63. Again, he is as much master of all the laws
balance and weight in the human body as Michael Ange
himself. But he does not want you to think of balanc
or weight. In Michael Angelo's Adonis, or David, or Tw
light, or Bound Slave you instantly think how langu
the Adonis, how balanced in youthful strength the Davi
how deep in dream the Twilight, how bowed in toil t

[1] [Matthew ix. 24.]

J. Ruskin Allen & Co. Sc.

Head of Ilaria di Caretto, by Jacopo della Quercia

Save;[1] and had Michael Angelo cut this, you would have felt instantly how heavily she lies — how dead. Not so Quercia. He will not let you think of anything secondary for an instant—not of flesh, not of death, and least of all, of him or his knowledge. The young matron lies at rest, like a fallen flower. Her hands are crossed as they fall, not on her breast—that would have been too emotional for Quercia; only so. Any other sculptor would have made them daintily beautiful; not he. They are just natural, even not tapered to the finger-ends a bit, but bluntish, though small and soft; just a simple lady's hands, laid one on the other as easily as if she had but that moment put them so. You don't think of saying, "What pretty hands"; still less, "How exquisitely they are cut." But try to draw them, and you will find dimpled Nature herself not more inimitable.

64. Again, with all this reserve and restraint of power, all is done with such consummate point that, had he disposed the folds of the drapery entirely by natural laws, the statue would have been deceptive, and every fool would have gaped at it for its deception. Quercia will not have it so. I must not have the mob coming here, he thinks, to see how like marble can be to clothes: he arranges the dress over the breast in perfectly natural but close-drawn folds, and thus permits the soft outline of the form beneath, but from the shoulder he draws these terminal folds straight to the feet. They would be only possible if the statue was erect, nor then in this continuousness; no drapery unless under tension could take so unbroken lines, whereas these are not even absolutely straight, but curves of extreme subtlety.

65. How can I defend this? you will ask me. I do not merely defend, I assert it, for the protecting excellence of

[The Adonis is in the Bargello (Museo Nazionale) at Florence; the David in the Accademia (R. Galleria Antica e Moderna). For the Twilight (on one of the Lorenzo tombs), see *Val d'Arno*, § 145 (above, p. 88). The Bound Slave is in the Louvre; there is a plate of it at vol. ii. p. 86 of J. A. Symonds's *Life of Michelangelo*.]

the statue; but I must ask you to let me defer defenc of it till next lecture,[1] for to-day I only want to tell yo all the points to be noted, and have no time for this debat which runs into metaphysics.

66. For the final point, then. Hitherto we have see Quercia thinking only of his chief subject, admitting n secondary motive for a moment. One at last he admit He has given humanity in its perfectness, accepting th glory of death; beside it he will put the lower creatur in its obedience, watching the mystery of death. He h put Ilaria's dog at her feet, which rest upon him. bull terrier he is; as far as I know dogs, rightly chose whether by Ilaria herself or by Quercia for her, as th most faithful. He takes the place here of the old heraldi hound or other merely symbolic creature. But this dog Quercia's is living; he lays his paws on the outer fold his mistress's dress, lies utterly quiet under her feet, th hem of the dress just sweeping past his breast and dow over one of his paws. His head only is turned to wate the face: Will she not wake, then?

[The next portion of the lecture was left to extempore deliver the note in the MS. being "Then show dog, noting its smooth hai less lines. Now Vasari; stopping at Jacopo of the Fonte to te effects of his sculpture on modern persons."

The passage in Vasari (vol. i. p. 318, Bohn) is as follows: "Jacop now desired to revisit his native city, and returned to Siena accor ingly. He had no sooner arrived there than an opportunity w afforded him of establishing an honourable memorial of himself, he had desired to do, in the place of his birth. The Signoria Siena had resolved to erect very rich decorations in marble arou the fountain on the piazza, to which the Sienese masters, Agostin and Agnolo, had conducted the water in 1343; they therefore a pointed Jacopo to complete the undertaking at the cost of 2200 gol ducats. The master having prepared his model, and sent for th requisite marbles, commenced the work forthwith, and this he ult mately completed so much to the satisfaction of his fellow-citizen that they no longer called him Jacopo della Quercia, but ever afte wards named him Jacopo of the Fountain (Jacopo della Fonte) . . ."

[1] [See p. 239.]
[2] [For subsequent passages from Vasari, see below, pp. 234–235.]

With this incident in the civic life of Siena, Ruskin contrasted three instances of modern manners. His notes in the MS. are:—

"The respectable burgess of the town, thirty years ago, in 1845, talking to Sacristan."

"The peasant of to-day out of the vineyards' rock-bed, finding Connie's cross."

"The fashionable Italian of to-day."

The manners of "the respectable burgess" are referred to below (§ 68), and Mr. Wedderburn's notes give the incident: "Two years ago, as I was by it, a burgess entered the Cathedral, and talking with the verger, he took off his hat and put it down on the face of the figure."

With these modern manners Ruskin contrasted the simple faith and honesty of the despised and over-taxed peasantry. Mr. Wedderburn's notes of the lecture contain the passage: "This summer as I was painting the statue a group of peasants from the marble hills around Lucca—a farmer and two middle-aged women—came in. What did *they* do? They knelt with reverence, and the women kissed the edge of the drapery. 'She is worthy of your kiss,' said I. They looked at me in bewilderment, and asked, 'What saint is it?'" He tells the incident of the finding of the cross in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 18. He was among the hills to the south of Lucca, and one of his companions (Miss Constance Hilliard) while "scrambling about among the vines, lost a pretty little cross of Florentine work. Luckily, she had made acquaintance only the day before with the peasant mistress of a cottage close by, and with her two youngest children, Adam and Eve. Eve was still tied up tight in swaddling clothes . . . but Adam was old enough to run about, and found the cross, and his mother gave it back to us next day."

With the third incident, typical of the manners of "the fashionable Italian of to-day," the MS. of the lecture resumes:—]

67. While I, a poor artist — shabby old coat on, all wite probably—was drawing the tomb, in came an Italian gtleman with two ladies, one elderly, the other a girl of einteen or nineteen. Well, I didn't move my chair, but roe and stood in my humblest manner behind it. So at la they looked at the statue, and seemed puzzled, moved thir heads about with a sort of bird-like, chicken-like acon. At last the young lady caught sight of something wth noticing; she tweaked the statue by the nose, remked to her attendant gentleman that some harm had hapened to that feature—rather in a triumphant manner I hought, as if it had been a rival's nose—and having

thus satisfied her critical and æsthetic faculty, walked or rustled on.

68. Now, gentlemen and ladies, you have there precisely the three materials of existing political life in Italy, and this is what is taking place among them.

The respectable burgess, who puts his hat on the statue's face, is introducing English manufacture and liberal opinions; he is building tall chimneys close to the bridge of the Trinity,[1] and cheap lodging-houses round the walls, and, as to the old art of the country, as fast as he can, putting his English-made hat on the face of it. That's all that it's good for now.

The peasant is the slave of a miserable superstition, to be enlightened by the Bible Society if possible, but at all events to be taxed; that is the only thing at present that he is good for. And the taxes on him are at present, in the days of modern liberality, four times at least—I speak within the most studied limits—what they were in the days of Grand Dukes and Austrians.

Then the third class, the gentleman and ladies, are the persons who tax him. They are the Government, or money-takers of the country; they have tweaked every religious order by the nose—a dead thing now, what else should they do with it?—and taken its money from it. They live by taxing the peasant, and rustle past the statues of the simple dead, their ancestresses, in the splendidest of gowns.

[Here the MS. again becomes memoranda: "Then Dickens"—the reference being (as Mr. Wedderburn's notes show) to Dickens's passing allusion to Quercia's fountain at Siena as "a broken-nosed thing" (*Pictures from Italy*, p. 157): see *Val d'Arno*, § 39 *n.* (above, p. 30).

"Then, finish Vasari's Life."

Ruskin read, no doubt, the following passages:—

"For all these works — which were, indeed, excellent—and for the uprightness of his life, which was very conspicuous, Jacopo was rewarded by the Signoria of Siena, from whom he received the order of knighthood;[2] and they shortly afterwards made him warden

[1] [At Florence.]

[2] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 79 *n.* (above, p. 49).]

of the Duomo, which latter office he exercised in such a manner, that at no time, either before or after, were the works of that edifice more prudently directed. The master survived his appointment to his office only three years: he nevertheless effected many useful and creditable improvements in the building. . . . Worn out by continual efforts and perpetual labour, he died at Siena in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was honourably borne to his grave, in the place of his birth, by his kindred and friends. Jacopo della Quercia was lamented not by his friends and relations only, but by the whole city."

"Now" (resumes Ruskin in his memoranda) "how do you get such an artist? The race of him is for two thousand years and more. Old Etruscan tombs. Then the training of him is as you see fathers trained their sons. Then his religion is to be taught him without question; all the relations of life to death told him truly."

The MS. resumes with the concluding passage of the lecture:—]

69. How father taught son you learn from this tomb of the Galileo.[1] How pastor taught flock you learn at the foot of the Duomo of Florence.

I told you[2] it stood midway between the Church of the Holy Cross (St. Francis's) and the Church of St. Mary (St. Dominic's); and in the cloister of that Church of St. Mary, Florence, by the hand of a Sienese painter,[3] eighty years before Quercia's time, recorded her faith respecting the way to make noblemen, gentlemen, and artists.

She painted her own cathedral, type of the Church in this world.[4]

Above it, the gate of Paradise, the Church in the next world; and under the walls of her Duomo, the two shepherds and the sheep, the Priest and the King; and within the walls of Paradise, the Good Shepherd in His glory.

This, then, gentlemen, is the way that Florence produced her artists and employed them. The Love of God, their theme; the Kingdom of God, their Hope; and the Law of God, their discipline.

[1] [See the description and plate in *Mornings in Florence*, § 13 (below, p. 306).]
[2] [*i.e.*, in the lecture on Arnolfo, in a passage afterwards incorporated in *Mornings Florence*, § 5 (below, p. 298).]
[3] [Simon Memmi: see below, pp. 369, 370.]
[4] [This is a description of the fresco ("The Visible Church") in the Spanish Chapel: see below, pp. 411–412, and Plate XXXIX. (p. 437).]

How far in this age of progress you have bettered or, t advantage, superseded these archaic principles in the schoo or the rotundas of Kensington I leave you to consider; an what possible difference in quality, futurity, and fame yo may discern between works of art produced for the pleasu ing of the lust of the eye and the winning of the pride c life, or works of art produced for the praise of God an the winning of Life everlasting.

LECTURE VI[1]

GHIBERTI[2]

In last lecture we examined the most tender work of early Mathematic school. To-day we are to examine most purely and limitedly mathematic, absolutely characteristic of the school in its extreme and exclusive power.

And, first, I must go over my definitions a little and clear them, for we are getting into very complex instances of their application.

You are to distinguish, observe, the æsthetic or seeing people from the mathematic or demonstrating people, both in body and spirit. There is the bodily sense and bodily science; spiritual sense and spiritual science. Here's the crystal ball, for instance, which I showed you long ago as a primary type of sculpture.[3] Well, I see it is round, and feel it is round. Very round indeed. I'm content with that much of perception. That's bodily sense—æsthetic. But if I gave it to a geometrician, and told him it was round, he wouldn't believe me, nor care to look at it or

[1] Delivered on November 27.]

[2] Of the east gates of the doors of the Baptistery, described lower down in this lecture, Ruskin exhibited a large photograph, which is now No. 136 in the Reference Series. To the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti (1381–1455) as "a model of bronze treatment" Ruskin refers in Vol. XX. p. 312. He praises the sculptor's grace and inventiveness (*Val d'Arno*, § 179, above, p. 108; and Vol. XVIII. p. 308). He specially commends the treatment of leaves (Vol. VII. p. 53, Vol. VIII. p. 149, and Vol. XI. p. 171), and often refers to the Gates of the Baptistery in terms of admiration (Vol. VIII. p. 154, Vol. IX. p. 260, Vol. XVI. p. 46, Vol. XIX. pp. 34, 37); also above, p. 51 (*Val d'Arno*, § 82), and below, p. 342 (*Mornings in Florence*, § 46 *n.*). The "Nativity" is mentioned in *Val d'Arno*, § 295 (above, p. 174); and there are incidental references in Vol. XI. pp. 14, 17, Vol. XII. p. 109, and Vol. XXII. p. 31. See also *Love's Meinie*, §§ 13, 14, and *Art of England*, § 128. For a criticism of the "Creation of Eve" similar to that given in §§ 78 *seq.* here, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 130 (below, p. 421).]

[3] See *Aratra Pentelici*, Vol. XX. p. 204 *n.*]

feel it. He would measure it, and take half a day to find out it was round. Then he'd be sure, which I'm not. That's bodily or material sense, and bodily or material science.

71. Again, with the sense of the spirit we perceive instinctively, for instance, when we are in love; or at least young gentlemen perceive when they are in love, and young ladies when anybody is in love with them. That is spiritual æsthetics, so long as one is content with the absolute and pure perception that we are in love or being loved. But when one begins to be discontented with the evidence of feeling, and to reason about it and to say "Charles must be in love with me, because he's always in the parks and not at his college," that's spiritual mathematics. So again Mozart, singing—

> "Voi che sapete,
> Che cosa è amor,
> Donne vedete
> S' io l'hò nel cor,"[1]

is a most mathematical lover and ballad-singer, but entirely spiritual.

72. Then, going on into higher, or at least wider definition, generally you have the sense and science of the body or flesh, and the sense and science of the soul or spirit. And these are contrary the one to the other,[2] the Flesh contending against the spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, yet each necessary to the other in that balance, each perishing if not kept in due balance to the other—perishing in dust, or perishing in dream. So then, finally, in the highest degree you have opposed the perception or sight of Earth and Science of it, which is Ge-ology, and the perception or sight of Heaven and knowledge of It

[1] [This song in *Le Nozze di Figaro* was ever a favourite with Ruskin. Mr. Wedderburn remembers how a young lady, singing to him for the first time, took the song, and at the end he thanked her, adding, "But when you know what love is, you won't sing it like that."]

[2] [Galatians v. 17.]

which is The-ology. And in the Chapel of St. Mary's you have the complete system of all painted, the seven Virtues first—three Christian, four Cardinal—then the seven Earthly Sciences, and then the seven Theological Sciences.[1]

73. So, then, you have sense and science of the Body, sense and science of the Soul. All necessary and harmonious. But, practically, men throw them out of harmony; and it almost always happens that the scientific school think only of *ascertaining* truths of the body, and the æsthetic school only of *seeing* truths of the spirit. So they get opposed, not necessarily, but wilfully and in fact; the æsthetic school is in history the faithful one, and the scientific infidel. And to-day, as I told you, we are to study a mathematician of mathematicians, a man utterly learned in bodily form and master of every appeal of bodily sense, and therefore very popular at Kensington.

74. In last lecture I was obliged to confine your attention strictly to the progress of skill and sentiment in the mathematic school; to-day we must sweep out its complete relations in architectural form and subject to former and succeeding art.

All that it is needful for you to learn essentially of the history of Italian architecture may be learned on the little area, scarcely larger than a peasant winnows his corn upon, of smooth pavement between the Baptistery of Florence and Giotto's Tower.

You know what importance I have always attached, since I first began to teach here in Oxford, to the study of the Baptistery;[2] and long ago, in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, I gave Giotto's Tower as the central type of beautiful edifice yet existing in the world.[3] In my having done so, Fortune or Kind Fate had at least as much share

[1] A reference to the fresco ("The Strait Gate") in the Spanish Chapel of S. Maria Novella: see below, pp. 377 *seq.*, and Plate XXXVI. (p. 378).]

[2] See *Aratra Pentelici*, §§ 24, 68, 207 (Vol. XX. pp. 217, 243, 352), and *Val d'Arno*, §§ 85, 148, 160 (above, pp. 52, 90, 97).]

[3] See Vol. VIII. p. 187. A portion of the Tower was the subject of the frontispiece in that book.]

as my own effort to discern what was right.[1] Fortun and Jacopo della Quercia mainly, for if he had not a Lucca forced me to leave my picturesque mountain worl for what was entirely true and human,[2] I had never dis cerned the light of Giotto's Tower. But so it was—happil for me—that now, building on so long since laid foundatior I can gather into one close panorama for you the histor of central Christian art.

75. You can't stand, however, where I want you t stand, between the Baptistery and Cathedral, for that i now the main place for omnibus traffic.[3] But you ma find a convenient place at the corner of the little Loggi of La Misericordia—Mercy upon us—where you may loo from Baptistery to Tower; the only inconvenience ther will be from the non-itinerant hawkers of small-ware, o whom the chief—who always put himself this year i the place where alone I could think comfortably about th Duomo without being run over (I was, very nearly, thre or four times)—was a man selling hair-combs of really super fine quality, which he exhibited by sawing little jags out o a deal board with their teeth, the marvellousness and agree able sound of which operation always, however I tried t accustom myself to it, so interfered with my reflections tha I scarcely knew till I got home again what I had bee thinking of. Standing there, however—and let us hop without the comb-seller's accompaniment—you can glanc in an instant from Baptistery to Tower.

76. Now, the Baptistery is as purely a native Etrusca building as the Parthenon is a native Athenian one. Th race which made all those loveliest Greek vases in th British Museum, which made that cup I have plagued yo

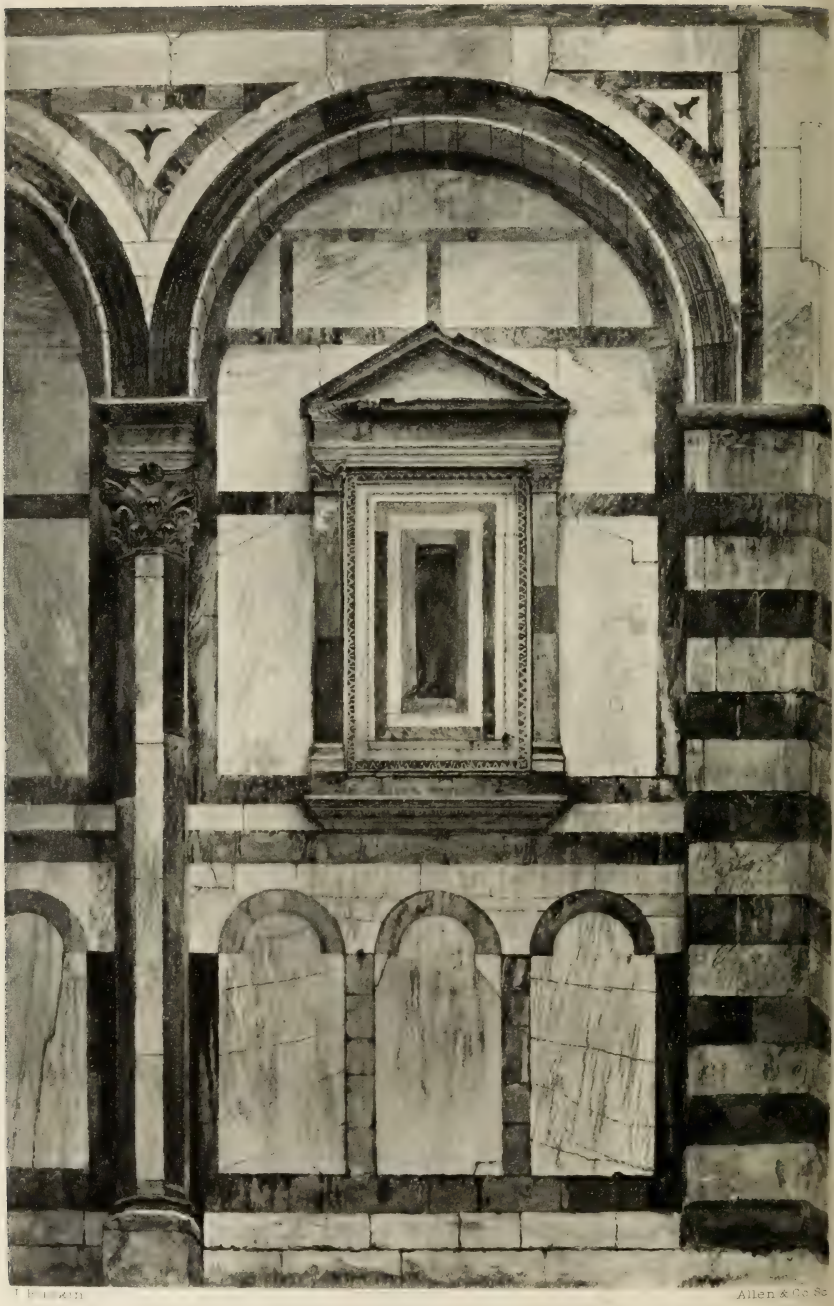
[1] [Here Ruskin's first draft continued :—

"If chance of fate had kept me in England, the Cathedral of Wel would have been my highest conception of architecture."

For Ruskin's admiration of Wells, see Vol. XVI. p. 311 *n.*]

[2] [Compare the Epilogue (1883), § 6, to the second volume of *Modern Painter* (Vol. IV. p. 347).]

[3] [Compare *Mornings in Florence,* § 120 (below, p. 413).]



A Compartment of the Baptistery, Florence

to draw[1]—that Etruscan race, coming down in Christian ce from their rock of Fésole, built in the eighth century t Baptistery, in approximate form as it now stands, in midst of their Campo Santo, or field of dead. Arnolfo, he thirteenth century, replaced with sacred reverence its d marbles, the tombs were taken from round it, and ecame to Florence the centre of life instead of death. ainted, as you may remember, two years ago one com- ment of it with the best care I could—never took more s with a drawing.[2] It is an Etruscan-Greek building—most exquisite piece of proportion I know in the world.[3]

With this Etruscan building was associated an Etruscan aic sculpture, equally perfect. It is distinguished by ectly straight furrowed hair drawn delicately by the ows of the chisel, every furrow counted as in a ploughed , the eyes inlaid with black. There is a perfect type t from the font of the Baptistery of Pisa.[4] That of oja is of the same work, and the screen of San Miniato lorence. That Church of San Miniato, the Badia of le,[5] and a small, most precious, and, I doubt not, soon erish remnant near the old market,[6] with the Baptistery, esent the final architecture of the native Etruscan, re that quarrel in his streets which meant the coming n on him of the Gothic race.[7]

7. Arnolfo, taught by the German-Gothic master who Assisi, joined the panels of the Etruscan Baptistery the pointed arch of the north,[8] and built the Duomo. er him, as his captain, a pure Etruscan shepherd lad

[1] No. 55 in the Rudimentary Series (Vol. XXI. pp. 181, 254, and Plate LVII.).]
[2] Plate XX. here. The drawing is No. 120 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. . For other references to the architecture of the Baptistery, see *Val d'Arno*, (above, p. 97); *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 5, 120 (below, pp. 298, 413); *Aratra ci*, §§ 24, 207 (Vol. XX. pp. 217, 352); and *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 67, 68 XXII. p. 343).]
[3] Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 5 (below, p. 298).]
[4] No. 100 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 36); it is reproduced and r discussed in *Val d'Arno*, § 12 (above, p. 16, and Plate IV.).]
[5] See below, p. 268.]
[6] A prediction since fulfilled: see below, p. 323 *n*.]
[7] See *Val d'Arno*, § 97 (above, p. 58).]
[8] Compare § 17 (above, p. 195).]

of Fésole, Giotto, accepting the Gothic form, fills it wi painting and sculpture—with painting at Assisi, and wi sculpture here at Florence; and you have Giotto's Tow perfectest work of the Æsthetic school.

78. Then came the Mathematic school—Brunellesc Quercia, Ghiberti. I have dwelt in my last lecture on on the perfect truth and justice of emotion in their pure masters, and on the magnificent energy with which Brun leschi restored all the laws of classic architecture and forms. But neither the truth and tenderness of Quer nor the energy of Brunelleschi would at once have prevail in all outward form against the school of Giotto, but t the accomplished grace and infinitely decorative inventi of Ghiberti.

79. Vainly the classic innovators would have striven reduce the rapture of the Goth, the dream of the Etrusca under the rigid law of Athenian Grace. Pallas of t Acropolis would never have reigned in Florence had n Aphrodite returned at her side, and Ghiberti forged t gates of the Baptistery with her cestus round his breast.

And now, before Florence, as before the shepherd Ida, the great goddesses stood side by side—Athena a the Queen of Beauty—and she chose as the shepherd Ida chose. She chose delight before instruction; and t art, which had hitherto been wrought in the Fear of G which is the beginning of Wisdom, was wrought, then forward, for the lust of the eyes and the pride of life.[1]

80. Florence thus chose, but not every Florentine. Tw men of the old spiritual school beheld indeed a ne goddess of all beauty and all love, but both of the divine in blessing, ruling the Universe in the clouds, in t fields, chiefly within the threshold. Love equally angel and human. And Angelico and Botticelli revealed he "true to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."[2]

81. And for a little while Florence thus worshipp

[1] [Psalms cxi. 10; 1 John ii. 16.]
[2] [Wordsworth: *To the Skylark.* Compare Vol. IV. p. 156 *n.*]

th them and was happy; but another choice was offered her yet—the last. Not between Aphrodite and Athena, t between both and Plutus—between Wisdom with ve, and Riches. And she chose the Gold. And the nt of her Duomo was torn down, and her Giotto's Tower pised, and she built the Pitti Palace.[1] And that day built no more, and no more for ever.

82. That is the chart of her life, but to-day we pause her central exquisiteness of wisdom and pleasure in her thematic school—the central deliciousness of its composed studious symmetries.

"Worthy to be the gates of Paradise," said Michael gelo.[2] Yes, it may be; but again I ask you[3] not to put much faith in the depth of the saying. Paradise it y be, but what kind of Paradise? The gates shall wer to you for themselves. Their first tablet is of the t story of Creation and its fall. I have enlarged it for .[4] I think you can all see its grace, and the circle of ovely symmetry. It is constructed like a heraldic shield, ied by supporters indeed, but these subordinate and of e moment. God the Creator of man subordinate. Man sinner subordinate. The condemning angel at the s a dragon-fly rather than an angel. But in the centre, shield borne by the rest, the Creation of woman as the n of all things, the angels round her changed almost Loves. It is the birth of Aphrodite, not of Eve.

83. "And this I call mathematic art," you ask me, "not etic?" Yes, assuredly. There is no perception here tsoever, and no feeling.

Do you suppose a man who had true eyes and heart

[1] The original façade was built, possibly from designs by Giotto, about 1350. destroyed in 1558. The Pitti Palace had been founded in 1441, Brunelleschi the architect; after his death in 1445 the work was carried on by Fancelli. ew façade of the Duomo, from the designs of Emilio di Fabris, was finished 87. The history of the building may now be studied in the various drawings odels collected in the adjacent Opera del Duomo.]

[2] For this saying, see Vol. XVI. pp. 467 *n.*]

[3] See above, § 42, p. 217.]

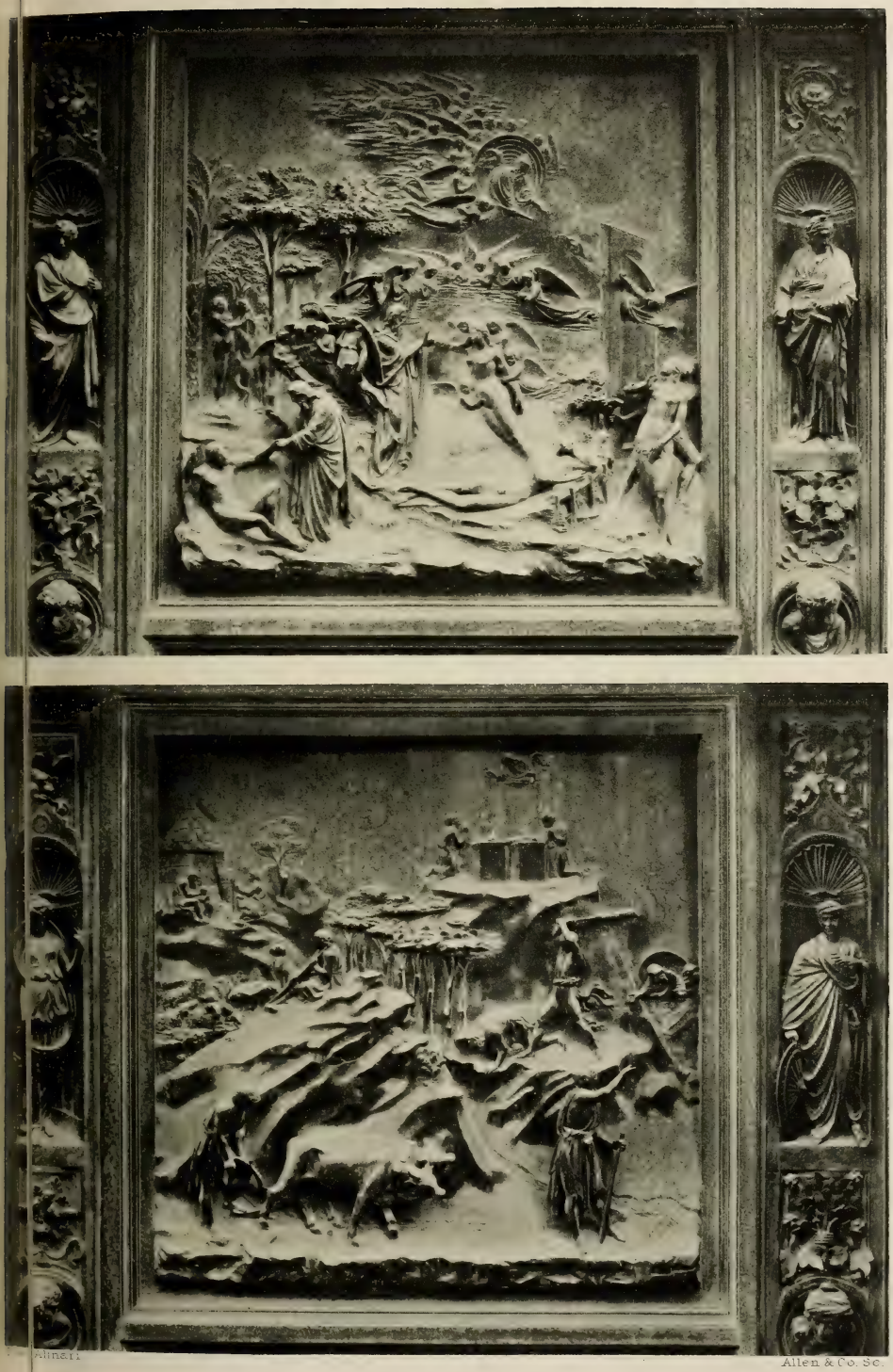
[4] The "Creation and Fall" is the top panel on the left-hand side of the east the upper panel in Plate XXI. here.]

would have made the omnipotence of man and the victo of Satan and death over humanity mere heraldic support to the apparition of a pretty woman? This is not t beginning of Creation, but of operatic scenes in it. T panel of Ghiberti's is the first of our coldly mellifluo pieties; it is a religious ballet. Coldly mellifluous orato tickling with studious art the dull ear which is incapable pleasure from true sacred song.

84. You shall see in comparison with it sculpture do with true delight, with intense didactic purpose. Turn fr the Baptistery gates and come close to Giotto's Tow[1] But let me first quickly tell you the mathematic conte and meaning of these two enlarged panels. The Creation represented simply by that of man, though trees, clou water, and rocks are given as beautiful accessories. T creation of Adam, in the left-hand corner; above the sho der of the standing figure of Christ the Creator, is a cro of witnessing angels. In a channel in the foreground ru one of the rivers of Paradise in finely threaded curre between the rocks. At the side of it Adam is sleeping an artificial bank of earth, supported by props in a circ a quite exquisite piece of perspective in bas-relief. T body of Adam, though thin, seems to me, as far as know or can feel anatomy, quite insuperable in its qualit of physical form. Mind, I don't profess judgment in t matter, but there is no Greek coin, there is no antiq statue whatsoever, on which I can recognize more exquis rendering of flesh than here. Greek forms are inde simpler; there is a certain Frenchness and affectation abo this, but for masterhood in pure flesh sculpture I ca myself conceive anything to go beyond it.

85. Then, above him, Eve is raised from his should not from his side, Ghiberti not caring for the religio tradition in the least. I must beg you to note the fadi of faith in this matter. Here, you see, in my scheme,[2] a

[1] [For the Creation of Eve on Giotto's Tower, see below, p. 421.]
[2] [The flag in *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII. p. 333).]



Allinari

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Creation and Fall
Cain and Abel

(From Ghiberti's Gates)

two men before Ghiberti—the earliest Giovanni Pisano, the second Andrea Pisano. Giovanni, at Orvieto,[1] represents Christ as taking the actual rib bone out of Adam's side; Andrea represents him as drawing Eve out of his side; and Ghiberti, from behind his shoulder. I would not myself say of this Eve what I have said of the Adam. I think the Venus de' Medici[2] much more beautiful as a female form; nevertheless, this Eve is renowned among sculptors, and I doubt not justly. Of the way in which she is sustained by the angels I do not think we can speak too highly as a mathematical design. Assume that Eve is heavy and must be held up, and you can't do it more beautifully. But a sculptor of the Æsthetic school—and I'll show you one in a minute[3]—wouldn't have thought she needed holding up when God was making her.

86. The circle of witnessing angels above is perfect again in perspective and pretty placing—each is delightfully in its own little stall at the opera; but a sculptor of the Æsthetic school would instantly have thought, "Can those angels at the back all see?" And he would have given up all his symmetries, and never minded the box-keeper's tickets a bit. If Botticelli or Tintoret had drawn that group the cherubs would have been huddling over one another as close as they could squeeze; in Tintoret's Adoration of the Magi,[4] indeed, there is one quite naughty angel who pushes another's head out of the way because he can't see through it. Well, having got your pretty Eve well made for all time, what happens in consequence, thinks Ghiberti, really doesn't much matter. Flattened far back in the left-hand corner you can just make out the serpent and the apple-tree. It really is great nonsense, thinks mathematical Ghiberti; here is the woman in Florence, as pretty as ever—that's a mathematical fact—and so some day she must have

[1] [In one of the bas-reliefs on the cathedral; Andrea's—executed probably from Giotto's design—is on Giotto's Tower.]

[2] [For other references to this statue, see Vol. V. p. 98, and Vol. VI. p. 143.]

[3] [See below, § 88, p. 247.]

[4] [In the Scuola di San Rocco; the picture is described (though this detail is not here noticed) in Vol. XI. p. 406.]

been made somewhere—that's a logical conclusion; but a to serpent's talking or apple-eating being forbidden, th more out of the way all *that* is, the better.

87. However, for the casting out of Paradise—certainly we are not all in it to-day, so that will be worth showing and he does that really with some grandeur—Tintoret copie it;[1] but Eve receiving her judgment is turned to you tha you may have another good look at the bodily shape o her. That is the gist of the business, thinks Ghiberti.

[The MS. becomes fragmentary at this point, but the lectur next described another of Ghiberti's panels—"Cain and Abel"; th lower panel on Plate XXI. here.]

On the left, Cain ploughing; above, Abel keeping th sheep; on top of the mountain, the sacrifice. Abel prayin happily on the left, Cain bowed on the right; you go dow on the right, Cain is killing Abel; you go quite to th bottom on the right, Cain is being cursed, but receives th curse quite tranquilly, to all appearance only with gracef expostulation. Kensington symmetry, you see, up you g down you go, and are ornamented all the way.

Beautiful composition, diagonal cleavage across the hill Cain in a magnificent attitude, and Abel—what would Ab do under the circumstances? thinks mathematical Ghiber Put his hand to his head, of course; so that's all he does d

Now, this Cain and Abel are quite splendid types of th Mathematical school in its intensity; attitude is everythin Ghiberti is the Correggio of sculpture.

[Here, again, the MS. passes into memoranda only, thus:—

"Then Madonnas—æsthetic, romantic, and mathematic.

"Then correspondent change in architecture. And, finall nineteenth century. We can't carve an æsthetic Madonna, n even a Madonna in an attitude; but we can at all ever supply the Madonna with a new oil lamp, and our nobl selves with gas, and here you have the nineteenth century.

"All in nutshell, from eight centuries before Christ to nin teen after Him, 2500 years."]

[1] [Mr. Wedderburn's notes have "Tintoret copies from Ghiberti, as Titian fr Giotto": for the latter point, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 25 (below, p. 321).]

88. Now in opposition to this Kensington dogma I will show you to-day a piece of ornament of the purely Æsthetic school which is new, for the most part, to English eyes. In the gates of the Baptistery you have the school of decorative pleasure; every English traveller pauses before them, but opposite—at the bases of the Tower of Giotto, I have never seen one pause.

Giotto puts his story of Creation on the foot of his tower. He is an old man now, and has thought for himself through a long life, and he is to relate this tale, on the foundation of his greatest work, in his own city. He will tell it as truly as he can.[1]

Note now the succession of subject. (1) The creation of Adam, (2) the creation of Eve. And next, (3) Adam digging, Eve spinning. Actually no Fall of Man. Worse than Ghiberti, and long before him. Ghiberti only says, "I don't think it can be true; I'm shy of talking loudly about it." But Giotto frankly, boldly, says, "I know nothing about it, never saw it. I know man is here, and God made him; woman is here, God made her. I know they must dig and spin, dig and spin they shall; but as for Eden, or the serpent, or the gate of it, or original or original sin, I can say nothing of all that."

Well, what next?—(4) a tent and a shepherd sitting in it, the father of such as dwell in tents and have cattle.[2]

Why, he has gone down six generations at a bound—no Cain and Abel, no Enoch, no Irad. All the sacrificing, murdering, cursing, missed out. "I know nothing of all that. I know sheep must be fed, and shepherds live in tents." And hence, on the exact centre of his tower he carves his own early life.

And then after Jabal, (5) Jubal and (6) Tubal-Cain, and then (7) Noah, dead drunk, the whole Deluge coolly missed out, if you please. Here's a pretty piece of theology for

[Compare with these descriptions *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 124 *seq.* (below, pp. 116 *seq.*). Of the subjects here noticed, (1), (2) and (3) are on Plate XLIII.; (4) to (7), on Plate XLIV.]

[Genesis iv. 20.]

you. Deluge and Ark, and beasts and dove and raven, a
"I know nothing about that," says Giotto, "but that No
got drunk when he first planted a vineyard. I've no dou
about that, and very pleasant for him too; we'll put that
by all means." Noah, but no betraying Ham or sorrowi
Shem and Japheth. No sin nor sorrow, says Giotto, inflict
on us by God, nor tale of them, needful to our bel
in Him. He hath made us; we are His people, and t
sheep of His pasture.[1] What! should I speak of murd
or exile, or unfilial shame on the foundation of the sacr
tower of my city? not I. Some of us under the go
vines may indeed roll flat at vintage time, but there's n
much harm in that, if one knows no better.

[1] [Psalms xcv. 7 (Prayer-book version).]

LECTURE VII[1]

ANGELICO

I MUCH regret having been compelled in my former lectures to use continually the apparently affected, but the only accurate, expressions—æsthetic and mathematic—to express the separate characters of the schools of 1300 and 1400 in Italy. I may now quit myself of them, for these words are only distinctive, not descriptive. The 1300 school is specially sensitive, the 1400 specially demonstrative; but they had other characters than these, and I wish you always in future to think of them in their wholeness as Christian Faithful and Christian Classic. The first—awaking, as Adam in that sculpture of Giotto, the first on the base of his tower—awaking to the sight of heaven and God; the second, accepting and writing down the certain laws of both—certain, enduring, inevitable—in all arts and acts of man. To the school of Perception—that which depends on its instinctive sight and sense—belongs necessarily the foundational discovery of the existence and true nature of things; while to the demonstrative, instructive, or mathematic school belongs the comparison, discipline, arrangement, and correction of impressions received by the senses. I call the former school "Christian Faithful," because faith—the evidence of things not seen—is the highest æsthetic. "We walk by Faith, not by sight"[2] means "we walk by spiritual sight, not bodily." I call the second school "Christian Classic" as that which ascertains what is right, and determines it, by law.

[1] [Delivered on December 1.]
[2] [Hebrews xi. 1; 2 Corinthians v. 7.]

90.[1] It would be the most ludicrous, if it were not al the most terrible, error in the thoughts of modern days t raise this correction and tutorial function of the Reaso above the princely dignity of the power which its dut is to defend and enthrone.[2] Princely I have called i observe, not in vague magnifying, but in close definition, the functions of the Senses, bodily and moral. Princely- Initial, that is to say,[3] as well as authoritative; discoverin the unalterable Principle and essences of things, both i matter and life. Discerning the initial, eternal differen between darkness and light, which a crystal cannot, c it into what perfect form of lens you may; discerning th initial, eternal difference between right and wrong, whic a beast cannot, however you may direct for your amus ment its rage, or for your comfort its affections. An destitute of this established vision, failing in the Princedo of Judgment, vainly you will describe by analysis wha you cannot see, and fortify by definition what you canno feel. Not by "mathesis," not by deduction or constructio not by measuring, or searching, canst thou find out God but only by the faithful cry from the roadside of th world as He passes—"Open Thou mine eyes, that I ma behold wondrous things out of Thy law."[5]

91. In that prayer you have literally expressed to yo not in any wise as we too carelessly assume metaphorically the two functions of the exercised senses, of which yo have so often, I fear incredulously, heard me affirm th

[1] [Here, it will be seen, comes a digression (§§ 90, 91) on the superiority the Faithful over the Classic school.]

[2] [The MS. at this point contains a cutting from the *Daily Telegraph*, whic Ruskin heads "The Advantage of Education":—

> "Each then tells a long story; and, almost without exception, eac speaks with a fluency, a coherence, a precision, and a force which fort a marvellous contrast to the halting rhetoric of our own uneducate countrymen."

The extract in question is from the account of a murder trial in France.]

[3] [On this sense of "princely," compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 105 (Vol. XVI p. 229).]

[4] [Job xi. 7.]

[5] [Psalms cxix. 18.]

necessary connection — the discerning of what is beautiful and of what is right. "Wondrous things out of Thy law." Wondrous, not as to the uneducated senses they are in terror, but wondrous to the educated senses in gentleness and delight; so that while to the modern demonstrator of the laws of Nature they become mysterious as dreadful in their tyranny, to the ancient perceiver of the laws of Heaven they became lovely no less than wondrous: in the tenderness and the voice of the Borgo Allegri,[1] at the feet of the Mother of Christ, was joy nothing less of allegiance than wonder—"Oh, how love I Thy law"[2]

92. And therefore at the same instant when the new heavens and new earth[3] were revealed to the gaze of Florence by her full recognition of the Christian faith, she perceived also with divine astronomy that they were belted by the zodiac and balanced by the equator of Christian virtue, and that every eye was too dim for the receiving of beauty, which was not too pure for the beholding of iniquity.

So that as the rectitude of inviolable geometric law was applied by her to the discipline of her physical sense and materially constructive energy, gathering the discordant stones of her war towers into the fitted courses of her dome, at the same moment necessarily the inviolable ethic law was applied to the discipline of her moral sense and spiritually constructive energy; and the art which we vainly and ignobly think of as the amusement of her idleness, or the investiture of her pride, became to her the tutor of her life and the prophet of her immortality.

93. The third school, on the examination of which we enter to-day, formed by the galaxy of perfect painters, who wrought centrally in the Sistine Chapel, and belonging to

[1] For the reference to the rejoicings at Cimabue's picture of the Madonna, see above, p. 202, and below, p. 330.]
[2] Psalms cxix. 97.]
[3] Revelation xxi. 1.]

this epoch of 1500, you heard me call,[1] and may best r
member as, the Christian Romantic group. Thus:—

1300. Christian Faithful.
1400. Christian Classic.
1500. Christian Romantic.

But in calling this third school so, I don't mean th
Faith and Knowledge together necessarily issue in Romanc
but that the progress of mind in other directions had re
dered it necessary that the junction of faith with kno
ledge should take a Romantic form; and by Romantic
mean the pure state of imagination dependent on Chivalr

94. The perfect Christian schools of art are the junctic
of faith with knowledge under the political state of Chivalr
(Perfect Christianity is the Christianity of Sir Philip Sidn
and George Herbert, not of John Knox or Calvin.) T
intense worship of womanhood expresses itself in the centr
power of the Madonna; its soldierly courage in the centr
power of St. Michael and St. George; and its grace a
courtesy and happiness in making the brightness of all i
tellect gentle, and the pride of all decoration holy. It unit
all the delights of the enlightened eyes, all the severities
the determining intellect, and all the passions of the pure a
burning heart. Perugino is the captain of this school:[3]—

"Gather what we may of great from Pagan chisel or Pagan dream, a
set it beside the orderer of Christian warfare, Michael the Archangel: r
Milton's 'with hostile brow and visage all inflamed'; not even Milto
in kingly treading of the hills of Paradise; not Raffaelle's with the
panded wings and brandished spear; but Perugino's with his triple cr
of traceless plume unshaken in heaven, his hand fallen on his crosslet
sword, the truth girdle binding his undinted armour; God has put h
power upon him; resistless radiance is on his limbs; no lines are there

[1] [See above, § 2, p. 186.]
[2] [Compare p. 121, above, and for the influence of chivalry, Vol. XX. pp. 363 *se*
[3] [Here the MS. note is "Read my Perugino, St. Michael"—*i.e.*, the passa
from *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 330) here given. Another memorandu
shows that the lecturer intended also to refer particularly to the Perugino in t
National Gallery, No. 288:—

"The extreme of refinement and of truth, the Raphael with Tobit
our Gallery—the romantic story, the exquisite refinement of colour, a
the true painting."

For other references to this picture, see Vol. XV. p. 170 *n.*, and Vol. XIX. p. 44

ea hly strength, no trace on the divine features of earthly anger; trustful, an thoughtful, fearless, but full of love, incapable except of the repose of et nal conquest, vessel and instrument of Omnipotence, filled like a cloud wi the victor light, the dust of principalities and powers beneath his feet, th murmur of hell against him heard by his spiritual ear like the winding of shell on the far-off sea-shore."

95. Pure Christianity in this chivalric period divided its lf practically into two great collateral powers—domestic an monastic;—the virtue of the Home and of the Desert. The Virtue, I say—not ignorant, I, to my sorrow, of th histories which delight in recording the vices of Chris- tia s, or the hypocrisy of those who were not Christian. Bu we have nothing to do with the vices of the Home or the Desert, with treachery in the household or sen- su ity in the cloister. The Home which was violated by ha ed, the monastery which was seclusion of sin, do not co e under our judgment, for they bring nothing to be ju ged. It is the chief privilege of the study of Chris- tia art that we know in an instant where the deed is, th e the truth was; no false lover ever painted beauty, no fal monk, divinity. I mean, therefore, by domestic and mo astic only the power of true love, and true sacrifice of ove, when that was needful. And these two glories of Christianity were, as I told you, understood to the full tog ther only by one man—Giotto;[1] while, taught always by him—his children in the school of chivalry—the two un atched masters in painting of the romantic Christianity, An elico and Botticelli, taught to Florence, one the happi- nes of Heaven, and the other the Holiness of Earth.

You may wonder, then, why I did not put Angelico am ng masters you were to study.[2] His weaknesses are gre t; but his strength, unmatchable.[3]

[In the lecture on him: see now *Mornings in Florence*, § 36 (below, p. 331).]

[That is, in the list in *Ariadne Florentina:* see above, p. 157.]

[Mr. Wedderburn's notes show that this passage was expanded in oral delivery:—

"Notice that though Ghiberti has a want of feeling, all that he possesses is free from error; he lacks something, but is perfect in what he has. Angelico, on the contrary, has many weaknesses, in which he paints, and therefore I have not made him one of the masters for you specially to study. (N.B.—*Modern Painters*, vol. ii., was written by me when quite under Angelico's influence.)"]

96. Now, I have nothing to do with any ecclesiastic questions, I give you only the historical facts; or, if n facts, the tradition accepted for such by the painters yc have to study. And I tell you next the physical fac which those painters knew, and which we also may all us know. There is no dispute about these possible, n doubt about them possible, namely, that by subduing th body by temperance certain states of beautiful feeling an imagination are attainable by minds capable of them, an that by intemperance certain states of abominable feelin and imagination must be brought on in all minds whats ever. The beautiful feelings and imaginations, mind you, a not produced by mere fasting or pain, but by fasting an pain endured by a noble person. Starve Ugolino to deatl he dreams but of the wolf in the mountains.[1] Stone Acha to death with the accursed wedge in his hand, he will n see heaven opened like St. Stephen.[2] All the temperanc in this world and all the tortures will put no sanctificatio on a mean soul; but for a noble soul assuredly there ar bright conditions of emotion and perception produced b bodily distress and mental sorrow, which are not grante to bodily peace and mental joy.

97. And it is necessary, at least for the understandin of Christian art, and I think also not disadvantageous t your understanding of human life, that you should learn th piece of elementary theology written for you in the pictur which of all others became most renowned as the wor of man's hand in the Church—Raphael's Transfiguration. That picture represents, above, the strength; underneath

[1] [See Count Ugolino's description of his dream in *Inferno*, xxxiii. 26 *seq.*; an compare *Proserpina*, i. ch. i. § 16 *n.*]

[2] [Acts vii. 56. For the story of Achan, who stole the wedge of gold, se Joshua vii. Achan is met with in *Purgatorio*, xx. 108, where "yet he seems b Joshua's ire pursued."]

[3] [The "Transfiguration" was ordered by Giulio de' Medici for the principa church at Narbonne, of which place he was bishop. Raphael had just finished th commission when he was attacked by fever and died, and it was decided to kee the picture in Rome; it is now in the Vatican gallery. The work is too well know for a reproduction to be necessary here; at the foot of the mountain, it will b remembered, the father of the lunatic boy has entered the presence of the nine

weakness of apostolic power. That Raphael chose rather to dwell on the agony of the demoniac than the glory of the vision on the Mount, was the evil of his day. Take at least the final good of his life in the interpretation of the picture from which his hand sank to the grave. The vision on Mount Tabor is of Christ transfigured from the flesh into presence in His own Person, the Holy One of God—the Christ, the Anointed King and Priest for ever—sanctifying the Kingly law of the Body, the Priestly law of the Spirit. Speaking with Him, Moses and Elijah, lawgivers of the Body and the Spirit. Both of them, in their deaths, taken straight to their Master; but the one buried by Him where no man knoweth, the other taken up where no man seeth.[1]

Underneath them on the Mount were Cephas, James the Great, and his brother. Observe that the Power of Elijah—desert prophet—passes into that of the Baptist (the Elias who indeed was come, and they had done to him what indeed they listed[2]), and completes itself in the prophet of the Apocalypse. James the Great, his brother, begins the apostolic line of Kings and Priests, continued at his martyrdom in James the Less, the Bishop of Jerusalem; while Cephas, named from the earth, is the teacher of Domestic law—the law of the Dominus and Domina, and of their house, dome, duomo, built on the rock,[3] not sand, —"lungo-i-fundamenti."[4] So that here in the Transfiguration—as afterwards in the first organization of Church discipline—you have the οἱ δοκοῦντες of Galatians—James, Cephas, and John—who seemed to be pillars;[5] and in all

remaining disciples, one of whom rises and points with uplifted arm to the mountain from which help shall come. Ruskin here confines himself to the theological scheme which may be found in the picture; elsewhere he criticises the treatment as theatrical, with 'kicking gracefulnesses": see Vol. V. pp. 82–83 *n.*]

[1] Deuteronomy xxxiv. 6; 2 Kings ii. 11.]

[2] Matthew xvii. 12.]

[3] Matthew vii. 24.]

[4] See above, in Vasari's account of Arnolfo's foundations for the Duomo at Florence, p. 193.]

[5] Galatians ii. 9: "And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars (οἱ δοκοῦντες στύλοι εἶναι) . . ."]

the disciplined and noble epochs of nations, you have the divinely sane lawgiver of the laws of Earth,—Domes; and the divinely *in*sane Sibyl, prophet or seer,—lawg[i]er of laws of heaven. And above them, the King, elder, or priest for ever after the order of Melchisedeck,[1] ruling the offices of both. And the entire catastrophe of the autho[ri]ty of the Church in Europe has been caused, not by pri[e]sts desiring to be Kings, but by Kings forgetting that t[he]y were Priests.

98. Read now the Epistle of Peter, with its code of domestic teaching; then read with it St. John's message to the Seven Churches,[2] and you will not afterwards, un[le]ss through coldness of heart, misunderstand the relations of sacred labour and sacred rest, of sacred companionship w[i]th men and sacred seclusion from them, and all questi[o]ns, which we uncharitably or unwisely ask as to the office or use of the monastic patience and pain, will receive th[e]ir answer from the lips of Christ. He gives us our dome[s]tic and home charge as He did to Cephas—"Feed My shee[p].[3] We complain that to the one whom He loved most he has seemingly given no charge; you ask wonderingly, "Lo[rd], and what shall this man do?"

"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee. Follow thou Me."[4]

99. Hitherto I have been speaking of the two orders of men visibly in the world, and visibly withdrawn from the world.

But there is a deeper distinction than this in the Universal Monasticism, which was taught by St. Francis and interpreted by Giotto, as required of all men, not of the monk only—the Renunciation of the world even by those who live in the midst of it—the Baptismal renunciation of it, and of its works and ways.

[1] [Psalms cx. 4. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76, § 14.]

[2] [Revelation i. 4, 6, etc.: "From Jesus Christ . . . who hath made us kings and priests," etc.]

[3] [John xxi. 16.

[4] [John xxi. 21, 22.]

In the Chapel of Santa Croce (into which I asked you, in the outset of these lectures, to come with me[1]), as in the Lower Church of Assisi, Giotto has painted on the roof the symbols of the three Franciscan virtues — Temperance or Chastity, Poverty, Obedience. And his first picture in this life of St. Francis, painted beneath, is his Disobedience to his own father.[2] . . .

100. That is St. Francis's Disobedience, and Giotto's monasticism, not necessarily flight to the desert, but necessary renunciation of the world;—that renunciation, which, promised for us in the Baptisteries of our native land, we have been all nominally confirmed to fulfil in our after years. Which only in fulfilling we can know the truths of the heavenly world, or receive the inheritance of it. Renunciation, not necessarily by abandoning the world, but by holding the government of it in the name and for the cause of our Master. Among all the neglected and despised passages of the New Testament—those messages of Christ which we treat as the husbandman treated his messengers (we catch them and kill them, and send them away empty[3]) —there is no one more weighty than the brief order, "If ye have been unfaithful in that which is another's, who shall give you that which is your own?"[4] Does it not strike you as strange—put shortly to you thus? You would have thought, would you not, the verse should have run, "If ye have not been faithful in that which is your own, who shall trust you with that which is another's?" If you think over it a while you will desire to know the context, and that is stranger still. "If ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who shall trust you with the righteous?"[5]

[1] See above, § 12, p. 192.]

[2] Here some pages of the MS. are missing. They were used in *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 47–50, where Ruskin discusses the meaning of St. Francis's Disobedience: see below, pp. 343–345.]

[3] See Mark xii. 3–5. Compare what Ruskin says elsewhere of the abuse of Bible texts (Vol. XVIII. p. 275).]

[4] Luke xvi. 12.]

[5] Luke xvi. 11: *εἰ οὖν ἐν τῷ ἀδίκῳ μαμωνᾷ πιστοὶ οὐκ ἐγένεσθε, τὸ ἀληθινὸν, τίς ὑμῖν πιστεύσει*; κ. τ. λ. Both the Authorised and the Revised versions translate "if therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches." Ruskin objects to this translation as obscuring the

There is no message that has been more mangled ou of its life than that verse—the translators have beate it about the head, ἐκεφαλαίωσαν αὐτόν.[1] They have thoug it expedient to explain away Christ's frank direct opposi on. The Unjust Mammon, and the Just. The Unjust Trea re, that which has in its worship all iniquity—the Riche of this world—is another's. The Just Treasure, that which as in its worship all equity, is your own. Then, of that w ch is another's, the Master says to you, "Occupy till I co e." But at His coming, "Thou hast been faithful in a few th gs, not thine, I will make thee ruler over many things for er, thine own; enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."[2] he universal monasticism, the divine surrender of this w ld, is simply renouncing it for oneself, holding it in trust or others. That is Giotto's Poverty and Obedience in one

101. And now add, to complete your monastic Theol y, one text more, another messenger—κεφαλαιώμενος—wou ed in the head: "There is no man that hath left house or wife, or children, or lands for My sake, and the gosp 's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold in this present fe, houses, and children, and lands, with persecutions; an in the world to come life everlasting."[3] Have any of us er seriously believed that text for an instant? Have you er tried whether it is true? It is as true as steel; once ir- render the riches of this world utterly, and they wil be given back tenfold, only the difficulty of proving tha is that if you surrender in the expectation of getting b k,

point, and says that it should be ". . . unrighteous mammon, . . . righ us mammon." The English versions substitute "riches" in translating τὸ ἀλη ὸν, because they take μαμωνᾷ to be masculine (see Alford's note on the passage) ut the word nowhere occurs in such circumstances as to show whether the w ers regarded it as masculine or neuter. The verse "who can serve God and mam n" suggests personification, and some commentators interpret Mammon as an Ori tal divinity; others, however, declare it to be a Syrian and Phœnician word, me ng "money." It may be added that πλοῦτος in the Greek Testament is neuter as ell as masculine. Ruskin's criticism of the English translation seems, therefor to be valid; though it is curious that he should translate ἀδίκῳ and ἀληθωὸν (n- righteous" and "true") "unrighteous" and "righteous," thereby taking the ne kind of liberty that he censures in the translators of the Bible.]

[1] [See Mark xii. 4.]

[2] [Luke xix. 13; Matthew xxv. 23.]

[3] [See Mark x. 29, 30.]

it is not surrender. The common language of the Church is—invest in this celestial company for the sake of the terrestrial dividend. But it must not be investment, but casting into the sea—thy bread upon the waters.[1]

But the text, as I say, is as true as steel, only the dividend may be a different thing from what you expected. Whoso leaves house, or land, or children, shall get house, and land, and child. Yes, but not in Job's poor way[2]—only two new houses for an old one, and two living children for one dead one—but in the power of his heart to accept all earthly good as his own and for its utmost, without craving, without lust, without pride; for him then, all fields bloom, and all harvests whiten; then, are not all the beasts of the forest his? then, the cattle upon a thousand hills?[3] with no spirit any more in him lusting to envy,[4] is not the fame of all his country—noble, dead, or in life—dear to him, and triumphant as his own? with no insolent curiosity after things too hard for him, are not all the paths of wisdom made pleasant and peaceful to his feet?[5] with no vain pride in his own thoughts, are not the treasures of the wisdom of his race lighted round his palace like Aladdin's windows of jewellery? with heaven's charity in his heart, shall child or wife be wanting to him who is a Father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow?[6] and if not in word only, but in fact of truth, he undoes the deed of Cain and becomes truly his brother's keeper,[7] shall not he be able to say of many an earthly friend: "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."[8]

02. Now I have only time to exemplify the literal fulfilment of this in one instance, and I will take the most material character of Angelico's work.

Faithfullest of the Faithful, he is the painter of the felicities of heaven, down to the least things. Before him Simon Memmi had given the gate of Paradise with the

[1] [Ecclesiastes xi. 1.]
[2] [See Job xlii. 10.]
[3] [Psalms l. 10.]
[4] [James iv. 4.]
[5] [Proverbs iii. 17.]
[6] [See Psalms lxviii. 5; and Jeremiah xlix.]
[7] [Genesis iv. 9.]
[8] [2 Samuel i. 26.]

children entering it hand in hand;[1] it was for Angelico make them enter *celestemente ballando, per la porta d Paradiso.*[2] But the notablest literal fulfilment of joy him is that all nature becomes transfigured into the colou of blossoming for him. You know for these twenty yea back I have been teaching the sacredness of colour[3]—th a rose or a violet is not less divine than its leaves, b more divine. Well, to Angelico all nature becomes literal *couleur de rose;* so that architecture itself, trees, groun all become rainbow-coloured to him. The joy of his hea makes it like a crystal cut in the faith of the Trinity, a making all heaven's light seven-zoned.[4]

103. All the true monastic painters delight in like mann in the most splendid dress, and the most worldly fle painters of the body habitually sneer at them for trying t make fine, say they, what they cannot make lovely. B the instinct is an entirely noble and right one; only yo must distinguish always between the men who only wa to show they can paint jewels, and those who rejoice the real beauty of the jewel. The Dutchmen, even their sacred schools, always lose themselves in showing the skill, even the stupendously perfect work of Van Eyck definitely more jewel and metal than humanity; the low men paint gems on their saints, and dewdrops on the flowers,[5] merely to show you how well they can chea

[1] [See the picture in the Spanish Chapel (below, pp. 412, 451).]

[2] [Vasari's description of Angelico's picture in the Accademia at Florence; t words are quoted also in *Lectures on Art*, § 103 (Vol. XX. p. 99). For oth references to the picture, see Vol. V. p. 86 *n.*]

[3] [See Vol. VII. p. 417 *n.*, and the other passages there noted.]

[4] [Here the MS. contains some additional memoranda which were doubtle developed in delivery:—

"Vatican chapel—borders of flowers all by his own hand, leaves a purple and sun-flecked through.

"Well, with all this brightness can he still keep the earthly deligl subordinate? That is just the main question, and a most vital one.

"Then Fasting is to produce quiet, not misery."

"Vatican chapel" means the chapel of Nicholas V., painted by Angelico; f references to it, see Vol. XV. p. 421 *n.*, and Vol. XVI. p. 272. Mr. Wedderburn notes indicate, again, how the memoranda were expanded in oral delivery: "Angelic most perfect in fineness of colour and joy of heart, and in joyousness of dress, y always making the face predominant. Not so pleasure painters: the moment lu comes in the brightness of colour goes. We see it in Tintoret."]

[5] [On this point, see *Notes on Prout and Hunt* (Vol. XIV. pp. 379–380).]

The glass case of birds, which all the world admired so much in the Royal Academy three years ago, is the consummation of such teaching.[1]

104. But if you want really to see what jewel painting for love is, nay for divine love, you must do as I bid you at Florence. You will all, when there, give an hour or two at least to the Academy of Fine Arts. You may learn much more there than you can in the Uffizii. On your right hand, just after you enter the first room, you will see the large Taking down from the Cross, by Angelico, No. 34,[2] of which you are told in this catalogue, "l'auteur a exécuté avec tant de soin ce tableau, qu'on peut le considérer comme son chef d'œuvre."[3]

Now that picture has been entirely repainted, and so horribly that I should think no more ridiculous, more glaring, or detestable piece of work could be found in the most impudent dealer's hands of London or Florence. But the two little figures at the border of it are still genuine, and by looking alternately from them to the repainted centre you may learn, once for all, what repainting means, and something of what Angelico's hand is.

105. Having examined and compared these portions, leave the room, and ask for the Gallery of the Old Pictures, and nearly at the farther end of that you will see, on your right, No. 20,[4] a picture very sad and dingy at first glance, and in great part rubbed quite out. It is nevertheless the most precious Angelico in Florence, and, as far as I know, in the world. It represents Our Lady enthroned, with the infant Christ. St. Cosmo and Damian kneel before the throne. On the Madonna's left hand, St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Peter Martyr; on her right, St. Mark,

[1] The editors are unable to identify the picture either from the catalogue of the Summer Exhibition in 1871 or from that of the Old Masters.]

[2] Now No. 166 in the "First Room of the Tuscan Masters." Ruskin refers to the "glazing, pumicing, painting, and varnishing" of this picture in *Modern Painters*, vol. . (Vol. IV. p. 326).]

[3] *Description des Objets d'Arts de la Royale Académie des Beaux-Arts de Florence*, 186[illegible] p. 10. That catalogue has now been superseded by an excellent one by Sig[illegible] Eugenio Pieraccini.]

[4] Now No. 281 in the "Second Room of Angelico." Plate XXII. here.]

St. John the Evangelist, and St. Lawrence—in the gui- book called St. Stephen, though his name is written n the nimbus.

The picture has been wrought by Angelico with e most extreme care I have ever seen him give. He s intended it to be his masterpiece. And Angelico diff s from nearly all other great painters in this, that he ca t be too careful. The more he endeavours the more e achieves. All his work prospers in his hands.

St. Lawrence is dressed in the following manner. e has a rose-coloured tunic studded with golden stars, e a star centred by a turquoise. On his breast is a large squ e scroll of gold, with an arabesque of pearls upon it, and s sleeves are embroidered with silver.

Now I said in the second volume of *Modern Painte*[1] that Angelico did not paint real jewels but only abstr ornaments. I was utterly wrong. It is true that in s ordinary work he does a great deal with mere engraving the gold in lines and dots, and with spots of colour. E here we have him doing his best; and every turquoise a pearl is painted to a point beyond everything else in a Chinese, Indian, American, old Spanish, Venetian, Germ what you will,—no gold and pearls were ever desig or done in the world like these. Van Eyck, Memli Mantegna, even Botticelli, are nowhere in comparison.

106. Now what is the meaning of this? It is the Etruscan faculty—Fésole faculty—of jewellery, with Ch tian passion in it. Every pearl is painted as if he had s all that he had to buy it;[2] but what do you think t result will be on St. Lawrence? A very fine St. Lawre you think perhaps he will be, and nothing else. Yes; the hands of any other painter that would have been In his pearly affluence St. Lawrence would only have minded you of the principal dish at the Princess Parizad dinner—cucumbers stuffed with pearls.[3] With Angelico

[1] [See Vol. IV. p. 324.]

[2] [Matthew xiii. 46.]

[3] [See in the *Arabian Nights* the story of the sisters who envied their youn sister.]

is he exact reverse. By the entirely passionate and perfect pa ting of them the jewels become divine; they become w thy of the saint in their own supreme perfectness; their be ty is so great that it becomes beauty of holiness;[1] and in ead of feeling as if they disguised St. Lawrence, you fe as if he could have been dressed no otherwise, nay, ha I not told you to look at his breastplate of pearl, you ne r would have looked at it. Quercia withdraws all or ment from the statue of Ilaria that you may see her fa ; but Angelico pours out every earthly treasure around hi St. Lawrence, and forces you to look only at the face sti —the highest visible expression of religious life yet, as fa as I know, achieved by man.

107. I have allowed myself to-day to dwell, to the dis- pl sing perhaps of many of my hearers, on the distinctive ch acters of that religious and spiritual life, because I find th true science of it not only neglected in England and he , but denied to be a science, the physicians and natu- ral ts of the body recognizing not even the brotherhood, far les the necessary and inseparable power, of the physicians an naturalists of the soul. For the characters and passions of nen descend and proceed from each other as trees do fro graft or seed; there is a botany, a science, of the gr th of the mind which lets you see either intellect or co cience unfolding, first the blade, then the ear, after tha , the full corn in the ear.[2] Parallel with these mental ch ges there are changes in our body and in the nervous sul tance of the brain; so that an Etruscan brain would dif r from a Gothic one, and Quercia's from Ghiberti's, in ntirely physical particulars. And modern science is arr ing at a perfection of analysis in which it is prepared to ssign to every particle of matter its separate power in th formation of spirit or thought.

108. Precisely in the same manner the salts, earths, and ma ures of the field are absolutely necessary to the production

[1] [1 Chronicles xvi. 29.]
[2] [Mark iv. 28.]

of plants; so that for every olive leaf on this bran[1] there is a root down in the field dependent for its existe[nce] on certain particles of a given earth or manure, so t[hat] a wise earthworm, cognizant of all qualities and proces[ses] of earth, would be able to pronounce with precision, by [the] motion, say, of a certain atom of ammonia, the quantity [of] olive leaf which would be caused or derived therefrom, a[nd] would fearlessly announce in any social science meeting [of] earthworms that ammonia was the final cause and ori[gin] of olive leaves.

109. On the other hand, supposing that you were [to] endow with similar social powers and investigating wis[dom] the birds who built their nests in the tree, they wo[uld] recognize the goodness of the olive, and the relation [of] death to life in the succeeding trees, and they would deli[ght] themselves in describing the strength of branches and t[he] pleasantness of blossom, but would entirely surrender [all] attempt to discern the final origin of olive trees, and reg[ard] the earth as indeed protected by their shade and adorn[ed] by their grace, and in some sort necessary to their bei[ng], but by no means the maker of them.

110. The two sciences of the spirit and of the body [of] man are connected in the same manner. Flesh scien[ce] sure of its facts, able to count them, to reason from the[m] satisfied with its results, calling itself the only science. B[ut] the science of spirit, not sure of half its facts, not able [to] count the thousandth part of them, not having its hap[py] kingdom in their presence, life, and peace. And while t[he] Kingdom of Earth in its desolation deepens to the corru[p]tion—deeper than of worms that die to that of the wor[m] that dieth not—the Kingdom of Heaven in its harvest [is] like unto a grain of mustard seed, which indeed is th[e] least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greate[st] among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds [of] the air lodge in the branches thereof.[2]

[1] [One of the examples which Ruskin again showed in the lecture on Bot[ticelli]: see below, p. 270.]

[2] [Mark ix. 44; Matthew xiii. 31, 32.]

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he Madonna and Child, with St. Lawrence and other Saints

(From the picture by Fra Angelico)

LECTURE VIII[1]

BOTTICELLI[2]

1.[3] All great artists may be classified under three heads —Colourists, Delineators, Chiaroscurists; that is to say, thy all possess one of these three qualities pre-eminently, though they possess all three in a greater or lesser degree, the greatest artists having almost as much of the other two qualities as of their pre-eminent one. Of Chiaroscurists, the chief is Tintoret. He learned of painters only, Titian and Giorgione. He had the pencil or the brush in his hand from his youth; his favourite colours were black and white;[4] he painted with a broad brush. There is no chiaroscuro like Tintoret's; but under it is colour as subtle as Angelico's, though subordinate. Of Colourists, the chief is Angelico. He learned to paint by writing; he was taught by a Dominican illuminator, and is himself the chief illuminator of the world. There is no colour like Angelico's; but under it is chiaroscuro as subtle as Tintoret's, though subordinate. His jewel painting was not enough leaned on[5] a single amethyst in the robe of the Madonna would have taken me half a day to copy, in the gradations of its transparently flushed purple. Of Delineators, the chief is Botticelli. Taught by a goldsmith, he learnt by goldbeating and engraving, and is himself a master goldsmith

[Delivered on December 4.]

[For the numerous general references to Botticelli, see Index to the Edition. For his life and an account of the scheme of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, see *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII. pp. 425–435, 442); for his life, see also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 22. For pictures by him in the Uffizi, see, for "Judith" and "Fortitude," *Modern Painters in Florence* (below, pp. 334–337).]

[§ 105 is put together from memoranda in Ruskin's MS. and Mr. Wedderburn's notes. With it may be compared *Ariadne Florentina*, § 21 (Vol. XXII. p. 311).]

[See Vol. V. p. 346.]

[That is, in the last lecture: see p. 262.]

and engraver. Ghirlandajo is a goldsmith selling plate goods;[1] Botticelli's is pure gold tried in the fire,[2] an engraved as Bezaleel and Aholiab engraved.[3] There is n drawing like Botticelli's; but under it is colour and chiar scuro as subtle as Angelico's and Tintoret's, but subordinat He draws first with the point of the brush; but, like a masters who begin with the point, he soon gets a wonderf power with the side of it, and we find leaves drawn b Botticelli with a single stroke,—the point of the brush b ginning, and the brush opening out as it goes.[4] Angeli entered a convent at twenty, painting and living only f the poor, and called "Beatus." Botticelli lived amidst t concourse of Florence, admiring all earthly beauty, himse untainted by it. He is in one the most learned theologia the most perfect artist, and the most kind gentleman who Florence produced. He knows all that Dante knew theology, and much more; and he is the only unerrin unfearing, and to this day trustworthy and true preach of the reformed doctrine of the Church of Christ. As a artist he is incomparable. He has the power of Tintore with the virtue of Angelico; and he is such a gentlem that he interprets all things with charity in days of grievo guilt, spends himself and all he has in the passionate servi of men and of God, and dies in Florence, having given n half but all his goods to the poor—engraving the triumj of the faith of Savonarola.

112. I trust that this course of lectures, however falli short of what I would fain have said, have yet made cle to you that the art which I wish to place before the studen of this University, as a part of their consistent educatio is exclusively Christian—conceived and practised—and on

[1] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 18 (below, p. 314).]

[2] [Revelation iii. 18.]

[3] [Exodus xxxv. 30–35, xxxvi. 1: "And Moses said unto the children of Isra See, the Lord hath called by name Bezaleel . . . and hath filled him with t spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all mann of workmanship. . . . Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab." Compare *Val d'Ar* § 9 (above, p. 15).]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 121 *n.*]

capable of being so, by men who believed in the story of Christ, and who obeyed His law. And from the points of history and physical geography which I have laid before you,[1] you will be able now to accept the general statement that this art is rooted when the Western seaman and shepherd meets the Eastern. To the shipmen of Pisa came the same call as to the fishers of Galilee, and to the shepherds of Fésole the same annunciation as to the shepherds of Bethlehem—a race of Greek shepherds then living among the Gentiles in an obscure peace—to them comes the light to lighten the Gentiles;[2] and all their art that follows is simply the expression of their joy when they found and saw the young child with Mary His mother.[3]

113. Greek shepherds they are, mind you, of their mountain home, Arcady of the West, so dark and silent in history that we cannot read so much as a letter of their ancient language, but now, having to speak in praise, they find words in the Roman tongue. And it chanced, happily for me, that the first words I ever saw of their writing were very beautiful, and were actually written on a stone of Fésole, the lintel of the door of their Badia. In the story of the finding of Giotto by Cimabue, you know he is said to have been drawing on a stone;[4] but he was doubtless scratching or engraving on one, imitating the lines which he had seen engraved by these exquisite Etruscan sculptors, most probably imitating those of this very stone.

It is the lintel, as I told you, of the little Badia, or Abbey of Fésole, which is about five hundred yards down the slope of the hills among the olives, under the Convent of St. Dominic, in which was Angelico's cell when a youth of twenty. A little winding road, like an English lane, leads down from one building to the other; in the evening the cloisters of Angelico's convent catch the full light of

[1] [See the previous course on *Val d'Arno*.]
[2] [Luke ii. 32; Matthew ii. 11.]
[3] [Compare the lecture on Cimabue, above, pp. 197, 209.]
[4] [See *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 4 (Vol. XXIV. p. 18).]

the setting sun, the tower of the little abbey rises da beneath against the distant blue of the Val di Nievo Florence, murmuring round her alders in the mist of Arr forgets them both. I have named to you already this pa of the Abbey of Fésole as the earliest remnant of Etrusca Christian building near Florence.[1] I show you my drawi of its two pillars again.[2] Above them, is the inscription the lintel, engraved in lovely, variable letters, contracted expanded, shortened or raised, as fitted the elevation of t stone:[3]—

"ALL THINGS THAT YOU SEEK IN PRAYER, BELIEVE TH YOU SHALL RECEIVE THEM, AND THEY SHALL BE FULFILL TO YOU."

"WHEN YE STAND PRAYING, FORGIVE IF YE HAVE AUG AGAINST ANY."[4]

114. The history of Florence begins, historians say, wi the murder of Buondelmonte in her streets.[5] But the histo of the art of Florence begins with the legend on this ston which in so few words tells you the first principles of t faith and law by which thenceforward they were to li "through the tender mercy of their God, by which t dayspring from on high had visited them to guide the feet into the way of peace." These words, we perha scarcely enough remember always, are those of the fath of the Baptist. And Florence had already built her centr temple[6] in the name of his son, the precursor of Christ, f baptism in the knowledge of salvation to His people, b the remission of their sins.[7]

[1] [See above, p. 241.]
[2] [This drawing is not in the Oxford Collection; he must have shown it in t lecture on Ghiberti (above, p. 241).]
[3] [Ruskin's drawing of this inscription is No. 13 in the Rudimentary Series Oxford, and is reproduced as Plate LXI. in Vol. XXI. (p. 266). Compare, belo p. 473.]
[4] [Mark xi. 24, 25.]
[5] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 97 (above, p. 58).]
[6] [That is, the Baptistery (San Giovanni); originally the cathedral of Florence
[7] [Luke i. 77, 78, 79.]

115. "Mio bel San Giovanni."[1] Why do you think Dante thought it so beautiful, called it his own? Was it only in Dante's eyes so fair, think you? and that, Dante's fault? He had never seen anything better, our English builders think. It is but fair I should give you one of our own English architects' opinion of it, out of the *Ecclesiologist* for 1861: "I do not think that Arnolfo has any claims to be considered a first-rate architect, much less a genius. . . . . (The Duomo is) the most disappointing building I have ever seen. . . . The whole of the exterior as well as Giotto's Campanile is in the work-box style," etc.[2]

You must not be too hard upon him. These are quite the natural impressions of a man who had never been trained to look at sculpture, and had never done anything with his own hand, and had been taught to sell on commission the labour of others.

116. But to-day you must look once more a little at their early sculpture that you may see the origin of the great painters' power. In my first account to you of Botticelli[3] you perhaps remember how I dwelt on his native classical instinct. I did not in the least know then where he got it; now I know, and can show you. Above this stone in the Badia of Fésole there runs a narrow cornice, which remains, in its profile, the type of all the cornices in Florence in her early palaces. Generally the profile is simple, but here at Fésole it is wrought with apparently the common Greek egg and arrow moulding. Look closer, and instead of the arrows you will find it has two olive leaves, set thus. These olive leaves are the link in the eleventh century between these of classic Etruria and those of Sandro Botticelli. There's no gap and scarcely any difference between these garlands of golden olive of

[*Inferno*, xix. 17. Compare Vol. XXII. p. 343, and below, p. 473.]

[2] "Florence," by W. Burges, in the *Ecclesiologist*, the journal of the Cambridge Camden Society, vol. xxii. (1861), pp. 155, 158.]

[3] [In *Ariadne Florentina*: see Vol. XXII. pp. 400, 440.]

Etruria before Christ and the utmost beauty of leaf dra
ing of Ghiberti and Luca della Robbia and Botticelli.[1]

[Here the MS. becomes memoranda, thus:—
"Show
Etruscan book.
Cornice of olive leaves.
Roses of Giotto.
Roses of Botticelli.
Spring of Botticelli; foliage of moss.
Real olive.
"That is the course of the Etruscan school in vegetati
Now, you shall see it in animal life:[2]—
The birds on stone.
Roman birds, no beauty in them, nor life.
Niccola Pisano's Eagle.
"That's the chain in birds; now in beasts:—
Etruscan sculpture; Rabbit, Dürer's, [Giotto's]."]

117. Now this dog[3] is the lowest note in the gre
religious concord of Giotto's Tower.

Here is Quercia's dog, lowest note in his sweet dir
of human sorrow, Ilaria's chief mourner.[4] You know o
noble English dirge of the same meaning, the Old Shepher
Chief Mourner.[5] And my main subject to-day, though I'
a long while getting to it, is the most sacred picture
humanity, and the law by which it lives, ever produced
the Christian art of Europe.

Well, you shall see the lowest note in the harmony
that.

[Here Ruskin showed "Botticelli's dog in arms"; that is, t
dog carried by little Gershom in Botticelli's "Life of Moses."[6]]

[1] [For another reference to Botticelli's leaf-drawing, see *Mornings in Florenc* § 79 (below, p. 373).]

[2] [Mr. Wedderburn's note is: "As for treatment of animal life, the classic school of Italy was founded on the arabesques of Pompeii: they copied the bir in them, so that the Etruscans—*e.g.*, Ghiberti—looking also at nature, produc lovely birds, but those who go only to Rome and Pompeii fail."]

[3] [See, further, the lecture on "Giotto's Pet Puppy" (below, p. 474).]

[4] [See above, § 66, p. 232.]

[5] [By Landseer: see the description of it in *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III p. 88).]

[6] [Ruskin's study of "Gershom's Dog" was presented by him to Mrs. W. Gershon Collingwood; it was No. 113 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society o Painters in Water-Colours, 1901.]

The picture is of nothing less than the delivery of the law of Sinai, the law which has been the terror of mankind. Here is a little lawless personage who is entirely unimpressed by it, it seems.

118. The least things, with the greatest,[1] and both drawn with truth and both with love.

Gentlemen, I think I may be able to claim some confidence from you in my asseveration of the principle which you will find has been perfectly steady and unceasing from the first day when I began to teach till now.

The least things, with the greatest, herb of the field and the beast of it, and man lord of both, and what the Maker of both puts in his thoughts concerning Himself.

All things with perfect truth, and all things with perfect love, so that, of the disciple as of his Lord, in word and deed, even the adversary and tempter's witness may be compelled to say, "We know that thou art true and teachest the way of God in truth."[2]

119. Now you know I told you in last lecture[3] that Angelico and Botticelli represented the monastic and domestic life. Angelico is a perfect monk. At twenty, in the prime of youth, he takes the monk's habit, the Dominican vows, in this monastery of Fésole. His own name Guido he changes to John; all who know him call him "blessed"; all that he received for his painting he gives to the poor.

Botticelli is perfect in the life of the nobly natural world. I have you his biography in a former lecture,[4] but I did not tell you then that he is the only painter of all the religious schools who unites every bodily with every spiritual power and knowledge. He only can delight in every earthly and material beauty and enforce every material law without the least taint passing over him. He only is the interpreter in all things of the mission of the Baptist, to whom the temple

[1] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 26 (below, p. 321).]
[2] [Matthew xxii. 16.]
[3] [See above, § 95, p. 253.]
[4] [See *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII. pp. 425–435).]

of his Etruscan home was built—as Angelico in the repo of Fésole, so he among the concourse of men in the squa of Florence, when the Precursor had guided their feet in the way of peace,[1] and for the first time in the history nations, in the midst of a world of war, Florence then rais her lily standard in the name of the peace of God;[2] not t narrow Irene of Athens, peace only within her own wal and prosperity in her own palaces,[3] but peace published wi eager foot upon the distant hills,[4] and with shout of t good tidings in the streets of strangers.

120. Peace, but a soldier's peace, not a coward's. Pea not bought with gold, nor consented to in shame, but pr claimed aloud with the armour of Righteousness upon h breast and the sword of the Spirit in her hand. How oft have we, who call ourselves Christians, read that order, take unto us the whole armour of God? How often h the message fallen on our ears as the tinkling of the la cymbal in a departing music? Disobedient to it, carele of it, contemptuous of it, what smithy have we ever set forge that iron, what Thetis of our mother seas have v ever prayed to bring it us? For the breastplate of Righ eousness, we have asked for a cloak for our sins; and f the sword of the Spirit, seized and sent the darts of hel and if ever our Missionary feet were shod in name with t preparation of the Gospel of Peace, how from the fiery, n bush, but furnace of our Mammon God came the messa to us—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the grou whereon thou standest is accursed."[5]

121. Long ago, when first I tried to show the glory the schools of Christian chivalry, I closed my history them with such description as I could give of the S Michael of Perugino.[6] I never attempt to describe thin

[1] [See above, § 114, p. 268.]
[2] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 112 (above, p. 69).]
[3] [Psalms cxxii. 7.]
[4] [See Isaiah lii. 7.]
[5] [The Biblical references in § 120 are to 2 Corinthians vi. 7; Ephesians vi. 1 14, 17; Exodus iii. 5.]
[6] [See above, § 94, p. 252.]

Photo. Alinari

Allen [illegible]

The Madonna and Child, with St. Michael and other Saints

From the picture by Botticelli

nov, but only to make you look at them and feel them. The St. Michael of Botticelli[1] is far less impressive at the first. He is a simple knight of Florence, standing before the Madonna, and there is no dragon beneath him, and no look of victory in his face. St. Catherine stands opposite him, and in the sweet coronal of holy creatures, you cannot think of her pain any more than of St. Michael's war; you know her by her look, not by her jagged wheel. Her veil falls over it, and St. Michael seems entirely without trophy. Only at last you see that he holds a globe in his hand, the globe of the world, and on its surface the dark seas take the cloudy shape of the dragon. He is the St. Michael of Peace, who stilleth the noise of the crowd and the tumult of the people, who maketh wars to cease in all the world.[2]

122. The picture in which you will find this St. Michael[3] is one of two in the Academy of Florence, by the greatest of all her masters at his greatest time, and alike in pure manual skill and pure mental passion, they are beyond all other work in Italy. Of manual skill especially nothing unites so much as a crowning of the Madonna, the favourite Florentine subject. She is surrounded by a choir of twelve angels, not dancing, nor flying, but carried literally in a whirl, or vortex, whirlwind of the breath of heaven; their wings lie level, interwoven among the clouds, pale sky of intense light, yet darker than the white clouds they pass through, their arms stretched to each other, their hands clasped—it is as if the morning sky had all been changed into marble, and they into living creatures; they are led in their swift wheel by Gabriel, who is opposite to you, between the Christ and the Madonna; a close rain of golden rays falls from the hand of Christ, He placing the crown on

[1] See Plate XXIII. here. A study of the figure of St. Michael alone, by Mr. Fairfax Murray, is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.]

[2] See Psalms lxv. 7, xlvi. 9 (Prayer-book version).]

[3] No. 85 in the "Second Room of Botticelli"; known as "The Madonna di S. Barnaba." The other picture—the "Crowning of the Madonna"—is now No. 73 in the First Room of Botticelli." A reproduction of it may be seen in A. Streeter's *Botticelli* ("Great Masters" Series), p. 118; but no such representation can adequately render the details here described by Ruskin.]

the Virgin's head; and Gabriel is seen through it as a whi bird through rain, looking up, seeing the fulfilment of h message. And as I told you that all the delight of Angeli in material things became sacred in its intensity,[1] so t material workmanship of this greater master becomes sacr in its completion. Of this falling golden rain he has bu nished every separate ray into enduring perfectness; it is n gilding, but beaten gold, wrought with the inherited Etrusc skill of a thousand years, and able to stand for a thousa years to come.

123. Now observe what he had to do in this way. T main figures are the size of life. The surrounding choir angels—about one-third the size of life—and the Gabr is diminished by perspective on the farther side, so th his face is only about two inches wide. Well, across h face, between you and him, fall eight or ten straight ba of this golden rain like the base of a helmet visor. Rig down across the face, every edge of them as fine and tr as a line of gossamer, but you think the face will spoiled. It is as perfect as if no line crossed it; you s it as through a veil, tender, infinite in rejoicing, lifted a light of the spirit brighter than gold.

I never saw such a thing. Fancy what command of l materials, what unstinted care and time, what knowledge all possibilities of change are involved in doing such a pie of work to stand for four hundred years without one spark failing.[2]

124. This, then, is the master's youthful work in t

[1] [See above, § 102, p. 260.]

[2] [Here the MS. has some notes, which were doubtless developed in delivery
"Think of our cracked Sir Joshuas.
How are we to do the like?
The law of Florence by St. Thomas Aquinas:
'Optavi et datus est mihi sensus. —Will.
Invocavi et venit in me spiritus sapientiæ } —Prayer.
Et præposui illam regnis et sedibus' }
'She gives up her conquests after her year of victories, but does not na
even money—so scornful is she of that.'
The spirit of wisdom—Bezaleel and Aholiab."
For "our cracked Sir Joshuas" in contrast with the enduring work of the ea masters, see Vol. XII. p. 286. The "law of Florence by St. Thomas Aquinas" (Bo

brightest joy of his life. Now let us look at his aged work, in the deepest thought of it.[1]

. . . . . .

He wrote the life of Moses the Shepherd; hero and deliverer, in his human loving-kindness and meekness. This is the hero of the Christian Greek. To Botticelli, Moses is the Christian knight, as much as the Christian lawgiver. The Florentine Christian is, however, a Greek; and to him quite one of the first conditions of his [Moses'] perfectness was in the being bred by the Princess of Egypt, learned in all wisdom, even of the world he had to leave. His Zipporah[2] is simply the Etruscan Athena, becoming queen of household in Christian humility. Her spear is changed to reed and becomes then her sceptre, cloven at the top into the outline of Florentine Fleur-de-lys, and in the cleft she fastens her spindle. Her χιτὼν falls short of the feet, that it may not check her motion, and is lightly embroidered; above, the πέπλος unites with its own character that of the ægis. Where Athena's had the wars of the giants,[3] it is

of Wisdom, vii. 7, 8) is given in the Spanish Chapel: see below, pp. 383, 401. For Florence "giving up her conquests" and "not even naming money," see *Val d'Arno*, § 12 (above, pp. 76, 77). For Bezaleel and Aholiab, see above, § 111, p. 266.]

[1] Here in the MS. the connexion breaks off. Probably Ruskin continued with some such account of Botticelli's later work as may now be found in *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. pp. 432–434. The part containing that lecture (VI.), was not published till some months after the delivery of the present course, and very probably some pages originally written for this place were there incorporated. With the notes which here follow on Botticelli's "Scenes from the Life of Moses" in the Sistine Chapel, the reader should compare the general account of the work, and of its relation to others in the same series, in *Ariadne*, § 209 (Vol. XXII. p. 4). The date of the works in the Sistine is known to be 1481–1483 (in which latter year Botticelli was thirty-six); the Barnaba Madonna and the Coronation are by some critics assigned to a somewhat later date. The remainder of § 118 and § 119 are put together from memoranda and detached sentences, which in the existing MS. are in a chaotic state. This may be partly for a reason already suggested; but so it is partly because Ruskin used some portions of this Oxford lecture on Botticelli, and rewrote others, for his Eton lecture (1874) on the same painter, and the two sets of notes were not afterwards sorted out by him; but also because neither this part of the original lecture nor any part of the Eton lecture was fully written out. Ruskin showed some large photographs (now Nos. 108, 109 in the Reference Series) of Botticelli's Life of Moses in the Sistine Chapel, and sentences which seem loosely connected as here set down were expanded and connected, as the lecturer turned from one point to another in explaining and describing the pictures.]

[2] See the frontispiece; and compare below, p. 478.]

[3] See Vol. XIX. pp. 306, 375; Vol. XX. pp. 269, 392; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 26, § 13.]

embroidered with mystic letters, golden on blue, but it becomes the αἰγὶς θυσσανόεσσα[1] at its edge, where what are only light tassels in the πέπλος become this waving fringe, typical of sacrificial fire, for you know she is a priest's daughter; but when the peplus falls in Greek statues into its κόλπος, sinus, gulph, or lap, the ægis is here replaced by a goat's satchel, in which the maiden holds lightly with her left hand apples, here taking the character of the Etruscan Pomona, and oak for the strength of life.[2] Her hair is precisely that of the Phidian Athena, only unhelmed, and with three leaves of myrtle in its wreaths.

125. You must remember in the soft trouble of her features that the shepherds had driven the maids away from the well before the Egyptian knight could defend them, that she has watched him stand against and conquer them, and that he is now watering her flock,[3] she looking at the ground, not at him. Jethro is both priest and prince of Midian,[4] and she is at once a priestess and a princess. Moses does obeisance to Jethro, when he himself is in the height of his power, and receives his chief lesson from him in the art of government. Aaron comes to eat bread with him, and Jethro, then first convinced of the power of the God of Israel, at once offers sacrifice to him in the presence of Aaron. And yet remember with this marriage of Zipporah, that of the very same idolatrous nation, came Cozbi, the daughter of the prince of Midian, slain in the day of the plague for Peor's sake by Phinehas, and the last command given to Moses is, "Avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites; afterward shalt thou be gathered unto thy people."

126. "I do not make void the law through Christ; God forbid."[5] It has been the habit of a certain school of

[1] [*Iliad*, xv. 229, xvii. 593, etc.: "tasseled."]
[2] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 124 *n.* (below, p. 417).]
[3] [See Exodus ii. 16, 17.]
[4] [Renel, or Jethro, "the priest of Midian" (Exodus ii. 16). For the other references in § 119, see Exodus xviii. 7, 12, 17 *seq.*; Numbers xxv. 15–18, xxxi. 2.]
[5] [Romans iii. 31.]

hoto Alinari Allen & Co. Sc.

Moses leading his people out of Egypt

(From the fresco by Botticelli in the Sistine Chapel)

ig rant Christians to oppose the Law to the Gospel. Not th Bible, but Milton's poem, on one side, and Bunyan's pr se, on the other, formed the English Puritan mind. And M ses to them is always a judge, never a saviour. And C ist to them is always a Saviour, and never a Judge. N v it is quite true, of course, that Moses received from G l and wrote a law, which people find it at first unplea- sa to obey, and, at last and conclusively unpleasant, the co sequence of not obeying. And they naturally think of M ses as a severe person. But the function of Moses is es ntially a Saviour's, not a Judge's. He never judges, bu always intercedes. He comes to deliver Israel first, as much as the angel came to St. Peter in prison;[1] he w ld have led them to the Promised Land at last, but th would no more trust in him then than in Christ after- w ds. "Had ye believed Moses ye would have believed m "[2] Again, Christ is indeed a Saviour of those who tr t in Him; is it ever written that He is a Saviour of th e who do not? Is the Last Judgment, which cast de h and hell, and all who have covenanted in lies with eit er of them, into the lake of fire,[3] a less terrible one than K ah's going down into his narrow pit?[4] And though he th despised Moses's law did indeed die without mercy un er two or three witnesses,[5] of how much worse punish- m t shall he be thought worthy who hath crucified the Sc of God afresh?[6]

127. Now Sandro Botticelli was the only man among all the reformers of Europe who fully knew, first, the re tion of Gentile to Jew, being himself a Greek of the G eks, as St. Paul an Hebrew of the Hebrews;[7] and,

[Acts xii. 4 *seq.*]
[John v. 16.]
[Revelation xx. 14.]
[Numbers xvi. 33.]
[Hebrews x. 28, 29, where the reference is to Deuteronomy xvii. 2–13.]
[Hebrews vi. 6.]
[Philippians iii. 5. The other references in § 127 are to Psalms cxxxvi. 16; Isa h xliii. 2; Psalms lxxviii. 25; Jeremiah ix. 16; Deuteronomy xxxii. 2; Revela- tio xxi. 3; Galatians iii. 24; Numbers xiv. 29; Exodus iii. 8; Hebrews x. 29.]

secondly, who knew the relations of the deliverance fro earthly captivity by Moses, to the deliverance from spiritu captivity by Christ; who saw how the earthly Saviour w the precursor of the heavenly one. He also, shepherd of t flock, led them through the wilderness of the visible worl when they passed through the waters, he was with the through the rivers, and they did not overflow; he fed the with the food of angels which they knew not, as Christ f them with the Word of God which they knew not, neith did their fathers know; of the doctrines which they despise of the law which they broke, he said even at last, "n doctrine shall drop as the rain, and my speech as the dew And the whole difference between the pilgrimage of t Israel of old and the Israel now is that then the Tabernac of God was with men, and now, if we will, the tabernac of men with God, for ever and ever.

If, indeed, we take the law for our schoolmaster to bri us to Christ. There is still no other school in this wor —not an unkindly one, mark you; it was for despising t kindness, not for fearing the terror, that the Israelite di without mercy. Their carcases fell in the wilderness, n for failing in the pilgrimage, but for refusing to go up a possess their land flowing with milk and honey. Of h much sorer punishment shall they be thought worthy, w have done despite unto the Spirit of Grace!

128. Despite to the Spirit. What think you we a doing to-day? Every Day of Rest, at least, we nomina receive the benediction: "The Grace of our Lord Jes Christ, and the love of God, and the Fellowship of t Holy Spirit be with you."[1] Do we expect it to be with in the days of business? Are we sure that, instead, t Disgrace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Hatred of Bo God and man, and the Grief of the Holy Spirit do n abide with us?

Gentlemen, the philosophy of your day, you know we

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 125 (Vol. XX. p. 115).]

J. Ruskin. W Roffe Sc.

One of the Graces in Botticelli's "Spring."

is he denial of the Spirit of the Father; and the economy of he day is the denial of the Charity of the Son. I must lea e you to discover for yourselves the end of such philoso y—and economy; but I tell you, at the Font of this Fl entine Baptistery—centre of the Arts of the world—tha no work of human hands was ever established, no joy of human souls ever completed, but in that truth and ch ity of the Invisible Spirit, which reward the obedience to he visible letter. For the law indeed came by Moses, ne er to pass away, though, to complete and to crown it, Gi ce and Truth came by Jesus Christ.[1]

[1] [John i. 17.]

III

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE

(1875–1877)

Bibliographical Note.—This work was (1) originally published in six separate parts, of which there were various editions; and (2) next in a collected volume, of which, again, there have been several editions.

EDITIONS IN SEPARATE PARTS

First Edition (1875–1877).—The separate parts were issued with continuous pagination. The title-page of each part was as shown here (p. 283), with the addition of the title of the part below the author's name; in Part i., "I. | Santa Croce," with date "1875," and so on, as shown in this table:—

I. Santa Croce, 1875	pp.	1–24
II. The Golden Gate, 1875	,,	25–52
III. Before the Soldan, 1875	,,	53–96[1]
IV. The Vaulted Book, 1875	,,	97–120
V. The Strait Gate, 1876	,,	121–152
VI. The Shepherd's Tower, 1877	,,	153–188

crown 8vo, pp. 4 (unnumbered), 1 and 2, and 1–188. Pages 1–2, half-title ("Mornings in Florence") with blank reverse; pp. 3–4, title (with imprint at the foot of the blank reverse, "Watson and Hazell, Printers, London and Aylesbury")—in Parts iv.–vi., the imprint was "Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury"; these four pages were unnumbered. Then Preface (here p. 293), pp. 1, 2 (after the first edition numbered iii.–iv.). Then the text, as shown above. The headline on the left-hand pages is "Mornings in Florence"; on the right-hand pages is the title of the several parts.

Issued in red leatherette covers, with the edges cut and gilt. Lettered gilt upon the front "Mornings in Florence | I. Santa Croce [&c.] | Ruskin." The price of each part was tenpence. Of each part 3000 copies were printed.

Part i. was issued in May 1875; Part ii. in May 1875; Part iii. in October 1875; Part iv. in February 1876; Part v. in March 1876; and Part vi. in July 1877. In December 1877 Mr. Allen advertised "Supplement I. The Visible Church. Shortly. Other Parts in Preparation." These, however, were never issued; but "The Visible Church," which was set up in type, is added in this edition (pp. 436–453).

[1] The half-title and title of this part were included in the pagination (pp. 53–56); they were, of course, cancelled when the six parts were collected in volume form and consequently a hiatus there occurred, the pages passing from 52 to 57.

Second Edition (1881–1883).—On the title-pages of this edition the words "Second Edition" appear in each part; the author's description is "Honorary Student of Christ Church, | and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford"; and the words "(*All rights reserved*)" appear below the date, which is "1881" in Parts i. and ii., "1882" in Parts iii.–v., and "1883" in Part vi.

The text of Part i. was revised by Ruskin (see *Variæ Lectiones*, below); that of Parts ii. and iii. remained the same; in Part iv. a few corrections were made on pp. 117–118 of it (see under § 86 in the *Variæ Lectiones*). Part v. was stated on the title-page to be "Revised by the Author," and a prefatory note to that effect was added at the beginning of the text (see here p. 382). For the revisions, see *Variæ Lectiones*.

Issued in red leatherette as before. Of each part 3000 copies were again issued.

Part i. was issued in March 1881; Part ii., in November 1881; Parts iii., iv., and v. in December 1882; Part vi. in November 1883.

Third Edition (1889–1892).—A Third Edition of Part i. was published in December 1889 (2000 copies). The author's description on the title-page was "Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Honorary | Fellow of Corpus Christi College." The words "Third Edition" appeared above the publisher's imprint.

A Third Edition (also so described on the title-page) of Part ii. appeared in October 1890 (1550 copies). The author's description was "Honorary Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, | and Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College." The publisher's imprint was "George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, | and | 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London. | 1890."

A Third Edition of Part iii. was published in April 1891 (1250 copies); of Part iv., in June 1891 (1150); of Part v., in June 1891 (1150); and of Part vi. in June 1892 (750).

A *Fourth Edition* of Part i. only was published in December 1894 (50 copies).

Parts i. and iv. are out of print in separate form. Of Parts iii., v., and vi., the *second* edition is still (1906) current; and of Part ii., the *third*.

EDITIONS IN VOLUME FORM

First Edition (1885).—This was made up from the sheets of the Second Edition of the several parts, and the title-page thus bears the words "Second Edition."

Issued in cloth boards (some copies green, others brown), with paper label lettered "Ruskin. | Mornings | in Florence. | I.–VI." Price 4s.

Second Edition (1889).—This was made up from the sheets of the Third Edition of Part i., and of the Second Edition of the other parts. As no new title-page was printed, the title-page of the volume reads "Third Edition." Price and binding as in the preceding edition.

"New Complete Edition" (1894).—This edition is uniform with the other small editions of Ruskin's books. The title-page is :—

Mornings in Florence | Being | Simple Studies of Christian Art | For English Travellers | By | John Ruskin, LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Honorary | Fellow of Corpus Christi College | New Complete Edition | London | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road | 1894 | [*All Rights Reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. viii. + 207. Preface, pp. v., vi.; Contents, p. vii.; Text, pp. 1–183; Index (by Mr. Wedderburn), pp. 187–207. Imprint at the foot of the last page, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | Edinburgh and London."

Issued in December 1894 (2000 copies), in brown or green cloth, lettered on the back "Ruskin | Mornings | in | Florence." Price 4s. (reduced in July 1900 to 3s.).

In this edition the paragraphs were numbered.

It was electrotyped and *reprinted*, with the necessary alterations on the title-page, in December 1899 ("Eleventh Thousand"); June 1901 ("Twelfth Thousand"); and June 1903 ("Thirteenth Thousand"). In this form it is still current.

Pocket Edition (1904).—This is printed from the electrotype plates of the "New Complete Edition," with the following title-page :—

Mornings in Florence | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

Issued in July 1904 (4000 copies) uniform with other volumes of the Pocket Edition (see Vol. XV. p. 6).

Reissued in September 1905 (2000 copies: "Nineteenth Thousand").

Illustrated Edition.—The Brothers Alinari, the Florentine photographers, issued an illustrated copy of *Mornings in Florence*, made up from sheets of the "Thirteenth Thousand," with the following illustrations (by half-tone process) inserted on inset pages: "St. Francis by Cimabue," "Dante by Giotto," "Birth of the Virgin" and "Meeting of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate" (both by Giotto), "Madonna by Cimabue," "Death of St. Francis" and "St. Francis before the Soldan," "Duomo of Florence" (interior) and "Spanish Chapel," "St. Thomas Aquinas in Spanish Chapel" and "Philosophical Allegory in Spanish Chapel," "Giotto's Campanile" and "Creation of Man" and "Nomad Pastoral Life." (Price 5 francs.)

Unauthorised American Editions of the six parts in collected form speedily appeared, and obtained a ready sale in Florence (American price, 50 cents). There has been no authorised American Edition.

German Translation (1901).—The title-page is as follows :—

Sechs Morgen in Florenz. | Einfache Studien | chriſtlicher Kunſt für Reiſende. | Von | John Ruſkin. | | Aus dem Engliſchen überſetzt | von | A. Wilmersdoerffer. | [*Coat of Arms*] | Straßburg, | J. H. Ed. Heitz (Heitz und Mündel).

Crown 8vo, pp. xvi. + 220. An introduction by the editor occupies pp. vii.–xv.; and Ruskin's Preface, pp. xv., xvi. The editor adds a few notes to the text.

Variæ Lectiones.—The following is a complete list of the variations between different editions, other than those already described, and with the omission of minor matters of spelling, etc. :—

In the Preface and in Part i. ("Santa Croce") Ruskin made the following alterations on revising in 1881 :—

Preface, line 13, Ruskin italicised "all," and in the last line but one, inserted "will ever" before "know." In later editions these words were through some error enclosed in square brackets.

§ 1, line 1, Ruskin corrected "is" to "be," and in line 12, "some" to "others."

§ 2, line 14, he inserted "in such business" after "supposed"; and in line 18, altered "painted" to "niched."

§ 7, line 4, he corrected "the only" to "a."

§ 12, lines 22, 23, the present reading was substituted for ". . . vaults; we found our four-square type of Franciscan law coloured on one of them."

§ 13, line 22, he altered "to enter in" to "within." In the quotation from Rogers the word "in" before "grave-clothes" was omitted in ed. 1 (Parts).

§ 16, ten lines from end, Ruskin substituted "such a" for "this."

In §§ 41, 60, 67, 78, "Cavalcasella" in all previous editions has here been corrected to "Cavalcaselle."

§ 53, line 9, for a misprint in all previous editions, see p. 348 *n.*

§ 67, p. 361 *n.*, in the second quotation from Lord Lindsay "an" is here corrected to "the"; p. 362 *n.*, in the quotation from Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "Sarzana" is corrected to "Gargano."

In Part iv. ("The Vaulted Book"), § 86, the lists of the Sciences were differently arranged in ed. 1, thus :—

". . . Captain-teacher to the world.

"I had better perhaps give you the names of this entire series of figures from left to right at once. You will see presently why they are numbered in a reverse order.

	BENEATH WHOM
8. Civil Law.	The Emperor Justinian.
9. Canon Law.	Pope Clement V.
10. Practical Theology.	Peter Lombard.
11. Contemplative Theology.	Dionysius the Areopagite.
12. Dogmatic Theology.	Boethius.
13. Mystic Theology.	St. John Damascene.
14. Polemic Theology.	St. Augustine.
7. Arithmetic.	Pythagoras.
6. Geometry.	Euclid.
5. Astronomy.	Zoroaster.
4. Music.	Tubal-cain.
3. Logic.	Aristotle.
2. Rhetoric.	Cicero.
1. Grammar.	Priscian."

In Part v. ("The Strait Gate") Ruskin made in 1882 numerous alterations and added several notes. The Notes are in this edition distinguished by the addition of the date in square brackets "[1882]"; in previous

editions the notes themselves have been enclosed in square brackets: see §§ 89, 90, 95, 99, 105, 109, 116. Notes added in 1882 by Mr. Collingwood were distinguished (as they are in this edition) by the addition of initials in round brackets "(G. C.)": see §§ 93, 97, 111, 114, 115. The other alterations were as follow:—

§ 85, line 23, in the earlier editions, "on the left,* David . . ."; the footnote* being "I can't find my note of the first one on the left; answering to Solomon, opposite." In the edition of 1894 there was added to this note "It is Job." The insertion is now made in the text.

§ 87, line 28, ed. 1 has "Zoroaster" after "Pythagoras," and so again in § 88, line 7.

§ 90, line 5, the reference to the book of Wisdom is here corrected from "vii. 6" to "vii. 7, 8"; line 20, the words "*resolution*" and "*Volition*" were not italicised in ed. 1.

§ 91, the author's footnote was erroneously put in brackets in 1882, although it had appeared in ed. 1.

§ 92, line 5, "touching" was altered to "attempting"; line 11, ed. 1 reads "massive" before "paint."

§ 93, "Section I." and the two lines of italic under it were not in ed. 1. And so "Section II.," etc., in § 110. § 93, line 15, "and" was inserted.

§ 94, line 2, "*dress*" not italicised in ed. 1.

§ 95, line 17, "*speaking*" not italicised in ed. 1; line 15, "being" was altered to "although."

§ 96, line 19, "mulceo" misprinted "mulcco" in ed. 1; line 26, "*heat*" not italicised in ed. 1.

§ 99, line 3, "*after*" not italicised in ed. 1; line 12, "practically" was altered to "virtually;" and in line 18, "exquisitely" to "absolutely."

§ 100, last line but two, in ed. 1 "pretty nearly."

§ 101, line 18, in ed. 1 "the down slope."

§ 102, line 4, "itself" was added after "harmony"; line 7, "(1874)" was inserted; line 11, Ruskin in his proof for revision altered "damned" to "wrecked," but on a final revise he must have cancelled the correction, as the former word remained; line 18, ed. 1, "says and knows Simon Memmi."

§ 103, line 3, "and" inserted before "nothing."

§ 104, line 1, ed. 1 reads "Astronomy. Properly Astro-logy, as (Theology), the knowledge . . ."

§ 105, line 16, "also" inserted after "restorer"; line 17, ed. 1 has "Zoroaster" for "Atlas"; "lain," which occurs in later editions, is a misprint for "laid."

§ 106, line 6, "body of" before "dress" omitted; last word, ed. 1 reads "a reed" for "a style."

§ 107, line 8, "that you" omitted before "have properly"; line 12, ed. 1, "This is properly the science of all laws . . ."

§ 108, line 14, "accursed" altered to "unhappy."

§ 109, line 1, ed. 1 reads "So in all the affairs of life, the arithmetical part of the business is the dominant one"; line 9, "putting" altered to "reckoning."

§ 110, line 9, ed. 1 reads "eternal equity, not erring statute"; five lines lower, the italics here also were not in ed. 1.

§ 111, line 4, "rough" was inserted before "equity," and, in the next line, "law" was altered to "discriminate compassion"; line 15, "indicates" was altered to "signifies"; line 20, the words "and of the" were inserted before "firmer."

§ 112, line 8, "following" was inserted after "now."

§ 113, see p. 403 *n*. Line 12, ed. 1 reads:—

". . . Arab arch in hair. Under her, Dionysius . . . (as in § 114) not a preacher.

"The medallion, on the other hand, is as ingenious. A mother lifting her hands in delight at her child's beginning to take notice."

So in line 17, ed. 1 was different:—

". . . genuine, the lower one almost entirely so. The painting of the red book is quite exemplary in fresco style."

§ 114. Similarly here ed. 1 reads:—

"Beneath her, Boethius.

Under St. Mark.

Medallion, female figure, laying hands on breast.

Technical Points.—The Boethius entirely genuine, and the painting of his black book, as of the red one beside it, again worth notice, showing how pleasant and interesting the commonest things become, when well painted.

I have not examined the upper figure."

§ 115, line 11, "misuse" was altered to "misconception"; line 20, "indicates" was altered to "may perhaps indicate."

§ 116, line 9, "Divine" was altered to "Heavenly"; line 23, "to fight for it" was altered to "to *fight*,—or to die for it."

§ 116, author's first footnote was added in 1882, though not included in brackets.

§ 117, line 14, ed. 1 reads "terrestrial" for "earthly."

§ 118, "Cousins" in all editions hitherto is here corrected to "Cozens."

§ 121, line 2, "1872" hitherto, a slip for "1874."

§ 127 (end). In previous editions "(25)" was erroneously called Music, and "(26)," Logic.]

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE 293

THE FIRST MORNING

SANTA CROCE 295

THE SECOND MORNING

THE GOLDEN GATE 312

THE THIRD MORNING

BEFORE THE SOLDAN 334

THE FOURTH MORNING

THE VAULTED BOOK 363

THE FIFTH MORNING

THE STRAIT GATE 382

THE SIXTH MORNING

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER 409

THE SEVENTH MORNING

[*By Mr. R. Caird*]

THE VISIBLE CHURCH 436

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION

It seems to me that the real duty involved in my Oxford professorship cannot be completely done by giving lectures in Oxford only, but that I ought also to give what guidance I may to travellers in Italy.

The following letters are written as I would write to any of my friends who asked me what they ought preferably to study in limited time; and I hope they may be found of use if read in the places which they describe, or before the pictures to which they refer. But in the outset let me give my readers one piece of practical advice. If you can afford it, pay your custode or sacristan well. You may think it an injustice to the next comer; but your paying him ill is an injustice to *all* comers, for the necessary result of your doing so is that he will lock up or cover whatever he can, that he may get his penny fee for showing it and that, thus exacting a small tax from everybody, he is thankful to none, and gets into a sullen passion if you stay more than a quarter of a minute to look at the object after it is uncovered. And you will not find it possible to examine anything properly under these circumstances. Pay your sacristan well, and make friends with him: in nine cases out of ten an Italian is really grateful for the money, and more than grateful for human courtesy; and will give you some true zeal and kindly feeling in return for a franc and a pleasant look. How very horrid of him to be grateful for money, you think! Well, I can only tell you that I know fifty people who will write me letters full of tender

sentiment, for one who will give me tenpence; and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will give me tenpence for each of these letters of mine, though I have done more work than you will ever know of, to make them good ten-penny-worths to you.

MORNINGS IN FLORENCE

THE FIRST MORNING

SANTA CROCE

1. If there be one artist, more than another, whose work it is desirable that you should examine in Florence, supposing that you care for old art at all, it is Giotto. You can, indeed, also see work of his at Assisi; but it is not likely you will stop there, to any purpose. At Padua there is much;[1] but only of one period. At Florence, which is his birthplace, you can see pictures by him of every date, and every kind. But you had surely better see, first, what is of his best time and of the best kind. He painted very small pictures and very large—painted from the age of twelve to sixty—painted some subjects carelessly which he had little interest in—others, carefully with all his heart. You would surely like, and it would certainly be wise, to see him first in his strong and earnest work,—to see a painting by him, if possible, of large size, and wrought with his full strength, and of a subject pleasing to him. And if it were, also, a subject interesting to you yourself,—better still.

2. Now, if indeed you are interested in old art, you cannot but know the power of the thirteenth century.[2] You know that the character of it was concentrated in, and the full expressed by, its best king, St. Louis.[3] You know St. Louis was a Franciscan; and that the Franciscans,

[1] [See Ruskin's account of *Giotto and his Works in Padua* (Vol. XXIV.).]
[2] [Compare Vol. XIX. p. 462.]
[3] [For St. Louis in this sense, compare Vol. V. p. 416, and Vol. XII. p. 138. Also *Val d'Arno* (above, pp. 36, 57).]

for whom Giotto was continually painting under Dant advice, were prouder of him than of any other of their roy brethren or sisters. If Giotto ever would imagine an body with care and delight, it would be St. Louis, if chanced that anywhere he had St. Louis to paint.

Also, you know that he was appointed to build t Campanile of the Duomo, because he was then the be master of sculpture, painting, and architecture in Florenc and supposed in such business to be without superior in t world.* And that this commission was given him late life (of course he could not have designed the Campani when he was a boy); so therefore, if you find any of h figures niched under pure campanile architecture, and t architecture by his hand, you know, without other evidenc that the painting must be of his strongest time.

So if one wanted to find anything of his to begin wit specially, and could choose what it should be, one wou say, "A fresco, life size, with campanile architecture behir it, painted in an important place: and if one might choo one's subject, perhaps the most interesting saint of all sain —for *him* to do for us—would be St. Louis."

3. Wait then for an entirely bright morning; rise wi the sun, and go to Santa Croce, with a good opera-glass your pocket, with which you shall for once, at any rate, s an "opus"; and, if you have time, several opera. Wa straight to the chapel on the right of the choir ("k" i your Murray's Guide[1]). When you first get into it, yo will see nothing but a modern window of glaring glas with a red-hot cardinal in one pane—which piece of moder manufacture takes away at least seven-eighths of the ligh (little enough before) by which you might have seen wha

* "Cum in universo orbe non reperiri dicatur quenquam qui sufficientic sit in his et aliis multis artibus magistro Giotto Bondonis de Florentiâ pi tore, et accipiendus sit in patriâ, velut magnus magister."—(Decree of h appointment, quoted by Lord Lindsay, vol. ii. p. 247.)

[1] [Applicable only to the old editions of Murray. The chapel is on the (spe tator's) right of the choir, the Cappella dei Bardi.]

worth sight. Wait patiently till you get used to the om. Then, guarding your eyes from the accursed modern ndow as best you may, take your opera-glass, and look the right, at the uppermost of the two figures beside It is St. Louis, under campanile architecture, painted —Giotto? or the last Florentine painter who wanted a —over Giotto? That is the first question you have to ermine; as you will have henceforward, in every case in ch you look at a fresco.

Sometimes there will be no question at all. These two y frescoes at the bottom of the walls on your right and , for instance, have been entirely got up for your better sfaction, in the last year or two — over Giotto's half-ced lines. But that St. Louis? Re-painted or not, it lovely thing,—there can be no question about that; we must look at it, after some preliminary knowledge ed, not inattentively.

4. Your Murray's Guide tells you that this chapel of Bardi della Libertà, in which you stand, is covered with oes by Giotto; that they were whitewashed, and only bare in 1853; that they were painted between 1296 and 4;[1] that they represent scenes in the life of St. Francis;[2] that on each side of the window are paintings of Louis of Toulouse, St. Louis, king of France, St. Eliza- of Hungary, and St. Claire,—"all much restored and inted." Under such recommendation, the frescoes are likely to be much sought after; and accordingly, as I at work in the chapel this morning, Sunday, 6th Sep- ber, 1874, two nice-looking Englishmen, under guard of valet de place, passed the chapel without so much oking in.

You will perhaps stay a little longer in it with me, good er, and find out gradually where you are. Namely, in most interesting and perfect little Gothic chapel in all

[1] See below, § 8, p. 301.]
[2] See the further account of the frescoes, below, § 51, p. 347; and, for their positions, p. 337 *n.*]

Italy—so far as I know or can hear. There is no ot r of the great time which has all its frescoes in their pl . The Arena, though far larger, is of earlier date—not p e Gothic, nor showing Giotto's full force. The lower cha l at Assisi is not Gothic at all, and is still only of Giot s middle time. You have here, developed Gothic, with Gio o in his consummate strength, and nothing lost, in form, f the complete design.

By restoration—judicious restoration, as Mr. Mur y usually calls it[1]—there is no saying how much you h e lost. Putting the question of restoration out of your mi l, however, for a while, think where you are, and what y u have got to look at.

5. You are in the chapel next the high altar of the gr t Franciscan church of Florence.[2] A few hundred yards w t of you, within ten minutes' walk, is the Baptistery of Fl- ence. And five minutes' walk west of that, is the gr t Dominican church of Florence, Santa Maria Novella.

Get this little bit of geography, and architectural fa , well into your mind. There is the little octagon Baptist y in the middle; here, ten minutes' walk east of it, the Fr- ciscan church of Holy Cross; there, five minutes' walk w t of it, the Dominican church of St. Mary.

Now, that little octagon Baptistery stood where it n w stands (and was finished, though the roof has been alte l since) in the eighth century. It is the central building f Etrurian Christianity,—of European Christianity.[3]

From the day it was finished, Christianity went n doing her best, in Etruria and elsewhere, for four hund l years,—and her best seemed to have come to very litt , —when there rose up two men who vowed to God t should come to more. And they made it come to mo , forthwith; of which the immediate sign in Florence w s

[1] ["Restored with much skill and judgment" is the expression, in this case the edition of 1864; but after Ruskin's criticism the praise was omitted.]

[2] [The substance of §§ 5, 6 had been delivered in the lecture on Arnol : see above, pp. 192 *seq.*]

[3] [Compare below, § 120, p. 413.]

that she resolved to have a fine new cross-shaped cathedral instead of her quaint old little octagon one; and a tower beside it that should beat Babel:—which two buildings you have also within sight.

6. But your business is not at present with them; but with these two earlier churches of Holy Cross and St. Mary. The two men who were the effectual builders of these were the two great religious Powers and Reformers of the thirteenth century;—St. Francis, who taught Christian men how they should behave, and St. Dominic, who taught Christian men what they should think.[1] In brief, one the Apostle of Works; the other of Faith. Each sent his little company of disciples to teach and preach in Florence: St. Francis in 1212; St. Dominic in 1220.

The little companies were settled—one, ten minutes' walk east of the old Baptistery; the other, five minutes' walk west of it. And after they had stayed quietly in such lodgings as were given them, preaching and teaching through most of the century; and had got Florence, as it were, heated through, she burst out into Christian poetry and architecture, of which you have heard much talk:—burst into bloom of Arnolfo, Giotto, Dante, Orcagna, and the like persons, whose works you profess to have come to Florence that you may see and understand.

Florence then, thus heated through, first helped her teachers to build finer churches. The Dominicans, or White Friars, the Teachers of Faith, began their church of St. Mary's in 1279. The Franciscans, or Black Friars, the Teachers of Works, laid the first stone of this church of the Holy Cross in 1294. And the whole city laid the foundations of its new cathedral in 1298. The Dominicans designed their own building; but for the Franciscans and the town worked the first great master of Gothic art, Arnolfo; with Giotto at his side, and Dante looking on, and whispering sometimes a word to both.

[For Ruskin's other references to St. Francis, see Vol. VI. p. 428 *n.*, and the General Index; for St. Dominic, *ibid.* See also below, §§ 73–74, 119 (pp. 367, 411).]

7. And here you stand beside the high altar of the Franciscans' church, under a vault of Arnolfo's building, with at least some of Giotto's colour on it still fresh; and in front of you, over the little altar, is a reportedly authentic portrait of St. Francis, taken from life by Giotto's master.[1] Yet I can hardly blame my two English friends for never looking in. Except in the early morning light, not one touch of all this art can be seen. And in any light, unless you understand the relations of Giotto to St. Francis, and of St. Francis to humanity, it will be of little interest.

Observe, then, the special character of Giotto among the great painters of Italy is his being a practical person. Whatever other men dreamed of, he did. He could work in mosaic; he could work in marble; he could paint; and he could build; and all thoroughly: a man of supreme faculty, supreme common-sense. Accordingly, he ranges himself at once among the disciples of the Apostle of Works, and spends most of his time in the same apostleship.

Now the gospel of Works, according to St. Francis, lies in three things. You must work without money, and be poor. You must work without pleasure, and be chaste. You must work according to orders, and be obedient.

Those are St. Francis's three Articles of Italian operation. By which grew the many pretty things you have come to see here.

8. And now if you will take your opera-glass and look up to the roof above Arnolfo's building, you will see it is a pretty Gothic cross vault, in four quarters, each with a circular medallion, painted by Giotto. That over the altar has the picture of St. Francis himself. The three others of his Commanding Angels. In front of him, over the

[1] [The picture is the one described in Vasari's *Life of Cimabue:* "He painted a small picture of St. Francis, in panel, on a gold ground, drawing it, a new thing in those times, from nature, with such means as he could obtain, and placing around it the whole history of the saint in twenty small pictures, full of minute figures on a ground of gold" (Bohn, vol. i. p. 36); for another reference to the picture see *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence,* § 27 (above, p. 204). The picture is now more commonly ascribed to Margaritone.]

ance arch, Poverty. On his right hand, Obedience. On his left, Chastity.

Poverty, in a red patched dress, with grey wings, and quare nimbus of glory above her head, is flying from lack hound, whose head is seen at the corner of the allion.

Chastity, veiled, is imprisoned in a tower, while angels ch her.

Obedience bears a yoke on her shoulders, and lays her l on a book.

Now, this same quatrefoil, of St. Francis and his three manding Angels, was also painted, but much more orately, by Giotto, on the cross vault of the lower ch of Assisi,[1] and it is a question of interest which he two roofs was painted first.

Your Murray's Guide tells you the frescoes in this chapel e painted between 1296 and 1304.[2] But as they repre-, among other personages, St. Louis of Toulouse, who not canonized till 1317, that statement is not altogether ble. Also, as the first stone of the church was only in 1294, when Giotto was a youth of eighteen, it is likely that either it would have been ready to be ted, or he ready with his scheme of practical divinity, years later.

Farther, Arnolfo, the builder of the main body of the ch, died in 1310. And as St. Louis of Toulouse was a saint till seven years afterwards, and the frescoes efore beside the window not painted in Arnolfo's day, comes another question whether Arnolfo left the chapels he church at all, in their present form.

. On which point—now that I have shown you where to's St. Louis is—I will ask you to think a while, until are interested; and then I will try to satisfy your osity.[3] Therefore, please leave the little chapel for the

[See the Introduction, above, p. xliii.; and compare Vol. XXII. p. 392.]

[See *Handbook for Travellers in Central Italy*, 8th edition, 1874, p. 28. Ruskin's tion was adopted in later editions of the Guide.]

[For the description of the painting, see below, pp. 354 *seq.*]

moment, and walk down the nave, till you come to two sepulchral slabs near the west end, and then look about you and see what sort of a church Santa Croce is.

Without looking about you at all, you may find, in your Murray, the useful information that it is a church which "consists of a very wide nave and lateral aisles, separated by seven fine pointed arches." And as you will be—under ordinary conditions of tourist hurry—glad to learn so much, *without* looking, it is little likely to occur to you that this nave and two rich aisles required also, for your complete present comfort, walls at both ends, and a roof on the top. It is just possible, indeed, you may have been struck, on entering, by the curious disposition of painted glass at the east end;—more remotely possible that, in returning down the nave, you may this moment have noticed the extremely small circular window at the west end; but the chances are a thousand to one that, after being pulled from tomb to tomb round the aisles and chapels, you should take so extraordinary an additional amount of pains as to look up at the roof,—unless you do it now, quietly. It will have had its effect upon you, even if you don't, without your knowledge. You will return home with a general impression that Santa Croce is, somehow, the ugliest Gothic church you ever were in. Well—that is really so; and now, will you take the pains to see why?

10. There are two features, on which, more than on any others, the grace and delight of a fine Gothic building depends; one is the springing of its vaultings, the other the proportion and fantasy of its traceries. *This* church of Santa Croce has no vaultings at all, but the roof of a farm-house barn. And its windows are all of the same pattern,—the exceedingly prosaic one of two pointed arches, with a round hole above, between them.

And to make the simplicity of the roof more conspicuous, the aisles are successive sheds, built at every arch. In the aisles of the Campo Santo of Pisa, the unbroken

t roof leaves the eye free to look to the traceries;[1] but re, a succession of up-and-down sloping beam and lath ves the impression of a line of stabling rather than a urch aisle. And lastly, while, in fine Gothic buildings, e entire perspective concludes itself gloriously in the high d distant apse, here the nave is cut across sharply by line of ten chapels, the apse being only a tall recess in e midst of them, so that, strictly speaking, the church not of the form of a cross, but of a letter T.

Can this clumsy and ungraceful arrangement be indeed e design of the renowned Arnolfo?

Yes, this is purest Arnolfo-Gothic; not beautiful by y means; but deserving, nevertheless, our thoughtfullest amination. We will trace its complete character another y: just now we are only concerned with this pre-Chris- n form of the letter T, insisted upon in the lines of apels.

11. Respecting which you are to observe, that the first hristian churches in the catacombs took the form of a unt cross naturally; a square chamber having a vaulted cess on each side; then the Byzantine churches were ructurally built in the form of an equal cross; while the raldic and other ornamental equal-armed crosses are partly gns of glory and victory, partly of light, and divine spiri- al presence.*

But the Franciscans and Dominicans saw in the cross sign of triumph, but of trial.† The wounds of their

* See, on this subject generally, Mr. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt's *Art-Teaching the Primitive Church.* S.P.C.K., 1874.

† I have never obtained time for any right study of early Christian urch-discipline,—nor am I sure to how many other causes the choice of e form of the basilica may be occasionally attributed, or by what other mmunities it may be made. Symbolism, for instance, has most power th the Franciscans, and convenience for preaching with the Dominicans;[2] t in all cases, and in all places, the transition from the close tribune to e brightly-lighted apse, indicates the change in Christian feeling between garding a church as a place for public judgment or teaching, or a place

[1] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 36 (above, p. 28), and Fig. 1.]
[2] [Compare "The Cavalli Monuments," § 6 (Vol. XXIV. p. 130).]

Master were to be their inheritance. So their first a
was to make what likeness to the cross their church mi
present, distinctly that of the actual instrument of death

And they did this most effectually by using the fo
of the letter T, that of the Furca or Gibbet,—not the s
of peace.

Also, their churches were meant for use; not show, o
self-glorification, nor town-glorification. They wanted pla
for preaching, prayer, sacrifice, burial; and had no int
tion of showing how high they could build towers, or h
widely they could arch vaults. Strong walls, and the r
of a barn,—these your Franciscan asks of his Arno
These Arnolfo gives,—thoroughly and wisely built; e
successions of gable roof being a new device for streng
much praised in its day.[1]

12. This stern humour did not last long. Arnolfo hi-
self had other notions; much more Cimabue and Giot
most of all, Nature and Heaven. Something else had

for private prayer and congregational praise. The following passage fr
the Dean of Westminster's perfect history of his Abbey ought to be r
also in the Florentine church:—"The nearest approach to Westmins
Abbey in this aspect is the church of Santa Croce at Florence. There
here, the present destination of the building was no part of the origi
design, but was the result of various converging causes. As the church
one of the two great preaching orders, it had a nave large beyond all p
portion to its choir. That order being the Franciscan, bound by vows
poverty, the simplicity of the worship preserved the whole space clear fr
any adventitious ornaments. The popularity of the Franciscans, especia
in a convent hallowed by a visit from St. Francis himself, drew to it
only the chief civic festivals, but also the numerous families who gave al
to the friars, and whose connexion with their church was, for this reas
in turn encouraged by them. In those graves, piled with standards a
achievements of the noble families of Florence, were successively interred
not because of their eminence, but as members or friends of those famil
—some of the most illustrious personages of the fifteenth century. Th
it came to pass, as if by accident, that in the vault of the Buonarotti w
laid Michael Angelo; in the vault of the Viviani the preceptor of one
their house, Galileo. From those two burials the church gradually becam
the recognized shrine of Italian genius."[2]

[1] [See the passage from Vasari, quoted in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools Florence*, § 13 (above, p. 193).]

[2] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, by A. P. Stanley, ch. iv. p. 1 (1882 edition).]

be taught about Christ than that He was wounded to de th. Nevertheless, look how grand this stern form would be restored to its simplicity. It is not the old church wh ch is in itself unimpressive. It is the old church de ced by Vasari, by Michael Angelo, and by modern Fl rence.[1] See those huge tombs on your right hand and lef at the sides of the aisles, with their alternate gable an round tops, and their paltriest of all possible sculpture, try ng to be grand by bigness, and pathetic by expense. Te r them all down in your imagination; fancy the vast ha with its massive pillars,—not painted calomel-pill colour, as now, but of their native stone, with the rough, true wo d for roof,—and a people praying beneath them, strong in biding, and pure in life, as their rocks and olive forests. Th t was Arnolfo's Santa Croce. Nor did his work remain lon without grace.

That very line of chapels in which we found our St. Lo is, shows signs of change in temper. *They* have no pe house roofs, but true Gothic vaults: our four-square co of Franciscan Law coloured on one of them.

It is probable, then, that these chapels may be later tha the rest—even in their stonework. In their decora- tio they are so, assuredly; belonging already to the time wh n the story of St. Francis was becoming a passionate tra ition, told and painted everywhere with delight.

And that high recess, taking the place of apse, in the ce re,—see how noble it is in the coloured shade sur- rou ding and joining the glow of its windows, though their fo n be so simple. You are not to be amused here by me e patterns in balanced stone, as a French or English arc itect would amuse you, says Arnolfo. "You are to rea and think, under these severe walls of mine; immortal ha ls will write upon them." We will go back, therefore, int this line of manuscript chapels presently; but first,

[1] The eastern end of the church was altered, and the chapels along the whole len h of the nave were added by Vasari after the church had been injured by sto in 1512 and a flood in 1557. Michael Angelo had given advice upon the pla g of some of the monuments added in his time.]

look at the two sepulchral slabs by which you are stan g. That farther of the two from the west end is on of the most beautiful pieces of fourteenth-century sculptur in this world:[1] and it contains simple elements of excelle ce, by your understanding of which you may test your p er of understanding the more difficult ones you will hav to deal with presently.

13. It represents an old man, in the high deeply-fo ed cap worn by scholars and gentlemen in Florence from 00 to 1500, lying dead, with a book on his breast, er which his hands are folded. At his feet is this inscript n: "Temporibus hic suis phylosophye atq. medicine cul en fuit[2] Galileus de Galileis olim Bonajutis qui etiam sum o in magistratu miro quodam modo rempublicam dilexit, c us sancte memorie bene acte vite pie benedictus filius h ic tumulum patri sibi suisq. posteris edidit."

Mr. Murray tells you that the effigies "in low rel f" (alas, yes, low enough now—worn mostly into flat sto s, with a trace only of the deeper lines left, but originally in very bold relief) with which the floor of Santa Croc is inlaid, of which this by which you stand is characteri c, are "interesting from the costume," but that, "except in the case of John Ketterick, Bishop of St. David's, few of the other names have any interest beyond the walls of Florence."[3] As, however, you are at present within e walls of Florence, you may perhaps condescend to t e some interest in this ancestor or relation of the Gal o whom Florence indeed left to be externally interesting, d would not allow within her walls.*

* "Seven years a prisoner at the city gate,
Let in but in his grave-clothes."
—Rogers's *Italy*.

[1] [Plate XXVI. here; it is reproduced from a drawing of the monument y Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo; of which Ruskin had photographs made and placed on e to illustrate *Mornings in Florence*.]

[2] [Ruskin here omits the words "et magister."]

[3] [The quotations are from the edition of 1864. In issues subsequent to Rusk s book the passage was altered. John Ketterick, successively Bishop of St. Dav , Lichfield and Coventry, and Exeter, had died at Florence in 1419.]

am not sure if I rightly place or construe the phrase he above inscription, "cujus sancte memorie bene acte"; in main purport, the legend runs thus: "This Galileo he Galilei was, in his times, the head of philosophy and icine; who also in the highest magistracy loved the blic marvellously; whose son, blessed in inheritance of oly memory and well-passed and pious life, appointed tomb for his father, for himself, and for his posterity."

There is no date; but the slab immediately behind it, the western door, is of the same style, but of later inferior work, and bears date—I forget now of what year in the fifteenth century.[1]

But Florence was still in her pride; and you may rve, in this epitaph, on what it was based. That her sophy was studied *together with useful arts*, and as a of them; that the masters in these became naturally masters in public affairs; that in such magistracy, they l the State, and neither cringed to it nor robbed it; the sons honoured their fathers, and received their rs' honour as the most blessed inheritance. Remember phrase "vite pie benedictus filius," to be compared with "nos nequiores"[2] of the declining days of all states,—ly now in Florence, France, and England.

4. Thus much for the local interest of name. Next he universal interest of the art of this tomb.

t is the crowning virtue of all great art that, however is left of it by the injuries of time, that little will be y. As long as you can see anything, you can see—st all;—so much the hand of the master will suggest of oul.

And here you are well quit, for once, of restoration. one cares for this sculpture; and if Florence would thus put all her old sculpture and painting under her

[1] It is the slab of Augustino Sanctucio, died 1468.]

[2] Horace, *Odes* iii. 6, 47:—

"Ætas parentum peior avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem."]

feet, and simply use them for gravestones and oilcloth, would be more merciful to them than she is now. F at least, what little is left is true.

And, if you look long, you will find it is not so l That worn face is still a perfect portrait of the old though like one struck out at a venture, with a few r touches of a master's chisel. And that falling drape his cap is, in its few lines, faultless, and subtle be description.

And now, here is a simple but most useful test of capacity for understanding Florentine sculpture or pain If you can see that the lines of that cap are both right, lovely; that the choice of the folds is exquisite in its o mental relations of line; and that the softness and eas them is complete,—though only sketched with a few touches,—then you can understand Giotto's drawing, Botticelli's;—Donatello's carving, and Luca's. But if see nothing in *this* sculpture, you will see nothing in th *of* theirs. Where they choose to imitate flesh, or silk to play any vulgar modern trick with marble—(and often do)—whatever, in a word, is French, or Ameri or Cockney, in their work, you can see; but wha Florentine, and for ever great—unless you can see the beauty of this old man in his citizen's cap,—you see never.

15. There is more in this sculpture, however, than simple portraiture and noble drapery. The old man on a piece of embroidered carpet; and, protected by higher relief, many of the finer lines of this are alm uninjured; in particular, its exquisitely wrought fringe tassels are nearly perfect. And if you will kneel d and look long at the tassels of the cushion under the h and the way they fill the angles of the stone, you —or may—know, from this example alone, what n decorative sculpture is, and was, and must be, from days of earliest Greece to those of latest Italy.

"Exquisitely sculptured fringe!" and you have just b

A. H. Mackmurdo — Allen & Co. Sc.

Sepulchral Slab of Galileus de Galileis in Santa Croce

amusing sculptors who play tricks with marble! Yes, and you cannot find a better example, in all the museums of Europe, of the work of a man who does *not* play tricks with it—than this tomb. Try to understand the difference: it is a point of quite cardinal importance to all your future study of sculpture.

I *told* you, observe, that the old Galileo was lying on a piece of embroidered carpet. I don't think, if I had not told you, that you would have found it out for yourself. It is not so like a carpet as all that comes to.

But had it been a modern trick-sculpture, the moment you came to the tomb you would have said, "Dear me! how wonderfully that carpet is done,—it doesn't look like stone in the least,—one longs to take it up and beat it, to get the dust off."

Now whenever you feel inclined to speak so of a sculptured drapery, be assured, without more ado, the sculpture is base, and bad. You will merely waste your time and corrupt your taste by looking at it. Nothing is so easy as to imitate drapery in marble. You may cast a piece any day; and carve it with such subtlety that the marble shall be an absolute image of the folds. But that is not sculpture. That is mechanical manufacture.

No great sculptor, from the beginning of art to the end of it, has ever carved, or ever will, a deceptive drapery. He has neither time nor will to do it. His mason's lad may do that, if he likes. A man who can carve a limb or a face never finishes inferior parts, but either with a hasty and scornful chisel, or with such grave and strict selection of their lines as you know at once to be imaginative, not imitative.

16. But if, as in this case, he wants to oppose the simplicity of his central subject with a rich background,—a labyrinth of ornamental lines to relieve the severity of expressive ones,—he will carve you a carpet, or a tree, or a rose thicket, with their fringes and leaves and thorns, elaborated as richly as natural ones; but always for the

sake of the ornamental form, never of the imitation; seizing the natural character in the lines he gives, with twenty times the precision and clearness of sight that the mere imitator has. Examine the tassels of the cushion, and the way they blend with the fringe, thoroughly; you cannot possibly see finer ornamental sculpture. Then, look at the same tassels in the same place of the slab next the west end of the church, and you will see a scholar's rude imitation of a master's hand, though in a fine school. (Notice, however, the folds of the drapery at the feet of this figure: they are cut so as to show the hem of the robe within as well as without, and are fine.) Then, as you go back to Giotto's chapel, keep to the left, and just beyond the north door in the aisle is the much-celebrated tomb of C. Marsuppini, by Desiderio of Settignano.[1] It is very fine of its kind; but there the drapery is chiefly done to cheat you, and chased delicately to show how finely the sculptor could chisel it. It is wholly vulgar and mean in cast of fold. Under your feet, as you look at it, you will tread another tomb of the fine time,[2] which, looking just at, you will recognize the difference between false and true art, as far as there is capacity in you at present to do so. And if you really and honestly like the low-lying stones, and see more beauty in them, you have also the power of enjoying Giotto, into whose chapel we will return to-morrow;—not to-day, for the light must have left it by this time; and now that you have been looking at the sculptures on the floor, you had better traverse nave and aisle across and across, and get some idea of that sacred field of stone. In the north transept you will find a beautiful knight, the finest in chiselling of all these tombs, except one by the same hand in the south aisle just where it enters the south transept.[3] Examine the lines of the

[1] [The tomb of Marsuppini (1399–1453), chancellor or secretary of the republic of Florence.]

[2] [Not inscribed.]

[3] [The slab-tomb in the north transept is of Thomas de Sacbettis: "migravit ad dominum anno domini MCCCV." That in the south transept is to a knight of Asti, who died 1396.]

Gothic niches traced above them; and what is left of arabesque on their armour. They are far more beautiful and tender in chivalric conception than Donatello's St. George,[1] which is merely a piece of vigorous naturalism founded on these older tombs. If you will drive in the evening to the Chartreuse in Val d'Ema, you may see there an uninjured example of such a slab-tomb by Donatello himself;[2] very beautiful; but not so perfect as the earlier ones on which it is founded. And you may see some fading light and shade of monastic life, among which if you stay till the fire-flies come out in the twilight, and thus get to sleep when you come home, you will be better prepared for to-morrow morning's walk—if you will take another with me—than if you go to a party, to talk sentiment about Italy, and hear the last news from London and New York.

[Compare "Modern Art," § 10 (Vol. XIX. p. 203). The original work of Donatello is now in the Museo Nazionale (Bargello), its place in one of the niches of San Michele being filled by a cast.]

[In front of the altar of the church—the tomb of Cardinal Angelo Acciaoli, Bishop of Ostia (died 1409); the border of fruit and flowers, which surrounds the principal figure, was added long after by Giuliano di San Gallo.]

IMMACULATE HEART

THE SECOND MORNING

THE GOLDEN GATE

17. To-day, as early as you please, and at all events befo doing anything else, let us go to Giotto's own parish-chur Santa Maria Novella. If, walking from the Strozzi Pala you look on your right for the "Way of the Beauti Ladies," it will take you quickly there.

Do not let anything in the way of acquaintance, sa ristan, or chance sight, stop you in doing what I tell yo Walk straight up the church, into the apse of it;—(yo may let your eyes rest, as you walk, on the glow of glass, only mind the step, half-way;)—and lift the curtai and go in behind the grand marble altar, giving anybo who follows you anything they want, to hold their tongu or go away.

You know, most probably, already, that the frescoes each side of you are Ghirlandajo's. You have been to they are very fine, and if you know anything of paintin you know the portraits in them are so. Nevertheless, som how, you don't really enjoy these frescoes, nor come oft here, do you?

The reason of which is, that if you are a nice perso they are not nice enough for you; and if a vulgar perso not vulgar enough. But, if you are a nice person, I wa you to look carefully, to-day, at the two lowest, next th windows, for a few minutes, that you may better feel th art you are really to study, by its contrast with these.

On your left hand is represented the birth of the Virgi On your right, her meeting with Elizabeth.[1]

[1] [See Plate XXVII. For an earlier and more appreciative reference to the frescoes by Ghirlandajo, see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. pp. 202–203).]

The Birth of the Virgin

The Salutation

18. You can't easily see better pieces—(nowhere more pompous pieces)—of flat goldsmith's work. Ghirlandajo was to the end of his life a mere goldsmith, with a gift of portraiture. And here he has done his best, and has put a long wall in wonderful perspective, and the whole city of Florence behind Elizabeth's house in the hill-country; and a splendid bas-relief, in the style of Luca della Robbia, in St. Anne's bedroom; and he has carved all the pilasters, and embroidered all the dresses, and flourished and trumpeted in every corner; and it is all done, within just a point, as well as it can be done; and quite as well as Ghirlandajo could do it. But the point in which it *just* misses being as well as it can be done, is the vital point. And it is all simply—good for nothing.

Extricate yourself from the goldsmith's rubbish of it, and look full at the Salutation. You will say, perhaps, at first, "What grand and graceful figures!" Are you sure they are graceful? Look again, and you will see their draperies hang from them exactly as they would from two clothes-pegs. Now, fine drapery, really well drawn, as it hangs from a clothes-peg, is always rather impressive, especially if it be disposed in large breadths and deep folds; but that is the only grace of their figures.

Secondly. Look at the Madonna, carefully. You will find she is not the least meek—only stupid,—as all the other women in the picture are.

"St. Elizabeth, you think, is nice"? Yes. "And she says, 'Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?'[1] really with a great deal of serious feeling"? Yes, with a great deal. Well, you have looked enough at those two. Now—just for another minute—look at the birth of the Virgin. "A most graceful group (your Murray's Guide tells you), in the attendant servants."[2] Extremely so. Also, the one holding the child is rather

[1] [Luke i. 43.]

[2] [Quoted (not textually, however) from the old editions (p. 133 in that of 1880); in recent editions the passage has been omitted.]

pretty. Also, the servant pouring out the water does t
from a great height, without splashing, most cleverly. Al
the lady coming to ask for St. Anne, and see the bal
walks majestically, and is very finely dressed. And as
that bas-relief in the style of Luca della Robbia, you mig
really almost think it *was* Luca! The very best pla
goods, Master Ghirlandajo, no doubt—always on hand,
your shop.

19. Well, now you must ask for the Sacristan, who
civil and nice enough; and get him to let you into t
green cloister, and then into the less cloister opening o
of it on the right, as you go down the steps;[1] and y
must ask for the tomb of the Marchesa Strozzi Ridol
and in the recess behind the Marchesa's tomb—very cl
to the ground, and in excellent light, if the day is fi
—you will see two small frescoes, only about four fe
wide each, in odd-shaped bits of wall—quarters of circl
representing—that on the left, the Meeting of Joach
and Anna at the Golden Gate; and that on the right, t
Birth of the Virgin.[2]

No flourish of trumpets here, at any rate, you thin
No gold on the gate; and, for the birth of the Virgin
is this all! Goodness!—nothing to be seen, whatever,
bas-reliefs, nor fine dresses, nor graceful pourings out
water, nor processions of visitors?

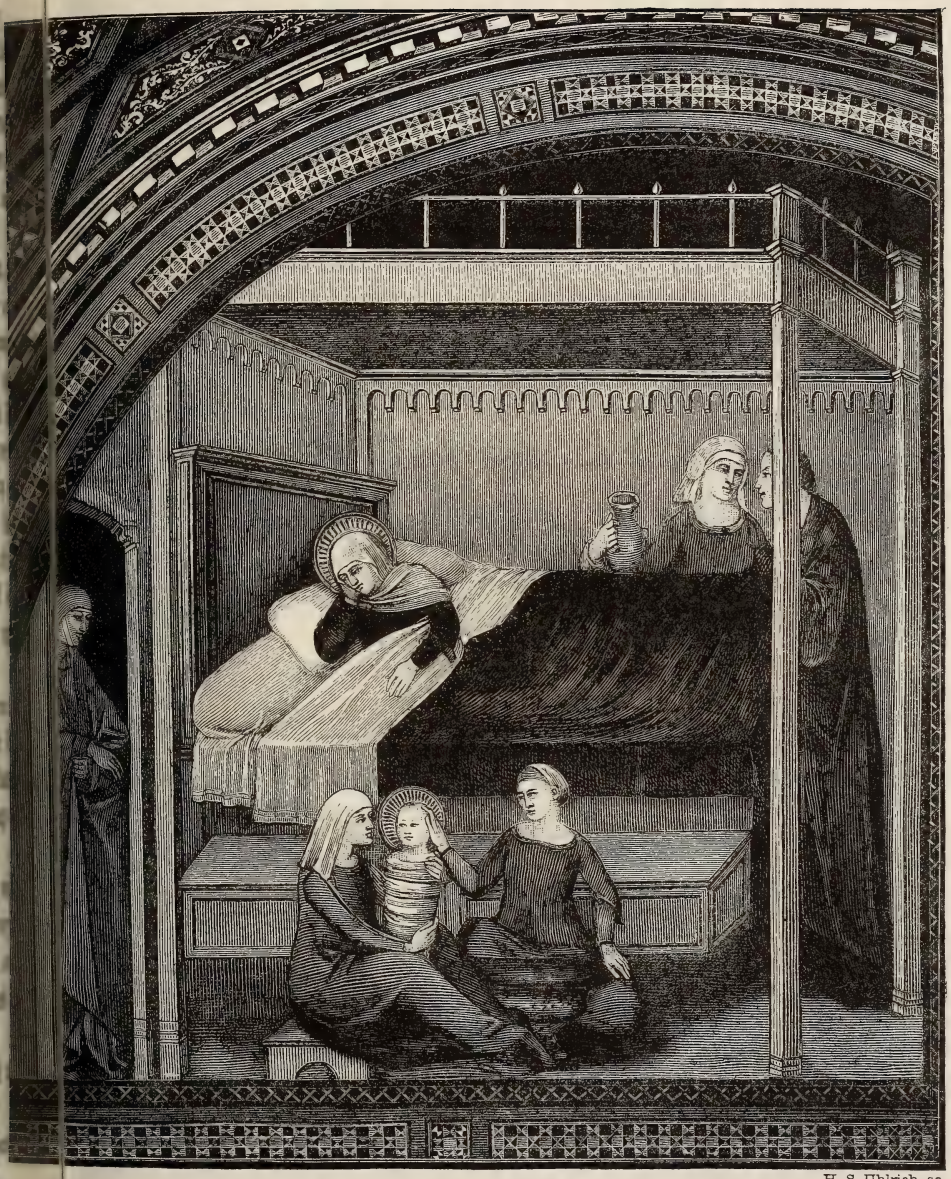
No. But there's one thing you can see, here, which y
didn't in Ghirlandajo's fresco, unless you were very clev
and looked hard for it—the Baby! And you are nev
likely to see a more true piece of Giotto's work in th
world.

A round-faced, small-eyed little thing, tied up in
bundle!

Yes, Giotto was of opinion she must have appeared real

[1] [There is, however, a door in the church, generally open, immediately on t
right of the Strozzi Chapel, which leads direct into the smaller cloister. Imme
ately on the right, as one has descended the steps, is the tomb of the Marche
The larger "Green Cloister" was so called, it may be noted, from the prevailing ti
in the frescoes with which its walls were painted: see above, Introduction, p. lxii

[2] [See Plate XXVIII.; a woodcut from the fresco.]



H. S. Uhlrich sc.

The Birth of the Virgin

From the Fresco by Giotto in S. Maria Novella

much else than that. But look at the servant who just finished dressing her;—awestruck, full of love and wonder, putting her hand softly on the child's head, who never cried. The nurse, who has just taken her, is—nurse, and no more: tidy in the extreme, and greatly proud and pleased; but would be as much so with any other child.

Ghirlandajo's St. Anne (I ought to have told you to notice that,—you can, afterwards) is sitting strongly up in bed, watching, if not directing, all that is going on.[1] Giotto's, lying down on the pillow, leans her face on her head; partly exhausted, partly in deep thought. She knows that all will be well done for the child, either by the servants or God; she need not look after anything.

At the foot of the bed is the midwife, and a servant who has brought drink for St. Anne. The servant stops, seeing her so quiet; asking the midwife, "Shall I give it her now?" The midwife, her hands lifted under her robe, in the attitude of thanksgiving (with Giotto distinguishable always, though one doesn't know how, from that of prayer), answers, with her look, "Let be—she does not want anything."

At the door a single acquaintance is coming in, to see the child. Of ornament, there is only the entirely simple outline of the vase which the servant carries; of colour, two or three masses of sober red, and pure white, with brown and grey.

That is all. And if you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not,—by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it.

20. But if indeed you are pleased, ever so little, with the fresco, think what that pleasure means. I brought you, on purpose, round, through the richest overture, and farrago of tweedledum and tweedledee, I could find in Florence;

[1] [So also, it may be remarked, is Giotto's St. Anne in the Arena Chapel: see the eventh subject in the woodcuts (Vol. XXIV.).]

and here is a tune of four notes, on a shepherd's pip played by the picture of nobody; and yet you like i You know what music is, then. Here is another litt tune, by the same player, and sweeter. I let you hear t simplest first.

The fresco on the left hand, with the bright blue sk and the rosy figures! Why, anybody might like that![1]

Yes; but, alas, all the blue sky is repainted. It w blue always, however, and bright too; and I dare say, wh the fresco was first done, anybody *did* like it.

You know the story of Joachim and Anna, I hop Not that I do, myself, quite in the ins and outs; a if you don't, I'm not going to keep you waiting while tell it.[2] All you need know, and you scarcely, before th fresco, need know so much, is, that here are an old husba and old wife, meeting again by surprise, after losing ea other, and being each in great fear;—meeting at the pla where they were told by God each to go, without knowi what was to happen there.

"So they rushed into one another's arms, and kiss each other."

No, says Giotto,—not that.

"They advanced to meet, in a manner conformable t the strictest laws of composition; and with their draperi cast into folds which no one until Raphael could ha arranged better."

No, says Giotto,—not that.

St. Anne has moved quickest; her dress just falls int folds sloping backwards enough to tell you so much. Sh has caught St. Joachim by his mantle, and draws him t her, softly, by that. St. Joachim lays his hand under he arm, seeing she is like to faint, and holds her up. They d not kiss each other—only look into each other's eyes. An God's angel lays his hand on their heads.

[1] [See Plate XXIX.; a woodcut from the fresco.]

[2] [The story may be read in *Giotto and his Works in Padua* (subjects i.–vi. See also Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, pp. 137–141.]

H. S. Uhlrich sc.

The Meeting of Joachim and Anna

From the Fresco by Giotto in S. Maria Novella

21. Behind them, there are two rough figures, busied with their own affairs,—two of Joachim's shepherds; one, bare-headed, the other wearing the wide Florentine cap with the falling point behind, which is exactly like the tube of a larkspur or violet; both carrying game, and talking to each other about—Greasy Joan and her pot,[1] or the like. Not at all the sort of persons whom you would have thought in harmony with the scene;—by the laws of the drama, according to Racine or Voltaire.

No, but according to Shakespeare, or Giotto, these are just the kind of persons likely to be there: as much as the angel is likely to be there also, though you will be told nowadays that Giotto was absurd for putting *him* into the sky, of which an apothecary can always produce the similar bottle, in a bottle.[2] And now that you have had Shakespeare, and sundry other men of head and heart, following the track of this shepherd lad, *you* can forgive him his grotesques in the corner. But that he should have forgiven them to himself, after the training he had had, this is the wonder! We have seen simple pictures enough in our day; and therefore we think that of course shepherd boys will sketch sheep: what wonder is there in that?

22. I can show you how in *this* shepherd boy it was very wonderful indeed, if you will walk for five minutes back into the church with me, and up into the chapel at the end of the south transept,—at least if the day is bright, and you get the sacristan to undraw the window-curtain in the transept itself. For then the light of it will be enough to show you the entirely authentic and most renowned work of Giotto's master; and you will see through what schooling the lad had gone.[3]

[1] [The phrase has its origin in the scandal of the Royalists, who used to call the Protector's wife "Joan Cromwell," and declare that she exchanged the kitchen-stuff of the palace for tallow candles; hence Joan's tub, or pot, became a term for kitchen "perquisites."]

[2] [Compare Preface to *Queen of the Air* (Vol. XIX. p. 292).]

[3] [The Madonna by Cimabue in the Cappella dei Rucellai—the picture of which the story is told of the public rejoicings: see p. 330.]

25. You will be apt to think, at first, that if a thing has been restored, surely the ugly shepherd's ug feet have. No, not at all. Restored feet are always dra with entirely orthodox and academical toes, like the Ap Belvidere's. You would have admired them very mu These are Giotto's own doing, every bit; and a preci business he has had of it, trying again and again—in v Even hands were difficult enough to him, at this tin but feet, and bare legs! Well, he'll have a try, he thin and gets really a fair line at last, when you are cl to it; but, laying the light on the ground afterwa he dare not touch this precious and dear-bought outli Stops all round it, a quarter of an inch off,* with s effect as you see. But if you want to know what sort legs and feet he *can* draw, look at our *lambs*, in the cor of the fresco under the arch on your left![1]

And there is yet one on your right, though more painted—the little Virgin presenting herself at the Tem —about which I could also say much.[2] The stooping figu kissing the hem of her robe without her knowing, is, far as I remember, first in this fresco; the origin, its of the main design in all the others you know so well (a with its steps, by the way, in better perspective alrea than most of them).

* Perhaps it is only the restorer's white on the ground that stops; I think a restorer would never have been so wise, but have gone right to the outline, and spoiled all.

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[1] [Now much defaced.]

[2] [See the outline of the composition here given (Plate XXX.). The follow is the note upon the fresco in Ruskin's diary at Florence (1874):—

> "She has her book in left hand, extends right hand towards high priest, who stretches both his to her. Her foot, which divided hem of her dress, is effaced; the high priest is nearly safe from toe. St. Joseph and her mother look on, quiet, scarcely wonderi deeply serious. Two less interested spectators behind, one a beautiful fa which, to be so beautiful as it is, must have been modernized with m care than these frescoes could, I think, have received. I believe, don't vouch for it, that it is a marvellous effort of the boy from so youth whom he persuaded to let himself be painted. In the full fr a man kneels to kiss the hem of her robe, she not seeing—wholly separati incident, exciting here alone."]

H. S. Uhlrich sc.

The Presentation of the Virgin

From the Fresco by Giotto in S. Maria Novella

"*This* the original one!" you will be inclined to exclaim, if you have any general knowledge of subsequent art. "*This* Giotto! why, it's a cheap rechauffé of Titian!"[1] No, my friend. The boy who tried so hard to draw those steps in perspective had been carried down others, to his grave, two hundred years before Titian ran alone at Cadore. But, as surely as Venice looks on the sea, Titian looked upon this, and caught the reflected light of it for ever.

26. What kind of boy is this, think you, who can make Titian his copyist,—Dante his friend? What new power is here which is to change the heart of Italy?—can you see it, feel it, writing before you these words on the faded wall?

"You shall see things—as they Are."

"And the least with the greatest, because God made them."[2]

"And the greatest with the least, because God made you, and gave you eyes and a heart."

I. You shall see things—as they Are. So easy a matter then, you think? So much more difficult and sublime to paint grand processions and golden thrones, than St. Anne fast on her pillow, and her servants at pause?

Easy or not, it is all the sight that is required of you in this world,—to see things, and men, and yourself,—as they are.

II. And the least with the greatest, because God made them,—shepherd, and flock, and grass of the field, no less than the Golden Gate.

III. But also the golden gate of Heaven itself, open, and the angels of God coming down from it.[3]

These three things Giotto taught, and men believed, in his day. Of which Faith you shall next see brighter work; only, before we leave the cloister, I want to sum for you

[For a notice of Titian's well-known picture in the Academy at Venice, see Ruskin's Guide to that collection (Vol. XXIV.).]

[Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 220 (Vol. XXII. p. 273).]

[Compare Genesis xxviii. 12.]

one or two of the instant and evident technical change produced in the school of Florence by this teaching.

27. One of quite the first results of Giotto's simply looking at things as they were, was his finding out that a red thing was red, and a brown thing brown, and a white thing white—all over.[1]

The Greeks had painted anything anyhow,—gods black horses red, lips and cheeks white; and when the Etruscan vase expanded into a Cimabue picture, or a Tafi mosaic,[2] still—except that the Madonna was to have a blue dress and everything else as much gold on it as could be managed,—there was very little advance in notions of colour. Suddenly, Giotto threw aside all the glitter, and all the conventionalism; and declared that he saw the sky blue, the tablecloth white, and angels, when he dreamed of them, rosy. And he simply founded the schools of colour in Italy—Venetian and all, as I will show you to-morrow morning,[3] if it is fine. And what is more, nobody discovered much about colour after him.

But a deeper result of his resolve to look at things as they were, was his getting so heartily interested in them that he couldn't miss their decisive *moment*. There is a decisive instant in all matters; and if you look languidly you are sure to miss it. Nature seems always, somehow, trying to make you miss it. "I will see that through," you must say, "without turning my head"; or you won't see the trick of it at all. And the most significant thing in all his work, you will find hereafter, is his choice of moments. I will give you at once two instances in a picture which, for other reasons, you should quickly compare with these frescoes. Return by the Via delle Belle Donne; keep the Casa Strozzi on your right; and go straight on, through

[1] [On Giotto's colour-gift, see Vol. XIII. p. 527.]

[2] [Andrea Tafi (1213–1294). "As the works of Cimabue awakened no small admiration in the men of his time, so the works in mosaic of Andrea Tafi, who belonged to the same period, were also greatly admired, and himself considered an excellent, nay, a divine artist" (Vasari, vol. i. p. 77, Bohn's edition).]

[3] [See below, p. 350.]

ıe market. The Florentines think themselves so civilized, ›rsooth, for building a nuovo Lung-Arno, and three manu-ctory chimneys opposite it; and yet sell butcher's meat, ripping red, peaches, and anchovies, side by side: it is a ght to be seen.[1] Much more, Luca della Robbia's Madonna the circle above the chapel door. Never pass near the arket without looking at it; and glance from the vege-bles underneath to Luca's leaves and lilies, that you may e how honestly he was trying to make his clay like the rden-stuff. But to-day, you may pass quickly on to the ffizii, which will be just open; and when you enter the eat gallery, turn to the right, and there, the first picture u come at will be No. 6, Giotto's "Agony in the rden."[2]

28. I used to think it so dull, that I could not believe was Giotto's. That is partly from its dead colour, which the boy's way of telling you it is night:—more, from the ›ject being one quite beyond his age, and which he felt pleasure in trying at. You may see he was still a boy, he not only cannot draw feet yet, in the least, and upulously hides them therefore; but is very hard put to for the hands, being obliged to draw them mostly in the ıe position,—all the four fingers together. But in the eful bunches of grass and weeds you will see what the co foregrounds were, before they got spoiled; and there some things he can understand already, even about that ony, thinking of it in his own fixed way. Some things, —ıot altogether to be explained by the old symbol of the el with the cup. He will try if he cannot explain them ter in those two little pictures below; which nobody r looks at; the great Roman sarcophagus being put in

[To be seen no longer, for the Mercato Vecchio and adjoining buildings have been pulled down, the site being now occupied by the very commonplace Piazza ›rio Emanuele. The church of S. Pier Buonconsiglio, over the door of which was della Robbia's Madonna, was among the buildings destroyed. The "Madonna" ›w No. 29 in the Bargello; for another reference to it, see *Art of England*,]

[Now (1906) No. 8 in the First Corridor, and ascribed to Lorenzo Monaco: elow, § 118, p. 410.]

front of them, and the light glancing on the new varnish t that you must twist about like a lizard to see anythi Nevertheless, you may make out what Giotto meant.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I n drink it?"[1] "In what was its bitterness?"—thought t boy. "Crucifixion?—Well, it hurts, doubtless; but t thieves had to bear it too, and many poor human wretc have to bear worse, on our battlefields. But"—and thinks, and thinks, and then he paints his two little p tures, for the predella.

29. They represent, of course, the sequence of the ti in Gethsemane; but see what choice the youth made of moments, having two panels to fill. Plenty of choice him—in pain. The Flagellation—the Mocking—the Beari the Cross;—all habitually given by the Margheritones,[2] a their school, as extremes of pain.

"No," thinks Giotto. "There was worse than all th Many a good man has been mocked, spitefully entreat spitted on, slain. But who was ever so betrayed? W ever saw such a sword thrust in his mother's heart?"

He paints, first, the laying hands on Him in the gard but with only two principal figures,—Judas and Pet of course; Judas and Peter were always principal in t old Byzantine composition,—Judas giving the kiss—Pe cutting off the servant's ear.[3] But the two are here, n merely principal, but almost alone in sight, all the oth figures thrown back; and Peter is not at all concern about the servant, or his struggle with him. He has g him down,—but looks back suddenly at Judas giving t kiss. What!—*you* are the traitor, then—you!

"Yes," says Giotto; "and you, also, in an hour more.

The other picture is more deeply felt, still.[4] It is Christ brought to the foot of the cross. There is no wringi

[1] [John xviii. 11.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XIII. p. 241.]
[3] [As, for instance, in the picture by Ugolino of Siena, No. 1188 in the Natio Gallery.]
[4] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 53 (above, p. 226).]

hands or lamenting crowd—no haggard signs of fainting pain in His body. Scourging or fainting, feeble knee d torn wound,—he thinks scorn of all that, this shepd boy. One executioner is hammering the wedges of e cross harder down. The other—not ungently—is taking rist's red robe off His shoulders. And St. John, a few rds off, is keeping His mother from coming nearer. She ks *down*, not at Christ; but tries to come.

30. And now you may go on for your day's seeings ough the rest of the gallery, if you will—Fornarina, and e wonderful cobbler,[1] and all the rest of it. I don't want u any more, till to-morrow morning.

But if, meantime, you will sit down,—say, before Sandro tticelli's "Fortitude," which I shall want you to look at, e of these days[2] (No. 1299, innermost room from the ibune), and there read this following piece of one of my ford lectures on the relation of Cimabue to Giotto,[3] you l be better prepared for our work to-morrow morning Santa Croce; and may find something to consider of, the room you are in. Where, by the way, observe t No. 1288 is a most true early Leonardo,[4] of extreme erest; and the savants who doubt it are——never mind at; but sit down at present at the feet of Fortitude; l read.

31. Those of my readers who have been unfortunate ough to interest themselves in that most profitless of dies—the Philosophy of art—have been at various times

[1] [The Fornarina (baker's daughter)—the well-known portrait in the Tribune he Uffizi—traditionally ascribed to Raphael, is now attributed to Sebastino del nbo. It is not clear to what work Ruskin refers as "the wonderful cobbler": ibly the sculpture in the Tribune of the slave, whetting his knife, commonly wn as the Knife-Grinder—a famous work which Ruskin pronounced "a vulgar ance" (*Præterita*, ii. § 29).]

[2] [See below, § 38, p. 334; and compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 190 (Vol. XXII. 29).]

[3] [The following passages, §§ 31–37, were here adapted from the lectures on abue and Giotto, in the course entitled *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of ence:* see above, p. 205.]

[4] ["The Annunciation"; ascribed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to Ridolfo Ghirlajo (see Eugène Müntz: *Leonardo da Vinci*, vol. i. p. 50).]

teased or amused by disputes respecting the relative digni of the contemplative and dramatic schools.

Contemplative, of course, being the term attached to tl system of painting things only for the sake of their ow niceness—a lady because she is pretty, or a lion because l is strong: and the dramatic school being that which cann be satisfied unless it sees something going on; which car paint a pretty lady unless she is being made love to, being murdered; and can't paint a stag or a lion, unle they are being hunted, or shot, or the one eating th other.

You have always heard me—or, if not, will expect h the very tone of this sentence to hear me, now, on th whole recommend you to prefer the Contemplative schoo But the comparison is always an imperfect and unjust on unless quite other terms are introduced.

The real greatness or smallness of schools is not in the preference of inactivity to action, nor of action to inactivit It is in their preference of worthy things to unworthy, rest; and of kind action to unkind, in business.

A Dutchman can be just as solemnly and entirely co templative of a lemon pip and a cheese paring, as an Italia of the Virgin in Glory. An English squire has picture purely contemplative, of his favourite horse—and a Parisia lady, pictures, purely contemplative, of the back and fro of the last dress proposed to her in La Mode Artistiqu All these works belong to the same school of silent admir tion;—the vital question concerning them is, "What d you admire?"[1]

[1] [The MS. of the lecture on Cimabue here contains the following addition passage:—

"Again, the scene which occupies the eastern side of the Spanish chap at Florence—the entrance of the human souls, which have become as litt children, into the Paradise prepared for them; St. Peter, just outside th door, in his delight to see them; and St. Agnes waiting eagerly to mak pets of them with her lamb, as soon as they get inside—this scene is in a respects as dramatic as the subject which I saw pictorially advertised f the theatrical entertainment of the evening, when I landed last on th quay of Naples—of the discovery of a body of police coming up throug a trap-door in cocked hats and feathers, of an amiable couple who live

32. Now therefore, when you hear me so often saying
iat the Northern races—Norman and Lombard,—are active,
r dramatic, in their art; and that the Southern races—
reek and Arabian—are contemplative, you ought instantly
) ask farther, Active in what? Contemplative of what?
nd the answer is, The active art—Lombardic,—rejoices in
unting and fighting; the contemplative art—Byzantine,—
)ntemplates the mysteries of the Christian faith.

And at first, on such answer, one would be apt at once
) conclude—All grossness must be in the Lombard; all
)od in the Byzantine. But again we should be wrong,—
id extremely wrong. For the hunting and fighting did
actically produce strong, and often virtuous, men; while
ie perpetual and inactive contemplation of what it was
npossible to understand, did not on the whole render the
)ntemplative persons stronger, wiser, or even more amiable.
) that, in the twelfth century, while the Northern art was
ily in need of direction, the Southern was in need of life.
he North was indeed spending its valour and virtue on
noble objects; but the South disgracing the noblest objects
r its want of valour and virtue.

Central stood Etruscan Florence—her root in the earth,
)und with iron and brass—wet with the dew of heaven.
gricultural in occupation, religious in thought, she accepted,
ce good ground, the good; refused, like the Rock of Fésole,

by chopping up children and boiling them, and who were interrupted in the very crisis of putting some large pieces into the pot.

"And again, the scene on the north side of the Spanish chapel—the descent of Christ into Hades; the fall of its gates before Him; and the light of His presence first shining on the face of the imprisoned spirits, who had waited for Him since death came into this world—is drama every whit as intense as the scene of Michael Angelo's so-called Judgment—the pronouncing of the irrevocable sentence of damnation upon vile souls in vile despair. The question of relative dignity in the two pictures depends on your determining for yourself whether it will please and teach you most to behold, in their crisis, the Redemption, or the Perdition, of your race."

[The scene which occupies the eastern side" is the fresco of "The Visible urch": see below, §§ 169, 170, and Plate XXXIX. For the theatrical enter-inment at Naples, compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 166 (Vol. XXII. pp. 410–411). The Descent of Christ into Hades" is the subject of the painting on the right the altar, as one faces it.]

the evil; directed the industry of the Northman into th arts of peace; kindled the dreams of the Byzantine wit the fire of charity. Child of her peace, and exponent o her passion, her Cimabue became the interpreter to mar kind of the meaning of the Birth of Christ.

33. We hear constantly, and think naturally, of him a of a man whose peculiar genius in painting suddenly re formed its principles; who suddenly painted, out of his ow gifted imagination, beautiful instead of rude pictures; an taught his scholar Giotto to carry on the impulse; whic we suppose thenceforward to have enlarged the resource and bettered the achievements of painting continually, u to our own time,—when the triumphs of art having bee completed, and its uses ended, something higher is offere to the ambition of mankind; and Watt and Faraday initiat the Age of Manufacture and Science, as Cimabue and Giott instituted that of Art and Imagination.

In this conception of the History of Mental and Physica culture, we much overrate the influence, though we canno overrate the power, of the men by whom the change seem to have been effected. We cannot overrate their power,— for the greatest men of any age, those who become it leaders when there is a great march to be begun, ar indeed separated from the average intellects of their da by a distance which is immeasurable in any ordinary term of wonder.

But we far overrate their influence; because the appa rently sudden result of their labour or invention is only the manifested fruit of the toil and thought of many who preceded them, and of whose names we have never heard.[1] The skill of Cimabue cannot be extolled too highly; but no Madonna by his hand could ever have rejoiced the soul of Italy, unless for a thousand years before, many a name less Greek and nameless Goth had adorned the traditions, and lived in the love, of the Virgin.

[1] [Compare the lecture on Cimabue, above, p. 197.]

34. In like manner, it is impossible to overrate the sagacity, patience, or precision, of the masters in modern mechanical and scientific discovery. But their sudden triumph, and the unbalancing of all the world by their words, may not in any wise be attributed to their own power, or even that of the facts they have ascertained. They owe their habits and methods of industry to the paternal example, no less than the inherited energy, of men who long also prosecuted the truths of nature, through the rage of war, and the adversity of superstition; and the universal and overwhelming consequences of the facts which their followers have now proclaimed, indicate only the crisis of a rupture produced by the offering of new objects of curiosity to nations who had nothing to look at; and of the amusement of novel motion and action to nations who had nothing to do.

Nothing to look at! That is indeed—you will find, if you consider of it—our sorrowful case. The vast extent of the advertising frescoes of London, daily refreshed into brighter and larger fresco by its billstickers, cannot somehow sufficiently entertain the popular eyes. The great Miss Allen, with her flowing hair, and equally flowing promises,[1] palls upon repetition, and that Madonna of the nineteenth century smiles in vain above many a borgo unrejoiced: even the excitement of the shop-window, with its unattainable splendours, or too easily attainable impostures, cannot maintain itself in the wearying mind of the populace, and I find my charitable friends inviting the children, whom the streets educate only into vicious misery, to entertainments of scientific vision, in microscope or magic lantern; thus giving them something to look at, such as it is;—fleas mostly; and the stomachs of various vermin; and people with their heads cut off and set on again;—still *something*, to look at.

The fame of Cimabue rests, and justly, on a similar

[1] [Compare, again, the lecture on Cimabue, above, p. 207 *n.*]

charity. He gave the populace of his day something t look at; and satisfied their curiosity with science of some thing they had long desired to know. We have continuall imagined in our carelessness, that his triumph consiste only in a new pictorial skill;—recent critical writers,[1] unab to comprehend how any street populace could take pleasu in painting, have ended by denying his triumph altogethe and insisted that he gave no joy to Florence; and that th "Joyful quarter" was accidentally so named—or at lea from no other festivity than that of the procession atten ing Charles of Anjou. I proved to you, in a former lectur that the old tradition was true, and the delight of th people unquestionable. But that delight was not merely i the revelation of an art they had not known how t practise; it was delight in the revelation of a Madon whom they had not known how to love.

35. Again; what was revelation to *them*, we suppo farther, and as unwisely, to have been only art in *him* that in better laying of colours,—in better tracing of pe spectives—in recovery of principles of classic composition- he had manufactured, as our Gothic Firms now man facture to order, a Madonna—in whom he believed no mo than they.

Not so. First of the Florentines, first of Europe men—he attained in thought, and saw with spiritual eye exercised to discern good from evil,—the face of her wh was blessed among women;[2] and with his following han made visible the Magnificat of his heart.

He magnified the Maid; and Florence rejoiced in h Queen. But it was left for Giotto to make the queensh better beloved, in its sweet humiliation.

[1] [See Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *New History of Painting*, vol. i. p. 203, who re to the notes—from Cinelli, Schorn, Rumohr—appended to various editions Vasari. For Vasari's own statement, see above, p. 202. Ruskin's "proof in a form lecture that the old tradition was true" must have been given in some extempo passage in the lecture on Cimabue, in which he read that passage from Vasa For other allusions to the tradition, see above, pp. 251, 317; Vol. III. p. 64 Vol. IV. p. xxxii.; Vol. XII. p. 98; Vol. XIV. p. 26; Vol. XIX. p. 28; and Vol. X p. 299.]

[2] [Luke i. 28.]

You had the Etruscan stock in Florence—Christian, or at least semi-Christian; the statue of Mars still in its streets, but with its central temple built for Baptism in the name of Christ. It was a race living by agriculture: gentle, thoughtful, and exquisitely fine in handiwork. The straw bonnet of Tuscany—the Leghorn—is pure Etruscan art, young ladies:—only plaited gold of God's harvest, instead of the plaited gold of His earth.

You had then the Norman and Lombard races coming down on this: kings, and hunters—splendid in war—insatiable of action. You had the Greek and Arabian races flowing from the east, bringing with them the law of the City, and the dream of the Desert.

Cimabue—Etruscan born, gave, we saw, the life of the Norman to the tradition of the Greek: eager action to holy contemplation. And what more is left for his favourite shepherd boy Giotto to do, than this, except to paint with ever-increasing skill? We fancy he only surpassed Cimabue and eclipsed by greater brightness.

36. Not so. The sudden and new applause of Italy could never have been won by mere increase of the already kindled light. Giotto had wholly another work to do. The meeting of the Norman race with the Byzantine is not merely that of action with repose—not merely that of war with religion,—it is the meeting of *domestic* life with *monastic*, and of practical household sense with unpractical desert insanity.[1]

I have no other word to use than this last. I use it reverently, meaning a very noble thing; I do not know how far I ought to say—even a divine thing. Decide that for yourselves. Compare the Northern farmer with St. Francis; the palm hardened by stubbing Thornaby waste,[2] with the palm softened by the imagination of the wounds of Christ. To my own thoughts, both are divine: decide that for yourselves; but assuredly, and without possibility

[1] [Compare the lecture on Botticelli, above, p. 212.]
[2] [See Vol. XX. p. 87.]

of other decision, one is, humanly speaking, healthy; th other *un*healthy; one sane, the other—insane.

To reconcile Drama with Dream, Cimabue's task wa comparatively an easy one. But to reconcile Sense with— I still use even this following word reverently—Non-sense is not so easy; and he who did it first,—no wonder h has a name in the world.

I must lean, however, still more distinctly on the wor "domestic." For it is not Rationalism and commercia competition—Mr. Stuart Mill's "other career for woma than that of wife and mother"[1]—which are reconcilable by Giotto, or by anybody else, with divine vision. Bu household wisdom, labour of love, toil upon earth accord ing to the law of Heaven—*these* are reconcilable, in on code of glory, with revelation in cave or island, with th endurance of desolate and loveless days, with the repos of folded hands that wait Heaven's time.

Domestic and monastic. He was the first of Italian —the first of Christians—who *equally* knew the virtue c both lives; and who was able to show it in the sight c men of all ranks,—from the prince to the shepherd; an of all powers,—from the wisest philosopher to the simple child.

37. For, note the way in which the new gift of pain ing, bequeathed to him by his great master, strengthene his hands. Before Cimabue, no beautiful rendering c human form was possible; and the rude or formal type of the Lombard and Byzantine, though they would serv in the tumult of the chase, or as the recognized symbol of creed, could not represent personal and domestic cha acter. Faces with goggling eyes and rigid lips might b endured with ready help of imagination, for gods, angel saints, or hunters—or for anybody else in scenes of recog nized legend; but would not serve for pleasant portraitur of one's own self—or of the incidents of gentle, actual lif

[1] [For the reference here, see Vol. XVI. p. 166 *n.*]

And even Cimabue did not venture to leave the sphere of conventionally reverenced dignity. He still painted—though beautifully—only the Madonna, and the St. Joseph, and the Christ. These he made living,—Florence asked no more: and "Credette Cimabue nella pintura tener lo campo."

But Giotto came from the field; and saw with his simple eyes a lowlier worth. And he painted—the Madonna, and St. Joseph, and the Christ,—yes, by all means, if you choose to call them so, but essentially,—Mamma, Papa, and the Baby. And all Italy threw up its cap,—"Ora ha Giotto il grido."[1]

For he defines, explains, and exalts every sweet incident of human nature; and makes dear to daily life every mystic imagination of natures greater than our own. He reconciles, while he intensifies, every virtue of domestic and monastic thought. He makes the simplest household duties sacred; and the highest religious passions, serviceable, and just.

[1] [For this quotation from Dante, see above, p. 202.]

THE THIRD MORNING

BEFORE THE SOLDAN

38. I PROMISED some note of Sandro's Fortitude,[1] befo whom I asked you to sit and read the end of my la letter; and I've lost my own notes about her, and forge now, whether she has a sword, or a mace;—it does n matter. What is chiefly notable in her is—that you wou not, if you had to guess who she was, take her for Fort tude at all. Everybody else's Fortitudes announce then selves clearly and proudly. They have tower-like shield and lion-like helmets—and stand firm astride on their leg —and are confidently ready for all comers.

Yes;—that is your common Fortitude. Very gran though common. But not the highest, by any means.

Ready for all comers, and a match for them,—think the universal Fortitude;—no thanks to her for standing s steady, then!

But Botticelli's Fortitude is no match, it may be, f any that are coming. Worn, somewhat; and not a litt weary, instead of standing ready for all comers, she sitting,—apparently in reverie, her fingers playing restless and idly—nay, I think—even nervously, about the hilt her sword.

For her battle is not to begin to-day; nor did it begi yesterday. Many a morn and eve have passed since began; and now—is this to be the ending day of it? An if this—by what manner of end?

That is what Sandro's Fortitude is thinking, and th playing fingers about the sword-hilt would fain let it fall,

[1] [Above, § 30, p. 325; and compare *Ariadne Florentina,* § 190 (Vol. XXI p. 429). See Plate XXXI. here.]

Photo G Brogi

Judith

(From the picture by Botticelli)

Allen & Co Sc

Fortitude

(From the picture by Botticelli)

might be: and yet, how swiftly and gladly will they ose on it, when the far-off trumpet blows, which she will ear through all her reverie!

39. There is yet another picture of Sandro's here, which ou must look at before going back to Giotto: the small udith[1] in the room next the Tribune, as you return from is outer one. It is just under Leonardo's Medusa.[2] She returning to the camp of her Israel, followed by her maid rrying the head of Holofernes. And she walks in one of otticelli's light dancing actions, her drapery all on flutter, d her hand, like Fortitude's, light on the sword-hilt, but intily—not nervously, the little finger laid over the cross it.

And at the first glance—you will think the figure merely piece of fifteenth-century affectation. "Judith, indeed! say rather the daughter of Herodias, at her mincingest."

Well, yes—Botticelli *is* affected, in the way that all men that century necessarily were. Much euphuism, much udied grace of manner, much formal assertion of scholarp, mingling with his force of imagination. And he likes isting the fingers of hands about, just as Correggio does. t he never does it like Correggio, without cause.

Look at Judith again,—at her face, not her drapery,—l remember that when a man is base at the heart, he ghts his virtues into weaknesses; but when he is true at e heart, he sanctifies his weaknesses into virtues. It is a akness of Botticelli's, this love of dancing motion and ved drapery; but why has he given it full flight here?

Do you happen to know anything about Judith yourself, cept that she cut off Holofernes' head; and has been de the high light of about a million of vile pictures ever ce, in which the painters thought they could surely attract public to the double show of an execution, and a pretty man,—especially with the added pleasure of hinting at viously ignoble sin?

[1] [No. 1156. See Plate XXXI. here.]
[2] [See Vol. XX. p. 142.]

40. When you go home to-day, take the pains to wri
out for yourself, in the connection I here place them, t
verses underneath numbered from the Book of Judit
you will probably think of their meaning more carefully
you write.

Begin thus:

"Now at that time, Judith heard thereof, which was t
daughter of Merari, * * * the son of Simeon, the son
Israel." And then write out consecutively, these pieces—

Chapter viii., verses 2 to 8 (always inclusive), and re
the whole chapter.

Chapter ix., verses 1 and 5 to 7, beginning this pie
with the previous sentence, "Oh God, oh my God, hear n
also, a widow."

Chapter	ix.	verses	11	to	14.
,,	x.	,,	1	,,	5.
,,	xiii.	,,	6	,,	10.
,,	xv.	,,	11	,,	13.
,,	xvi.	,,	1	,,	6.
,,	xvi.	,,	11	,,	15.
,,	xvi.	,,	18	and	19.
,,	xvi.	,,	23	to	25.

Now, as in many other cases of noble history, apocryph
and other, I do not in the least care how far the liter
facts are true.[1] The conception of facts, and the idea
Jewish womanhood, are there, grand and real as a marb
statue,—possession for all ages. And you will feel, aft
you have read this piece of history, or epic poetry, wi
honourable care, that there is somewhat more to be thoug
of and pictured in Judith, than painters have mostly fou
it in them to show you: that she is not merely the Jewi
Delilah to the Assyrian Samson; but the mightiest, pure
brightest type of high passion in severe womanhood offer
to our human memory. Sandro's picture is but slight; b
it is true to her, and the only one I know that is; a

[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 211 (Vol. XXII. p. 444).]

ter writing out these verses, you will see why he gives
er that swift, peaceful motion, while you read in her face
ly sweet solemnity of dreaming thought. "My people
elivered, and by my hand; and God has been gracious
His handmaid!" The triumph of Miriam over a fallen
st,[1] the fire of exulting mortal life in an immortal hour,
e purity and severity of a guardian angel—all are here;
d as her servant follows, carrying indeed the head, but
visible[2]—(a mere thing to be carried—no more to be
much as thought of)—she looks only at her mistress,
th intense, servile, watchful love. Faithful, not in these
ys of fear only, but hitherto in all her life, and after-
rds for ever.

41. After you have seen it enough, look also for a little
ile at Angelico's Marriage and Death of the Virgin, in
e same room;[3] you may afterwards associate the three
tures always together in your mind. And, looking at
thing else to-day in the Uffizii, let us go back to Giotto's
apel.[4]

We must begin with this work on our left hand, the
ath of St. Francis; for it is the key to all the rest. Let
hear first what Mr. Crowe directs us to think of
"In the composition of this scene, Giotto produced a
sterpiece, which served as a model but too often feebly
tated by his successors. Good arrangement, variety of
racter and expression in the heads, unity and harmony

[Hardly so: see the plate.]
[See Exodus xv. 20.]
[First Hall of the Tuscan School. Nos. 1178 and 1184.]
[*i.e.*, the Cappella dei Bardi at Santa Croce. Anticipating Ruskin's enumera-
in § 51 (p. 347), we may here note the position of the several paintings:—
n the left side of the chapel, as one faces the altar, the subjects are (1) The
tual Birth of St. Francis (§§ 44–50); (2) St. Anthony preaching to St. Francis
his Brethren at Arles (§ 67); and (3) The Death of St. Francis (§ 55). These
e subjects are given by photogravure on Plate XXXII.
n the right side, (4) St. Francis presenting the Rules of his Order to Pope
orius III. (§ 51); (5) St. Francis before the Sultan (§§ 52, 55, 58, 59–66);
(6) Vision of St. Francis after death (§§ 57, 67). These three are similarly
n on Plate XXXIII.
n the sides of the windows are St. Louis of Toulouse, St. Claire, St. Louis of
ce, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary (§§ 4, 51, 60). St. Louis of France is shown
woodcut (Plate XXXIV.).]

in the whole, make this an exceptional work of its kind As a composition, worthy of the fourteenth century, Ghir landajo and Benedetto da Majano both imitated, withou being able to improve it. No painter ever produced it equal except Raphael; nor could a better be created excep in so far as regards improvement in the mere rendering o form."[1]

To these inspiring observations by the rapturous Crowe more cautious Cavalcaselle* appends a refrigerating note saying, "The St. Francis in the glory is new, but the angel are in part preserved. The rest has all been more or les retouched; and no judgment can be given as to the colou of this—or any other (!)—of these works."

You are, therefore—instructed reader—called upon t admire a piece of art which no painter ever produced th equal of except Raphael; but it is unhappily deficien according to Crowe, in the "mere rendering of form"; anc according to Signor Cavalcaselle, "no opinion can be give as to its colour."

42. Warned thus of the extensive places where the ic is dangerous, and forbidden to look here either for form c colour, you are to admire "the variety of character an expression in the heads." I do not myself know how thes are to be given without form or colour; but there appea to me, in my innocence, to be only one head in the who picture, drawn up and down in different positions.

The "unity and harmony" of the whole—which mak this an exceptional work of its kind—mean, I suppose, i general look of having been painted out of a scavenger

* I venture to attribute the wiser note to Signor Cavalcaselle, becau I have every reason to put real confidence in his judgment.[2] But it w impossible for any man engaged as he is to go over all the ground covere by so extensive a piece of critical work as these three volumes contai with effective attention.

[1] [*A New History of Painting in Italy*, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcasell vol. i. pp. 306–307.]

[2] [For Ruskin's meeting with Signor Cavalcaselle at Assisi, see the Introductio above, p. xl.]

ct; and so we are reduced to the last article of our creed according to Crowe,—

"In the composition of this scene Giotto produced a masterpiece."

Well, possibly. The question is, what you mean by "composition." Which, putting modern criticism now out of our way, I will ask the reader to think, in front of this wreck of Giotto, with some care.

Was it, in the first place, to Giotto, think you, the "composition of a scene," or the conception of a fact? You probably, if a fashionable person, have seen the apotheosis of Margaret in *Faust*. You know what care is taken, nightly, in the composition of that scene,—how the draperies are arranged for it; the lights turned off, and on; the fiddlestrings taxed for their utmost tenderness; the bassoons exhorted to a grievous solemnity.

You don't believe, however, that any real soul of a Margaret ever appeared to any mortal in that manner?

Here is an apotheosis also. Composed!—yes; figures high on the right and left, low in the middle, etc., etc., etc.

43. But the important questions seem to me, Was there ever a St. Francis?—*did* he ever receive stigmata?—*did* his soul go up to heaven—did any monk see it rising—and did Giotto mean to tell us so? If you will be good enough to settle these few small points in your mind first, the "composition" will take a wholly different aspect to you, according to your answer.

Nor does it seem doubtful to me what your answer, after investigation made, must be.

There assuredly was a St. Francis, whose life and works you had better study than either to-day's *Galignani*, or whatever, this year, may supply the place of the Tichborne case, in public interest.[1]

His reception of the stigmata is, perhaps, a marvellous instance of the power of imagination over physical conditions;

[1] [For similar allusions to the popular interest in the Tichborne Claimant, see *Val d'Arno*, § 207 (above, p. 112).]

perhaps an equally marvellous instance of the swift chan of metaphor into tradition; but assuredly, and beyond d pute, one of the most influential, significant, and instructi traditions possessed by the Church of Christ. And, th if ever soul rose to heaven from the dead body, his so did so rise, is equally sure.

And, finally, Giotto believed that all he was called to represent, concerning St. Francis, really had taken pla just as surely as you, if you are a Christian, believe th Christ died and rose again; and he represents it with fidelity and passion: but, as I just now said, he is a m of supreme common-sense;—has as much humour and clea ness of sight as Chaucer, and as much dislike of falseho in clergy, or in professedly pious people: and in his grave moments he will still see and say truly that what is fa is fat—and what is lean, lean—and what is hollow, empty

44. His great point, however, in this fresco, is the asse tion of the reality of the stigmata against all questio There is not only one St. Thomas to be convinced; the are five;—one to each wound. Of these, four are inte only on satisfying their curiosity, and are peering or probing one only kisses the hand he has lifted. The rest of t picture never was much more than a grey drawing of noble burial service; of all concerned in which, one mon only, is worthy to see the soul taken up to heaven; and h is evidently just the monk whom nobody in the conve thought anything of. (His face is all repainted; but o can gather this much, or little, out of it, yet.)

Of the composition, or "unity and harmony of th whole," as a burial service, we may better judge after w have looked at the brighter picture of St. Francis's Birt —birth spiritual, that is to say, to his native heaven; th uppermost, namely, of the three subjects on this side of th chapel. It is entirely characteristic of Giotto; much of i by his hand—all of it beautiful. All important matters t be known of Giotto you may know from this fresco.

"But we can't see it, even with our opera-glasses, bu

Photo G Brogi

Allen & Co Sc.

Scenes from the Life of St. Francis

From the frescoes by Giotto in Santa Croce

ll foreshortened and spoiled. What is the use of lecturing s on this?"

That is precisely the first point which is essentially iottesque in it; its being so out of the way! It is this hich makes it a perfect specimen of the master. I will ell you next something about a work of his which you can e perfectly, just behind you on the opposite side of the all; but that you have half to break your neck to look t this one, is the very first thing I want you to feel.

45. It is a characteristic—(as far as I know, quite a niversal one)—of the greatest masters, that they never pect you to look at them;—seem always rather surprised you want to; and not overpleased.[1] Tell them you are ing to hang their picture at the upper end of the table the next great City dinner, and that Mr. So-and-so will ake a speech about it; you produce no impression upon em whatever, or an unfavourable one. The chances are n to one they send you the most rubbishy thing they n find in their lumber-room. But send for one of them a hurry, and tell him the rats have gnawed a nasty hole hind the parlour door, and you want it plastered and inted over;—and he does you a masterpiece which the rld will peep behind your door to look at for ever.

I have no time to tell you why this is so; nor do I ow why, altogether; but so it is.

Giotto, then, is sent for, to paint this high chapel: I n not sure if he chose his own subjects from the life of . Francis: I think so,—but of course can't reason on the ess securely. At all events, he would have much of his n way in the matter.

46. Now you must observe that painting a Gothic chapel htly is just the same thing as painting a Greek vase htly. The chapel is merely the vase turned upside down, d outside in. The principles of decoration are exactly the ne. Your decoration is to be proportioned to the size of ur vase; to be together delightful when you look at the

[1] [Compare *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 7 (Vol. XXIV. p. 21).]

cup, or chapel, as a whole; to be various and entertainin when you turn the cup round (you turn *yourself* round i the chapel); and to bend its heads and necks of figure about, as it best can, over the hollows, and ins and out so that anyhow, whether too long or too short—possible c impossible—they may be living, and full of grace. Yo will also please take it on my word to-day—in anothe morning walk you shall have proof of it[1]—that Giotto wa a pure Etruscan-Greek of the thirteenth century: converte indeed to worship St. Francis instead of Heracles; but a far as vase-painting goes, precisely the Etruscan he wa before. This is nothing else than a large, beautiful, coloure Etruscan vase[2] you have got, inverted over your heads lik a diving-bell.*

Accordingly, after the quatrefoil ornamentation of th top of the bell, you get two spaces at the sides unde

* I observe that recent criticism is engaged in proving all Etrusca vases to be of late manufacture, in imitation of archaic Greek. And therefore must briefly anticipate a statement which I shall have to enforc in following letters.[3] Etruscan art remains in its own Italian valleys, of th Arno and upper Tiber, in one unbroken series of work, from the seven century before Christ, to this hour, when the country whitewasher sti scratches his plaster in Etruscan patterns. All Florentine work of th finest kind—Luca della Robbia's, Ghiberti's, Donatello's, Filippo Lippi Botticelli's, Fra Angelico's—is absolutely pure Etruscan, merely changin its subjects, and representing the Virgin instead of Athena, and Chri instead of Jupiter. Every line of the Florentine chisel in the fifteen century is based on national principles of art which existed in the seven century before Christ; and Angelico, in his convent of St. Dominic at th root of the hill of Fésole,[4] is as true an Etruscan as the builder who la the rude stones of the wall along its crest—of which modern civilizatio has used the only arch that remained for cheap building stone. Luckil I sketched it in 1845;[5] but alas, too carelessly,—never conceiving of th brutalities of modern Italy as possible.

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[1] [This, however, was the last "morning" devoted to Giotto's paintings; b see below, § 66, p. 360.]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says of the Baptistery of St. Mark's, *St. Mark's Res* § 95 (Vol. XXIV. p. 283).]

[3] [For other passages in which Ruskin enforces the permanence of the Etru can element, see below, p. 478 *n.*]

[4] [The convent of S. Domenico, in the Piazza of that name, in Florence, fro which the ascent to Fésole begins; not to be confused with the Badia of S. Domenic just below the town of Fésole.]

[5] [This sketch is not known to the editors.]

rches, very difficult to cramp one's picture into, if it s to be a picture only; but entirely provocative of our ld Etruscan instinct of ornament. And, spurred by the ifficulty, and pleased by the national character of it, we ut our best work into these arches, utterly neglectful f the public below,—who will see the white and red and lue spaces, at any rate, which is all they will want to see, hinks Giotto, if he ever locks down from his scaffold.

47. Take the highest compartment, then, on the left, ooking towards the window. It was wholly impossible to et the arch filled with figures, unless they stood on each ther's heads; so Giotto ekes it out with a piece of fine rchitecture. Raphael, in the Sposalizio, does the same, for leasure.

Then he puts two dainty little white figures, bending, n each flank, to stop up his corners. But he puts the ıller inside on the right, and outside on the left. And he uts his Greek chorus of observant and moralizing persons n each side of his main action.

Then he puts one Choragus—or leader of chorus, suporting the main action—on each side. Then he puts the ıain action in the middle—which is a quarrel about that hite bone of contention in the centre. Choragus on the ght, who sees that the bishop is going to have the best f it, backs him serenely. Choragus on the left, who sees ıat his impetuous friend is going to get the worst of it, pulling him back, and trying to keep him quiet. The ıbject of the picture, which, after you are quite sure it is ood as a decoration, but not till then, you may be allowed o understand, is the following. One of St. Francis's three reat virtues being Obedience, he begins his spiritual life by uarrelling with his father. He, I suppose in modern terms should say, "commercially invests" some of his father's oods in charity. His father objects to that investment; n which St. Francis runs away, taking what he can find out the house along with him. His father follows to aim his property, but finds it is all gone, already; and

that St. Francis has made friends with the Bishop of Assis His father flies into an indecent passion, and declares h will disinherit him; on which St. Francis then and ther takes all his clothes off, throws them frantically in hi father's face, and says he has nothing more to do wit clothes or father. The good Bishop, in tears of admiration embraces St. Francis, and covers him with his own mantle

48. I have read the picture to you as, if Mr. Spurgeo knew anything about art, Mr. Spurgeon would read it,— that is to say, from the plain, common-sense, Protestan side.[1] If you are content with that view of it, you ma leave the chapel, and, as far as any study of history is con cerned, Florence also; for you can never know anythin either about Giotto, or her.

Yet do not be afraid of my re-reading it to you fro the mystic, nonsensical, and Papistical side. I am goin to read it to you—if after many and many a year o thought, I am able—as Giotto meant it; Giotto being, a far as we know, then the man of strongest brain and hand in Florence; the best friend of the best religious poet o the world; and widely differing, as his friend did also in his views of the world, from either Mr. Spurgeon, o Pius IX.

The first duty of a child is to obey its father and mother; as the first duty of a citizen is to obey the laws o his state. And this duty is so strict that I believe the only limits to it are those fixed by Isaac and Iphigenia.[2] On the other hand, the father and mother have also a fixed duty to the child—not to provoke it to wrath.[3] I have never heard this text explained to fathers and mothers from the pulpit, which is curious. For it appears to me that God will expect the parents to understand their duty to

[1] [Ruskin at one time used to sit under Mr. Spurgeon; for references to him, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 50; *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 31 *n.*; and note to the epilogue to the letters on "The Lord's Prayer and the Church," dated June 1880.]

[2] [On this subject, and on these instances, compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 61, *Ethics of the Dust*, Preface to ed. 2 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 117, 205), and *Art of England*, § 13; for Iphigenia, see also above, p. 126.]

[3] [Ephesians vi. 4.]

their children, better even than children can be expected to know their duty to their parents.

49. But farther. A *child's* duty is to obey its parents.[1] It is never said anywhere in the Bible, and never was yet said in any good or wise book, that a man's, or woman's, duty is. *When*, precisely, a child becomes a man or a woman, it can no more be said, than when it should first stand on its legs. But a time assuredly comes when it should. In great states, children are always trying to remain children, and the parents wanting to make men and women of them. In vile states, the children are always wanting to be men and women, and the parents to keep them children. It may be—and happy the house in which it is so—that the father's at least equal intellect, and older experience, may remain to the end of his life a law to his children, not of force, but of perfect guidance, with perfect love. Rarely it is so; not often possible. It is as natural for the old to be prejudiced as for the young to be presumptuous; and, in the change of centuries, each generation has something to judge of for itself.

But this scene, on which Giotto has dwelt with so great force, represents, not the child's assertion of his independence, but his adoption of another Father.

50. You must not confuse the desire of this boy of Assisi to obey God rather than man, with the desire of our young cockney Hopeful to have a latch-key, and a separate allowance. No point of duty has been more miserably warped and perverted by false priests, in all churches, than this duty of the young to choose whom they will serve.[2] But the duty itself does not the less exist; and if there be any truth in Christianity at all, there will come, for all true disciples, a time when they have to take that saying to heart, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."[3]

'*Loveth*"—observe. There is no talk of disobeying

[1] [Ephesians vi. 1.]
[2] [John xxiv. 15.]
[3] [Matthew x. 37.]

fathers or mothers whom you do *not* love, or of running away from a home where you would rather not stay. But to leave the home which is your peace, and to be at enmity with those who are most dear to you,—this, if there be meaning in Christ's words, one day or other will be demanded of His true followers.

And there *is* meaning in Christ's words. Whatever misuse may have been made of them,—whatever false prophets—and Heaven knows there have been many—have called the young children to them, not to bless, but to cure,—the assured fact remains, that if you will obey God, there will come a moment when the voice of man will be raised, with all its holiest natural authority, against you. The friend and the wise adviser—the brother and the sister—the father and the master—the entire voice of your prudent and keen-sighted acquaintance—the entire weight of the scornful stupidity of the vulgar world—for *once*, they will be against you, all at one. You have to obey God rather than man.[1] The human race, with all its wisdom and love, all its indignation and folly, on one side,—God alone on the other. You have to choose.

That is the meaning of St. Francis's renouncing his inheritance; and it is the beginning of Giotto's gospel of Works. Unless this hardest of deeds be done first,—this inheritance of mammon and the world cast away,—all other deeds are useless. You cannot serve, cannot obey, God and mammon.[2] No charities, no obediences, no self-denials, are of any use, while you are still at heart in conformity with the world. You go to church, because the world goes. You keep Sunday, because your neighbours keep it. But you dress ridiculously, because your neighbours ask; and you dare not do a rough piece of work, because your neighbours despise it. You must renounce your neighbour, in his riches and pride, and remember him in his distress. That is St. Francis's "disobedience."

[1] [See Acts v. 29.]
[2] [Matthew vi. 24.]

51. And now you can understand the relation of subjects throughout the chapel, and Giotto's choice of them.

The roof has the symbols of the three virtues of labour — Poverty, Chastity, Obedience.

A. Highest on the left side, looking to the window. The life of St. Francis begins in his renunciation of the world.

B. Highest on the right side. His new life is approved and ordained by the authority of the Church.

C. Central on the left side. He preaches to his own disciples.

D. Central on the right side. He preaches to the heathen.

E. Lowest on the left side. His burial.

F. Lowest on the right side. His power after death.

Besides these six subjects, there are, on the sides of the window, the four great Franciscan saints, St. Louis of France, St. Louis of Toulouse, St. Claire, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

So that you have in the whole series this much given you to think of: first, the law of St. Francis's conscience; then, his own adoption of it; then, the ratification of it by the Christian Church; then, his preaching it in life; then, his preaching it in death; and then, the fruits of it in his disciples.

52. I have only been able myself to examine, or in any right sense to see, of this code of subjects, the first, second, fourth, and the St. Louis and Elizabeth. I will ask *you* only to look at two more of them, namely, St. Francis before the Soldan, midmost on your right, and St. Louis.

The Soldan, with an ordinary opera-glass, you may see clearly enough; and I think it will be first well to notice some technical points in it.

If the little virgin on the stairs of the temple reminded you of one composition of Titian's,[1] this Soldan should, I think, remind you of all that is greatest in Titian; so

[1] [See above, § 25, p. 321.]

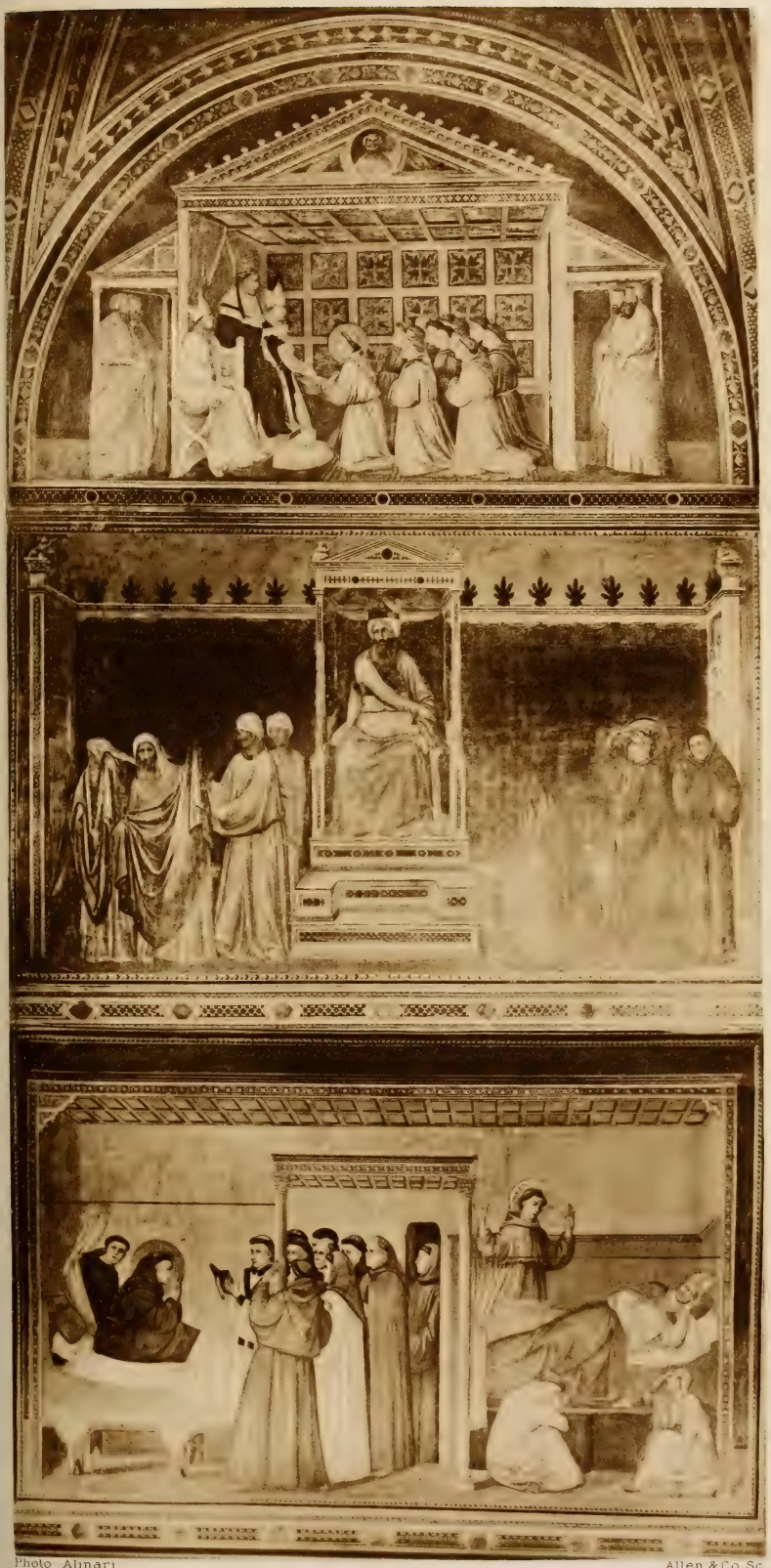
forcibly, indeed, that for my own part, if I had been t
that a careful early fresco by Titian had been recover
in Santa Croce, I could have believed both report and
own eyes, more quickly than I have been able to adn
that this is indeed by Giotto. It is so great that—had
principles been understood—there was in reality nothi
more to be taught of art in Italy; nothing to be invent
afterwards, except Dutch effects of light.

That there is no "effect of light" here arrived at,
beg you at once to observe as a most important less
The subject is St. Francis challenging the Soldan's Ma
—fire-worshippers—to pass with him through the fire, whi
is blazing red at his feet. It is so hot that the two Ma
on the other side of the throne shield their faces. But
is represented simply as a red mass of writhing forms
flame; and casts no firelight whatever. There is no ru
colour on anybody's nose; there are no black shadows und
anybody's chin; there are no Rembrandtesque gradations
gloom, or glitterings of sword-hilt and armour.

53. Is this ignorance, think you, in Giotto, and pu
artlessness? He was now a man in middle life, havi
passed all his days in painting, and professedly, and almo
contentiously, painting things as he saw them. Do y
suppose he never saw fire cast firelight?—and he the frie
of Dante! who of all poets is the most subtle in his sense
every kind of effect of light[1]—though he has been thoug
by the public to know that of fire only. Again and agai
his ghosts wonder that there is shadow cast by Dante
body;[2] and is the poet's friend, *because* a painter, likel

[1] [See Vol. V. pp. 310–312.]

[2] [The word "no," hitherto inserted before "shadow," must have been a printer
error. The occupants of Purgatory, though they have visible shape and can suff
pain, have no palpable body. See *Purg.*, ii. 79–81 (where Dante tries to embra
Casella in vain); xxi. 131–132 (where Virgil reproves Statius for trying to em
brace him), although Virgil and Sordello do embrace each other (*Purg.*, vi. 75
Dante, being living flesh and blood, is thus the only visitant to Purgatory who cas
a shadow, and at this the shades wonder (*Purg.*, iii. 88–96), just after (*ibid.*, 16 *seq.*
Dante himself has wondered at Virgil casting no shadow; and again, *ibid.*, v. 25–3
Dante himself refers to the fact in the passage (*Purg.*, xxvi. 7) mentioned in th
text, where the shadows from the sunshine make the flames redder.]



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Allen & Co. Sc

Scenes from the Life of St. Francis

From the frescoes by Giotto in Santa Croce

therefore, not to have known that mortal substance casts shadow, and terrestrial flame, light? Nay, the passage in the *Purgatorio* where the shadows from the morning sunbeams make the flames redder, reaches the accuracy of Newtonian science; and does Giotto, think you, all the while, see nothing of the sort?

The fact was, he saw light so intensely that he never for an instant thought of painting it. He knew that to paint the sun was as impossible as to stop it;[1] and he was no trickster, trying to find out ways of seeming to do what he did not. I can paint a rose,—yes; and I will. I can't paint a red-hot coal; and I won't try to, nor seem to. This was just as natural and certain a process of thinking with *him*, as the honesty of it, and true science, were impossible to the false painters of the sixteenth century.

54. Nevertheless, what his art can honestly do to make you feel as much as he wants you to feel, about this fire, he will do; and that studiously. That the fire be *luminous* or not, is no matter just now. But that the fire is *hot*, he would have you to know. Now, will you notice what colours he has used in the whole picture? First, the blue background, necessary to unite it with the other three subjects, is reduced to the smallest possible space. St. Francis must be in grey, for that is his dress; also the attendant on one of the Magi is in grey; but so warm, that, if you saw it by itself, you would call it brown. The shadow behind the throne, which Giotto knows he *can* paint, and therefore does, is grey also. The rest of the picture* in at least six-sevenths of its area—is either crimson, gold, orange, purple, or white, all as warm as Giotto could paint them; and set off by minute spaces only of intense black, the Soldan's fillet at the shoulders, his eyes, beard, and the points necessary in the golden pattern behind. And the whole picture is one glow.

* The floor has been repainted; but though its grey is now heavy and cold, it cannot kill the splendour of the rest.

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of Turner in this respect: Vol. VI. pp. 48 *seq.*]

55. A single glance round at the other subjects will co vince you of the special character in this; but you w recognize also that the four upper subjects, in which S Francis's life and zeal are shown, are all in comparatively war colours, while the two lower ones—of the death, and t visions after it—have been kept as definitely sad and col

Necessarily, you might think, being full of monks' dress Not so. Was there any need for Giotto to have put t priest at the foot of the dead body, with the black bann stooped over it in the shape of a grave? Might he n had he chosen, in either fresco, have made the celesti visions brighter? Might not St. Francis have appeared the centre of a celestial glory to the dreaming Pope, his soul been seen of the poor monk, rising through mo radiant clouds? Look, however, how radiant, in the sm space allowed out of the blue, they are in reality. Y cannot anywhere see a lovelier piece of Giottesque colou though here, you have to mourn over the smallness of t piece, and its isolation. For the face of St. Francis hin self is repainted, and all the blue sky; but the clouds a four sustaining angels are hardly retouched at all, and the iridescent and exquisitely graceful wings are left with real very tender and delicate care by the restorer of the sky. A no one but Giotto or Turner could have painted them.

56. For in all his use of opalescent and warm colou Giotto is exactly like Turner, as, in his swift expression power, he is like Gainsborough. All the other Italian r ligious painters work out their expression with toil; h only can give it with a touch. All the other great Italia colourists see only the beauty of colour, but Giotto al its brightness. And none of the others, except Tintore understood to the full its symbolic power; but with tho —Giotto and Tintoret—there is always, not only a colou harmony, but a colour secret. It is not merely to make t picture glow, but to remind you that St. Francis preach to a fire-worshipping king, that Giotto covers the wall wit purple and scarlet;—and above, in the dispute at Assis

angry father is dressed in red, varying like passion; the robe with which his protector embraces St. Francis, blue, symbolizing the peace of Heaven. Of course certain conventional colours were traditionally employed by all painters; but only Giotto and Tintoret invent a symbolism of their own for every picture. Thus in Tintoret's picture of the fall of the manna, the figure of God the Father is entirely robed in white, contrary to all received custom: in that of Moses striking the rock, it is surrounded by a rainbow.[1] Of Giotto's symbolism in colour at Assisi, I have given account elsewhere.*

You are not to think, therefore, the difference between the colour of the upper and lower frescoes unintentional. The life of St. Francis was always full of joy and triumph; his death, in great suffering, weariness, and extreme humility. The tradition of him reverses that of Elijah: living, he is seen in the chariot of fire;[2] dying, he submits to more than the common sorrow of death.

57. There is, however, much more than a difference in colour between the upper and lower frescoes. There is a difference in manner which I cannot account for; and above all a very singular difference in skill,—indicating, it seems to me, that the two lower were done long before the others, and afterwards united and harmonized with them. It is of no interest to the general reader to pursue this question; but one point he can notice quickly, that the lower frescoes depend much on a mere black or brown outline of the features, while the faces above are evenly and completely painted in the most accomplished Venetian manner:—and another, respecting the management of the draperies, contains much interest for us.

Giotto never succeeded, to the very end of his days, in

* *Fors Clavigera* for September, 1874 [Letter 45, § 18].

[1] [See Vol. XI. p. 423, where Ruskin notes the same points in his account of pictures in the Scuola di San Rocco.]

[2] [2 Kings ii. 11. The apparition of St. Francis in a fiery chariot (as described in Bonaventura's Life) is the subject of one of Giotto's frescoes in the Upper Church at Assisi.]

representing a figure lying down, and at ease. It is one the most curious points in all his character. Just the thi which he could study from nature without the smalle hindrance, is the thing he never can paint; while subtl ties of form and gesture, which depend absolutely on the momentariness, and actions in which no model can stay f an instant, he seizes with infallible accuracy.

Not only has the sleeping Pope, in the right-hand low fresco, his head laid uncomfortably on his pillow, but the clothes on him are in awkward angles, even Giott instinct for lines of drapery failing him altogether when has to lay it on a reposing figure. But look at the fol of the Soldan's robe over his knees. None could be mo beautiful or right; and it is to me wholly inconceivab that the two paintings should be within even twenty yea of each other in date—the skill in the upper one is supremely greater. We shall find, however, more tha mere truth in its casts of drapery, if we examine them.

58. They are so simply right, in the figure of the So dan, that we do not think of them;—we see him only, n his dress. But we see dress first, in the figures of the di comfited Magi. Very fully draped personages these, indeed,- with trains, it appears, four yards long, and bearers of ther

The one nearest the Soldan has done his devoir as brave as he could; would fain go up to the fire, but cannot; forced to shield his face, though he has not turned bac Giotto gives him full sweeping breadth of fold; what dignit he can;—a man faithful to his profession at all events.

The next one has no such courage. Collapsed alt gether, he has nothing more to say for himself or h creed. Giotto hangs the cloak upon him, in Ghirlandajo fashion,[1] as from a peg, but with ludicrous narrowness fold. Literally, he is a "shut-up" Magus—closed like a fa He turns his head away, hopelessly. And the last Magu shows nothing but his back, disappearing through the doo

Opposed to them, in a modern work, you would hav

[1] [See above, § 18, p. 313.]

had a St. Francis standing as high as he could in his sandals, contemptuous, denunciatory; magnificently showing the Magi the door. No such thing, says Giotto. A somewhat mean man; disappointing enough in presence—even in feature; I do not understand his gesture, pointing to his forehead—perhaps meaning, "my life, or my head, upon the truth of this." The attendant monk behind him is terror-struck; but will follow his master. The dark Moorish servants of the Magi show no emotion—will arrange their masters' trains as usual, and decorously sustain their retreat.

59. Lastly, for the Soldan himself. In a modern work, you would assuredly have had him staring at St. Francis with his eyebrows up, or frowning thundrously at his Magi, with them bent as far down as they would go. Neither of these aspects does he bear, according to Giotto. A perfect gentleman and king, he looks on his Magi with quiet eyes of decision; he is much the noblest person in the room—though an infidel, the true hero of the scene, far more than St. Francis. It is evidently the Soldan whom Giotto wants you to think of mainly, in this picture of Christian missionary work.

He does not altogether take the view of the Heathen which you would get in an Exeter Hall meeting. Does not expatiate on their ignorance, their blackness, or their nakedness. Does not at all think of the Florentine Islington and Pentonville, as inhabited by persons in every respect superior to the kings of the East; nor does he imagine every other religion but his own to be log-worship. Probably the people who really worship logs—whether in Persia or Pentonville—will be left to worship logs to their hearts' content, thinks Giotto. But to those who worship *God*, and who have obeyed the laws of heaven written in their hearts, and numbered the stars of it visible to them,—to these, a nearer star may rise; and a higher God be revealed.

You are to note, therefore, that Giotto's Soldan is the type of all noblest religion and law, in countries where the

name of Christ has not been preached. There was no doul what king or people should be chosen: the country of th three Magi had already been indicated by the miracle Bethlehem; and the religion and morality of Zoroaster we the purest, and in spirit the oldest, in the heathen worl Therefore, when Dante, in the nineteenth and twentiet books of the *Paradise*, gives his final interpretation of th law of human and divine justice in relation to the gospel Christ—the lower and enslaved body of the heathen bein represented by St. Philip's convert ("Christians like the the Ethiop shall condemn"[1])—the noblest state of heathenis is at once chosen, as by Giotto: "What may the *Persia* say unto *your* kings?"[2] Compare also Milton,—

> "At the Soldan's chair,
> Defied the best of Paynim chivalry."[3]

60. And now, the time is come for you to look Giotto's St. Louis, who is the type of a Christian king.[4]

You would, I suppose, never have seen it at all, unle I had dragged you here on purpose. It was enough in th dark originally—is trebly darkened by the modern painte glass—and dismissed to its oblivion contentedly by M Murray's "Four saints, all much restored and repainted," and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's serene "The St. Lou is quite new."[6]

Now, I am the last person to call any restoration wha ever, judicious. Of all destructive manias, that of restoratio is the frightfulest and foolishest. Nevertheless, what goo in its miserable way, it can bring, the poor art schol must now apply his common-sense to take; there is no us because a great work has been restored, in now passing by altogether, not even looking for what instruction w

[1] [*Paradiso*, xix. 109; quoted also in Vol. XVII. p. 76.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, 111.]
[3] [*Paradise Lost*, i. 765.]
[4] [Plate XXXIV. Compare above, § 9, p. 301.]
[5] [At p. 117 of the 1864 edition, afterwards revised.]
[6] [*New History of Painting in Italy*, 1864, vol. i. p. 307 *n.*]

ny still find in its design, which will be more intelligible, if the restorer has had any conscience at all, to the ordinary spectator, than it would have been in the faded work. When, indeed, Mr. Murray's Guide tells you that a *building* has been "magnificently restored," you may pass the building by in resigned despair; for *that* means that every bit of the old sculpture has been destroyed, and modern vulgar copies put up in its place. But a restored picture or fresco will often be, to *you*, more useful than a pure one; and in all probability—if an important piece of art—it will have been spared in many places, cautiously completed in others, and still assert itself in a mysterious way—as Leonardo's Cenacolo does[1]—through every phase of reproduction.*

* For a test of your feeling in the matter, having looked well at these two lower frescoes in this chapel, walk round into the next, and examine the lower one on your left hand as you enter that. You will find in your Murray that the frescoes in this chapel "were also, till lately (1862), covered with whitewash"; but I happen to have a long critique of this particular picture written in the year 1845, and I see no change in it since then.[2] Mr. Murray's critic also tells you to observe in it that "the daughter of Herodias playing on a violin is not unlike Perugino's treatment of similar subjects." By which Mr. Murray's critic means that the male musician playing on a violin, whom, without looking either at his dress, or at the face of the fresco, he took for the daughter of Herodias, has a broad face. Allowing you the full benefit of this criticism,—there is still a point or two more to be observed. This is the only fresco near the ground in which Giotto's work is untouched, at least by the modern restorer. So felicitously safe it is, that you may learn from it at once and for ever, what good fresco painting is—how quiet—how delicately clear—how little coarsely or vulgarly attractive—how capable of the most tender light and shade, and of the most exquisite and enduring colour.

In this latter respect, this fresco stands almost alone among the works of Giotto; the striped curtain behind the table being wrought with a variety and fantasy of playing colour which Paul Veronese could not better at his best.

You will find, without difficulty, in spite of the faint tints, the daughter of Herodias in the middle of the picture—slowly *moving*, not dancing, to

[Compare Vol. XIX. p. 103.]

[The Capella Peruzzi. For the passage in Murray, see p. 118 of the edition of 1864. Ruskin's critique of 1845 (in which he had noted the resemblance to Perugino in the figure mentioned) has been cited in a note to his review of Lord Lindsay (Vol. XII. p. 215).]

61. But I can assure you, in the first place, that tl St. Louis is by no means altogether new. I have been u at it, and found most lovely and true colour left in mar parts; the crown, which you will find, after our mornin at the Spanish chapel, is of importance, nearly untouche the lines of the features and hair, though all more or le reproduced, still of definite and notable character; and tl junction throughout of added colour so careful, that tl harmony of the whole, if not delicate with its old tende ness, is at least, in its coarser way, solemn and unbroke Such as the figure remains, it still possesses extreme beau —profoundest interest. And, as you can see it from belo with your glass, it leaves little to be desired, and may dwelt upon with more profit than nine out of ten of t renowned pictures of the Tribune or the Pitti. You w enter into the spirit of it better if I first translate for y a little piece from the *Fioretti di San Francesco.*[1]

62. "*How St. Louis, King of France, went personal in the guise of a pilgrim, to Perugia, to visit the holy Broth Giles.*—St. Louis, King of France, went on pilgrimage visit the sanctuaries of the world: and hearing the mo great fame of the holiness of Brother Giles, who had be among the first companions of St. Francis, put it in l heart, and determined assuredly that he would visit h personally; wherefore he came to Perugia, where was th staying the said brother. And coming to the gate of t place of the Brothers, with few companions, and bei

the violin music—she herself playing on a lyre. In the farther corner the picture, she gives St. John's head to her mother; the face of Herod is almost entirely faded, which may be a farther guarantee to you of t safety of the rest. The subject of the Apocalypse, highest on the rig is one of the most interesting mythic pictures in Florence; nor do I kn any other so completely rendering the meaning of the scene betwe the woman in the wilderness, and the Dragon enemy.[2] But it can be seen from the floor level: and I have no power of showing its beau in words.

[1] [Capitolo xxxiv.; p. 121 in the edition of Leopoldo Amoni (Rome, 1889).]

[2] [Revelation xii. 6, 13, etc. Ruskin made a study of this fresco in 1874: the Introduction (above, p. l.).]

H. S. Uhlrich sc.

Saint Louis

From the Fresco by Giotto in S. Croce

known, he asked with great earnestness for Brother Giles, telling nothing to the porter who he was that asked. The porter, therefore, goes to Brother Giles, and says that there is a pilgrim asking for him at the gate. And by God it was inspired in him and revealed that it was the King of France; whereupon quickly with great fervour he left his cell and ran to the gate, and without any question asked, or ever having seen each other before, kneeling down together with greatest devotion, they embraced and kissed each other with as much familiarity as if for a long time they had held great friendship; but all the while neither the one nor the other spoke, but stayed, so embraced, with such signs of charitable love, in silence. And so having remained for a great while, they parted from one another, and St. Louis went on his way, and Brother Giles returned to his cell. And the King being gone, one of the brethren asked of his companion who he was, who answered that he was the King of France. Of which the other brothers being told, were in the greatest melancholy because Brother Giles had never said a word to him; and murmuring at it, they said, 'Oh, Brother Giles, wherefore hadst thou so country manners that to so holy a king, who had come from France to see thee and hear from thee some good word, thou hast spoken nothing?'

"Answered Brother Giles: 'Dearest brothers, wonder not ye at this, that neither I to him, nor he to me, could speak a word; for so soon as we had embraced, the light of the divine wisdom revealed and manifested, to me, his heart, and to him, mine; and so by divine operation we looked each in the other's heart on what we would have said to one another, and knew it better far than if we had spoken with the mouth, and with more consolation, because of the defect of the human tongue, which cannot clearly express the secrets of God, and would have been for discomfort rather than comfort. And know, therefore, that the King parted from me marvellously content, and comforted in his mind.'"

63. Of all which story, not a word, of course, is credib by any rational person.

Certainly not: the spirit, nevertheless, which created th story, is an entirely indisputable fact in the history of Ital and of mankind. Whether St. Louis and Brother Gil ever knelt together in the street of Perugia matters not whit. That a king and a poor monk could be conceive to have thoughts of each other which no words could speal and that indeed the King's tenderness and humility mad such a tale credible to the people,—this is what you hav to meditate on here.

Nor is there any better spot in the world,—whencesoev your pilgrim feet may have journeyed to it,—wherein make up so much mind as you have in you for the makin concerning the nature of Kinghood and Princedom gen rally; and of the forgeries and mockeries of both which a too often manifested in their room. For it happens th this Christian and this Persian King are better painted he by Giotto than elsewhere by any one, so as to give you th best attainable conception of the Christian and Heathe powers which have both received, in the book which Chri tians profess to reverence, the same epithet as the King the Jews Himself; anointed, or Christos:—and as the mo perfect Christian Kinghood was exhibited in the life, part real, partly traditional, of St. Louis, so the most perfe Heathen Kinghood was exemplified in the life, partly rea partly traditional, of Cyrus of Persia, and in the laws f human government and education which had chief force his dynasty. And before the images of these two Kin I think therefore it will be well that you should read th charge to Cyrus, written by Isaiah. The second clause it, if not all, will here become memorable to you—literall illustrating, as it does, the very manner of the defeat of th Zoroastrian Magi, on which Giotto founds his Triumph Faith. I write the leading sentences continuously; what omit is only their amplification, which you can easily ref to at home. (Isa. xliv. 24 to xlv. 13.)

64. "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, and he that rmed thee from the womb. I the Lord that maketh all; at stretcheth forth the heavens, alone; that spreadeth broad the earth, alone; *that turneth wise men backward, nd maketh their knowledge, foolish; that confirmeth the ord of his Servant, and fulfilleth the counsel of his mes-ngers:* that saith of Cyrus, He is my Shepherd, and shall erform all my pleasure, even saying to Jerusalem, 'thou alt be built,' and to the temple, 'thy foundations shall e laid.'

"Thus saith the Lord to his Christ;—to Cyrus, whose ght hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him, nd I will loose the loins of Kings.

"I will go before thee, and make the crooked places raight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut sunder the bars of iron; and I will give *thee* the treasures f darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou nayest know that I the Lord, which call thee by thy name, m the God of Israel.

"For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I ave even called thee by thy name; I have surnamed thee, nough thou hast not known me.

"I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside me. I girded thee, though thou hast not known ne. That they may know, from the *rising of the sun*, and rom the west, that there is none beside me; I am the Lord, and there is none else. *I form the light*, and create darkness; I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all hese things.

"I have raised him up in Righteousness, and will direct ll his ways; he shall build my city, and let go my captives, ot for price nor reward, saith the Lord of Nations."

65. To this last verse, add the ordinance of Cyrus in ulfilling it, that you may understand what is meant by a King's being "raised up in Righteousness," and notice, with respect to the picture under which you stand, the Persian King's thought of the Jewish Temple.

"In the first year of the reign of Cyrus,* King Cyr commanded that the house of the Lord at Jerusalem shou be built again, *where they do service with perpetual fir* (the italicized sentence is Darius's, quoting Cyrus's decree the decree itself worded thus); "Thus saith Cyrus, King Persia:† The Lord God of heaven hath given me all t kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to bui him an house at Jerusalem.

"Who is there among you of all his people?—his G be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem which is Judah, and let the men of his place help him with silv and with gold, and with goods and with beasts."

Between which "bringing the prisoners out of captivity and modern liberty, free trade, and anti-slavery eloquenc there is no small interval.

66. To these two ideals of Kinghood, then, the boy h reached, since the day he was drawing the lamb on th stone, as Cimabue passed by.[2] You will not find two oth such, that I know of, in the west of Europe; and y there has been many a try at the painting of crowne heads,—and King George III. and Queen Charlotte, by S Joshua Reynolds, are very fine, no doubt. Also your black muzzled kings of Velasquez, and Vandyck's long-haired an white-handed ones; and Rubens' riders—in those handsom boots. Pass such shadows of them as you can summo rapidly before your memory—then look at this St. Louis.

His face—gentle, resolute, glacial-pure, thin-cheeked; s sharp at the chin that the entire head is almost of the form of a knight's shield—the hair short on the forehead, fallin on each side in the old Greek-Etruscan curves of simples line, to the neck; I don't know if you can see witho being nearer, the difference in the arrangement of it on th two sides—the mass of it on the right shoulder bendin inwards, while that on the left falls straight. It is one o

* 1st Esdras vi. 24.

† Ezra i. 3 and 2nd Esdras ii. 3.

[1] [See Isaiah xlii. 7.]

[2] [See *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 4 (Vol. XXIV. p. 18).]

e pretty changes which a modern workman would never eam of—and which assures me the restorer has followed e old lines rightly.

He wears a crown formed by an hexagonal pyramid, aded with pearls on the edges; and walled round, above e brow, with a vertical fortress-parapet, as it were, rising to sharp-pointed spines at the angles: it is chasing of ld with pearl—beautiful in the remaining work of it; e Soldan wears a crown of the same general form; the xagonal outline signifying all order, strength, and royal onomy. We shall see farther symbolism of this kind, on, by Simon Memmi, in the Spanish chapel.

67. I cannot tell you anything definite of the two other scoes—for I can only examine one or two pictures in day; and never begin with one till I have done with other; and I had to leave Florence without looking at ese—even so far as to be quite sure of their subjects. e central one on the left is either the twelfth subject of ssisi—St. Francis in Ecstasy;* or the eighteenth—the pparition of St. Francis at Arles;† while the lowest on e right may admit choice between two subjects in each lf of it: my own reading of them would be—that they e the twenty-first and twenty-fifth subjects of Assisi, the ying Friar‡ and Vision of Pope Gregory IX.;§ but

* "Represented" (next to St. Francis before the Soldan, at Assisi) "as n one night by the brethren, praying, elevated from the ground, his ds extended like the cross, and surrounded by a shining cloud."—*Lord dsay* [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, 1847, vol. ii. p. 211].

† "St. Anthony of Padua was preaching at a general chapter of the er, held at Arles, in 1224, when St. Francis appeared in the midst, his s extended, and in the attitude of benediction."—*Lord Lindsay* [*ibid.* 216].

‡ "A brother of the order, lying on his deathbed, saw the spirit of Francis rising to heaven, and springing forward, cried, 'Tarry, Father, ome with thee!' and fell back dead."—*Lord Lindsay* [*ibid.* p. 220].

§ "He hesitated, before canonizing St. Francis; doubting the celestial iction of the stigmata. St. Francis appeared to him in a vision, and with evere countenance reproving his unbelief, opened his robe, and, exposing wound in his side, filled a vial with the blood that flowed from it, and e it to the Pope, who awoke and found it in his hand."—*Lord Lindsay* [*d.* p. 221].

Crowe and Cavalcaselle may be right in their different interpretation;* in any case, the meaning of the entire system of work remains unchanged, as I have given it above.

* "As St. Francis was carried on his bed of sickness to St. Maria degli Angeli, he stopped at an hospital on the roadside, and ordering his attendants to turn his head in the direction of Assisi, he rose in his litter and said, 'Blessed be thou amongst cities; may the blessing of God cling to thee, oh holy place, for by thee shall many souls be saved;' and having said this, he lay down and was carried on to St. Maria degli Angeli. On the evening of the 4th of October his death was revealed at the very hour to the bishop of Assisi on Mount Gargano."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle* [*New History of Painting*, vol. i. p. 306].

The Strait Gate

As early as may be ~~Before we do anything else~~ this morning, let us look for a minute or two into the ~~nave of the~~ cathedral: ~~a minute or two will be really enough for all we have to~~ I was going to say - entering by one of the side doors; but we can't do anything else, which perhaps might not strike you unless you were thinking specially of it, for there are no transept doors; and one never ~~thinks of entering by the ugly~~ wanders round to the desolate ~~hole in the~~ front.

From either of the ~~four~~ side doors, a few paces will bring you to the middle of the nave - and to the point opposite the middle of the third arch from the west end: - where you will find yourself - if ~~accurately central~~ well in the mid-nave, standing on a circular slab of green porphyry, which marks the former place of the grave of the bishop Zenobius. The large inscription, on the wide circle on the floor outside of you records the translation [illegible] stone [illegible]

who never [illegible]

- I ~~stopping~~ Resting here, at any rate - for a few minutes, look up to the white washed vaulting of the compartment of the roof next the west end.

~~With little effort of fancy, looking at it freedly~~

You will see nothing whatever in it worth looking at

Nevertheless Look a little longer

But The longer you look - the less you see why I tell you to look? - It is nothing but a whitewashed ceiling vaulted indeed - but - so is ~~a~~ many a tailors garret window for that matter - indeed - now that you have looked steadily for a minute or so - and are used to the look of the vault, it becomes so small that you can almost ~~you can easily~~ fancy it ~~very little more than~~ the ceiling of a good sized lumber room in an attic

A Page of the MS of "Mornings in Florence" (§§ 68, 69)

THE FOURTH MORNING

THE VAULTED BOOK

. As early as may be this morning, let us look for a inute or two into the cathedral:—I was going to say, tering by one of the side doors of the aisles;—but we n't do anything else, which perhaps might not strike you less you were thinking specially of it. There are no nsept doors; and one never wanders round to the desolate nt.[1]

From either of the side doors, a few paces will bring u to the middle of the nave, and to the point opposite e middle of the third arch from the west end; where u will find yourself—if well in the mid-nave—standing a circular slab of green porphyry, which marks the rmer place of the grave of the bishop Zenobius.[2] The rger inscription, on the wide circle of the floor outside of u, records the translation of his body; the smaller one und the stone at your feet—"quiescimus, domum hanc um adimus ultimam"—is a painful truth, I suppose, to avellers like us, who never rest anywhere now, if we n help it.

69. Resting here, at any rate, for a few minutes, look to the whitewashed vaulting of the compartment of the of next the west end.

You will see nothing whatever in it worth looking at. evertheless, look a little longer.

But the longer you look, the less you will understand

[1] [Now completed.]

[2] [The shrine (by Ghiberti) of Zenobius (died 417), the Bishop of Florence ose miracles form the subject of many works of art in the city, is in the central apel of the apse.]

why I tell you to look. It is nothing but a whitewash ceiling: vaulted indeed,—but so is many a tailor's garr window, for that matter. Indeed, now that you ha looked steadily for a minute or so, and are used to t form of the arch, it seems to become so small that y can almost fancy it the ceiling of a good-sized lumber-roo in an attic.

Having attained to this modest conception of it, car your eyes back to the similar vault of the second compar ment, nearer you. Very little further contemplation w reduce that also to the similitude of a moderately-siz attic. And then, resolving to bear, if possible—for it worth while,—the cramp in your neck for another quart of a minute, look right up to the third vault, over yo head; which, if not, in the said quarter of a minut reducible in imagination to a tailor's garret, will at lea sink, like the two others, into the semblance of a commo arched ceiling, of no serious magnitude or majesty.

70. Then, glance quickly down from it to the floor, an round at the space (included between the four pillar which that vault covers.

It is sixty feet square,*—four hundred square yards pavement,—and I believe you will have to look up aga more than once or twice, before you can convince yours that the mean-looking roof is swept indeed over all th twelfth part of an acre. And still less, if I mistake no will you, without slow proof, believe, when you turn you self round towards the east end, that the narrow nich (it really looks scarcely more than a niche) which occupie beyond the dome, the position of our northern choirs, indeed the unnarrowed elongation of the nave, whose breadt extends round you like a frozen lake. From which exper ments and comparisons, your conclusion, I think, will b and I am sure it ought to be, that the most studiou

* Approximately. Thinking I could find the dimensions of the Duom anywhere, I only paced it myself,—and cannot, at this moment, lay m hand on English measurements of it.

enuity could not produce a design for the interior of building which should more completely hide its extent, l throw away every common advantage of its magnitude, n this of the Duomo of Florence.

Having arrived at this, I assure you, quite securely able conclusion, we will quit the cathedral by the western r, for once; and, as quickly as we can walk, return to Green cloister of Sta. Maria Novella;[1] and place ourves on the south side of it, so as to see as much as we of the entrance, on the opposite side, to the so-called panish Chapel."[2]

There is, indeed, within the opposite cloister, an arch of rance, plain enough. But no chapel, whatever, exterly manifesting itself as worth entering. No walls, or le, or dome, raised above the rest of the outbuildings—y two windows with traceries opening into the cloister; l one story of inconspicuous building above. You can't nceive there should be any effect of *magnitude* produced the interior, however it has been vaulted or decorated. may be pretty, but it cannot possibly look large.

71. Entering it, nevertheless, you will be surprised at effect of height, and disposed to fancy that the circar window cannot surely be the same you saw outside, king so low. I had to go out again, myself, to make re that it was.

And gradually, as you let the eye follow the sweep of vaulting arches, from the small central keystone-boss, th the Lamb carved on it, to the broad capitals of the xagonal pillars at the angles, there will form itself in ur mind, I think, some impression not only of vastness the building, but of great daring in the builder; and at t, after closely following out the lines of a fresco or o, and looking up and up again to the coloured vaults,

[1] [See above, § 19, p. 314.]

[2] [The ancient chapter-house, built in 1350, was afterwards so called because its use on particular feast-days by the Spaniards, who came to Florence to attend anora of Toledo on her marriage with the Grand Duke Cosimo I.]

it will become to you literally one of the grandest place you ever entered, roofed without a central pillar. You wi begin to wonder that human daring ever achieved anythin so magnificent.

But just go out again into the cloister, and recove knowledge of the facts. It is nothing like so large a the blank arch which at home we filled with brickbats o leased for a gin-shop under the last railway we made t carry coals to Newcastle. And if you pace the floor i covers, you will find it is three feet less one way, an thirty feet less the other, than that single square of th cathedral which was roofed like a tailor's loft,—accurately for I did measure here, myself, the floor of the Spanis Chapel is fifty-seven feet by thirty-two.

72. I hope, after this experience, that you will need n farther conviction of the first law of noble building, tha grandeur depends on proportion and design—not, except i a quite secondary degree, on magnitude.[1] Mere size has indeed, under all disadvantage, some definite value; and s has mere splendour. Disappointed as you may be, or a least ought to be, at first, by St. Peter's, in the end yo will feel its size,—and its brightness.[2] These are all yo *can* feel in it—it is nothing more than the pump-room a Leamington[3] built bigger;—but the bigness tells at last: an Corinthian pillars whose capitals alone are ten feet high and their acanthus leaves three feet six long, give you serious conviction of the infallibility of the Pope, and th fallibility of the wretched Corinthians, who invented th style indeed, but built with capitals no bigger than hand baskets.

Vastness *has* thus its value. But the glory of architec ture is to be—whatever you wish it to be,—lovely, or grand or comfortable,—on such terms as it can easily obtain

[1] [On this subject see the passages referred to above, p. 218 *n.*]

[2] [For other passages on St. Peter's, see Vol. I. p. 380; Vol. IV. p. 105 Vol. XIV. p. 48; and *Præterita,* ii. § 32.]

[3] [Where Ruskin was in early days under the charge of Dr. Jephson: see *Præterita,* ii. § 59.]

and, by proportion—lovely, by imagination—comfortable, ingenuity—secure, by honesty: with such materials and such space as you have got to give it.

Grand—by proportion, I said; but ought to have said *dis*proportion. Beauty is given by the relation of parts size, by their comparison. The first secret in getting the pression of size in this chapel is the *dis*proportion between lar and arch. You take the pillar for granted,—it is ck, strong, and fairly high above your head. You look the vault springing from it—and it soars away, nobody ows where.

73. Another great, but more subtle secret is in the quality and immeasurability of the curved lines; and the ling of the form by the colour.

To begin, the room, I said, is fifty-seven feet wide, and ly thirty-two deep. It is thus nearly one-third larger the direction across the line of entrance, which gives every arch, pointed and round, throughout the roof, a ferent spring from its neighbours.

The vaulting ribs have the simplest of all profiles—that a chamfered beam. I call it simpler than even that a square beam; for in barking a log you cheaply get ur chamfer, and nobody cares whether the level is alike each side: but you must take a larger tree, and use uch more work to get a square. And it is the same th stone.

And this profile is—fix the conditions of it, therefore, your mind—venerable in the history of mankind as the igin of all Gothic tracery-mouldings; venerable in the story of the Christian Church as that of the roof ribs, th of the lower church of Assisi, bearing the scroll of e precepts of St. Francis, and here at Florence, bearing e scroll of the faith of St. Dominic. If you cut it out paper, and cut the corners off farther and farther at ery cut, you will produce a sharper profile of rib, con- cted in architectural use with differently treated styles. ut the entirely venerable form is the massive one in which

the angle of the beam is merely, as it were, secured an completed in stability by removing its too sharp edge.

74. Well, the vaulting ribs, as in Giotto's vault, then have here, under their painting, this rude profile: but d not suppose the vaults are simply the shells cast over them Look how the ornamental borders fall on the capitals The plaster receives all sorts of indescribably accommodat ing shapes—the painter contracting and stopping his desig upon it as it happens to be convenient. You can't measur anything; you can't exhaust; you can't grasp,—except on simple ruling idea, which a child can grasp, if it is in terested and intelligent: namely, that the room has fou sides with four tales told upon them; and the roof fou quarters, with another four tales told on those. And eac history in the sides has its correspondent history in th roof. Generally, in good Italian decoration, the roof repre sents constant, or essential facts; the walls, consecutiv histories arising out of them, or leading up to them Thus here, the roof represents in front of you, in it main quarter, the Resurrection—the cardinal fact of Chris tianity; opposite (above, behind you), the Ascension; o your left hand, the descent of the Holy Spirit; on you right, Christ's perpetual presence with His Church, sym bolized by His appearance on the Sea of Galilee to th disciples in the storm.[1]

The correspondent walls represent: under the first quarte (the Resurrection), the story of the Crucifixion; under th second quarter (the Ascension), the preaching after tha departure, that Christ will return—symbolized here in th Dominican church by the consecration of St. Dominic under the third quarter (the Descent of the Holy Spirit), the disciplining power of human virtue and wisdom; under the fourth quarter (St. Peter's Ship), the authority and government of the State and Church.

75. The order of these subjects, chosen by the Dominican

[1] [See the plan of the chapel here given (Plate XXXV.).]

REFERENCES TO THE KEY-PLAN

I. The Resurrection, §§ 74, 82, 83.
II. (not shown in the plan, opposite the Resurrection) The Ascension, §§ 74, 84.
III. The Descent of the Holy Ghost, § 84.
IV. The Church sailing on the Sea of the World, § 84.
a. Christ bearing His Cross.
V. "The Teaching Power of the Spirit of God," or "The Strait Gate," §§ 85–117.
VI. "The Saving Power of the Christ of God," or "The Visible Church," §§ 85, 119, 146 to end.
b. Christ in Limbo, § 82.

onks themselves,[1] was sufficiently comprehensive to leave oundless room for the invention of the painter. The ecution of it was first entrusted to Taddeo Gaddi, the st architectural master of Giotto's school, who painted e four quarters of the roof entirely, but with no great illiancy of invention, and was beginning to go down one the sides, when, luckily, a man of stronger brain, his iend, came from Siena. Taddeo thankfully yielded the om to him;[2] he joined his own work to that of his ss able friend in an exquisitely pretty and complimentary ay;[3] throwing his own greater strength into it, not com-titively, but gradually and helpfully. When, however, had once got himself well joined, and softly, to the ore simple work, he put his own force on with a will; d produced the most noble piece of pictorial philosophy* d divinity existing in Italy.

This pretty, and, according to all evidence by me attain-le, entirely true, tradition has been all but lost, among e ruins of fair old Florence, by the industry of modern ason-critics—who, without exception, labouring under the imal (and necessarily unconscious) disadvantage of not owing good work from bad, and never, therefore, know-g a man by his hand or his thoughts, would be in any se sorrowfully at the mercy of mistakes in a document;

* There is no philosophy *taught* either by the school of Athens, or ichael Angelo's "Last Judgment"; and the "Disputa" is merely a graceful semblage of authorities, the effects of such authority not being shown.[4]

[1] [See Vasari's *Life of Taddeo Gaddi* (vol. i. p. 199, Bohn): "The chapter-house Santa Maria Novella was also painted by Taddeo Gaddi, who received the com-ssion for this work from the Prior, by whom he is said also to have been furnished th the composition of the picture likewise."]

[2] [Here also Ruskin follows Vasari (*ibid.*, pp. 199, 200): "The Prior conceived wish to entrust Simon with one-half of the undertaking, whereupon he consulted ddeo respecting the whole affair. He found the latter perfectly willing to accede this arrangement, Taddeo having a great love for Simon, who had been his fellow-ciple under Giotto, and had ever continued his valued friend and affectionate npanion. Oh, truly noble spirits! Ye who without envious emulation or ambition l indeed regard each other with brotherly affection, rejoicing each in the honour d advantage of his friend, as in his own."]

[3] [See below, § 82, p. 374.]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 156.]

but are tenfold more deceived by their own vanity, and delight in overthrowing a received idea, if they can.

76. Farther; as every fresco of this early date has been retouched again and again, and often painted half over,—and as, if there has been the least care or respect for the old work in the restorer, he will now and then follow the old lines and match the old colours carefully in some places while he puts in clearly recognizable work of his own in others,—two critics, of whom one knows the first man's work well, and the other the last's, will contradict each other to almost any extent on the securest grounds. And there is then no safe refuge for an uninitiated person but in the old tradition, which, if not literally true, is founded assuredly on some root of fact which you are likely to get at, if ever, through *it* only. So that my general direction to all young people going to Florence or Rome would be very short: "Know your first volume of Vasari, and your two first books of Livy;[1] look about you, and don't talk nor listen to talking."

77. On those terms, you may know, entering this chapel that in Michael Angelo's time, all Florence attributed these frescoes to Taddeo Gaddi and Simon Memmi.[2]

I have studied neither of these artists myself with any speciality of care, and cannot tell you, positively, anything about them or their works. But I know good work from bad, as a cobbler knows leather, and I can tell you positively the quality of these frescoes, and their relation to contemporary panel pictures; whether authentically ascribed to Gaddi, Memmi, or any one else, it is for the Florentine Academy to decide.

The roof, and the north side, down to the feet of the horizontal line[3] of sitting figures, were originally third-rate work of the school of Giotto; the rest of the chapel was originally, and most of it is still, magnificent work of the

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 215 (Vol. XXII. p. 269.).]

[2] [For particulars about Simon Memmi, or more correctly Simon Martini, see below, p. 455.]

[3] [*i.e.*, above the Sciences: see Plate XXXVI.]

hool of Siena. The roof and north side have been heavily painted in many places; the rest is faded and injured, it not destroyed in its most essential qualities. And now, rther, you must bear with just a little bit of tormenting story of painters.

There were two Gaddis, father and son—Taddeo and ngelo. And there were two Memmis, brothers—Simon id Philip.[1]

78. I daresay you will find, in the modern books, that mon's real name was Peter, and Philip's real name was artholomew; and Angelo's real name was Taddeo, and addeo's real name was Angelo; and Memmi's real name as Gaddi, and Gaddi's real name was Memmi. You may id out all that at your leisure, afterwards, if you like. hat it is important for you to know here, in the Spanish apel, is only this much that follows:—There were cerinly two persons once called Gaddi, both rather stupid in ligious matters and high art; but one of them, I don't ow or care which, a true decorative painter of the most quisite skill, a perfect architect, an amiable person, and a eat lover of pretty domestic life. Vasari says this was e father, Taddeo. He built the Ponte Vecchio; and the l stones of it—which if you ever look at anything on e Ponte Vecchio but the shops, you may still see (above ose wooden penthouses) with the Florentine shield—were laid by him that they are unshaken to this day.

He painted an exquisite series of frescoes at Assisi[2] m the Life of Christ; in which,—just to show you what e man's nature is,—when the Madonna has given Christ o Simeon's arms, she can't help holding out her own ns to him, and saying (visibly), "Won't you come back mamma?" The child laughs his answer—"I love *you*, mma; but I'm quite happy just now."[3]

[1] [Simon's brother, however, was Donatus; Philip (Lippo) was his brother-law: see again below, p. 455.]

[2] [In the north transept of the Lower Church.]

[3] [The same action occurs, as Ruskin notes, in Giotto's treatment of the sub- in the Arena Chapel; see *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, Subject XVIII. l. XXIV. p. 76).]

Well; he, or he and his son together, painted these four quarters of the roof of the Spanish Chapel. They were very probably much retouched afterwards by Antonio Veneziano, or whomsoever Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle please;[1] but that architecture in the Descent of the Holy Ghost *is* by the man who painted the north transept of Assisi, and there need be no more talk about the matter —for you never catch a restorer doing his old architecture right again. And farther, the ornamentation of the vaulting ribs *is* by the man who painted the Entombment, No. 31 in the Galerie des Grands Tableaux, in the catalogue of the Academy for 1874.[2] Whether that picture is Taddeo Gaddi's or not, as stated in the catalogue, I do not know but I know the vaulting ribs of the Spanish Chapel are painted by the same hand.

79. Again: of the two brothers Memmi, one or other I don't know or care which, had an ugly way of turning the eyes of his figures up and their mouths down; of which you may see an entirely disgusting example in the four saints attributed to Filippo Memmi on the cross wall of the north (called always in Murray's Guide the south because he didn't notice the way the church was built[3] transept of Assisi. You may, however, also see the way the mouth goes down in the much repainted, but still characteristic No. 9 in the Uffizii.*

Now I catch the wring and verjuice of this brother again and again, among the minor heads of the lower frescoes

* This picture bears the inscription (I quote from the French catalogue not having verified it myself), "Simon Martini, et Lippus Memmi de Seni me pinxerunt." I have no doubt whatever, myself, that the two brothers worked together on these frescoes of the Spanish Chapel: but that most of the Limbo is Philip's, and the Paradise, scarcely with his interference Simon's.[4]

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[1] [See *New History of Painting in Italy*, vol. i. p. 374.]

[2] [Now No. 116. The picture came from the church of S. Michele in Florence and is described by Vasari.]

[3] [Compare the lecture on Cimabue, above, p. 206.]

[4] [The Annunciation, now No. 23 (in the First Corridor). The date follows the inscription: "Anno Domini MCCCXXXIII."]

this Spanish Chapel. The head of the Queen beneath oah, in the Limbo (see below[1]), is unmistakable.

Farther: one of the two brothers, I don't care which, ıd a way of painting leaves; of which you may see a ɔtable example in the rod in the hand of Gabriel in ıat same picture of the Annunciation in the Uffizii. No lorentine painter, or any other, ever painted leaves as ell as that, till you get down to Sandro Botticelli, who d them much better.[2] But the man who painted that ɔd in the hand of Gabriel, painted the rod in the right ınd of Logic[3] in the Spanish Chapel,—and nobody else Florence, or the world, *could.*

80. Farther (and this is the last of the antiquarian ısiness): you see that the frescoes on the roof are, on ıe whole, dark, with much blue and red in them, the hite spaces coming out strongly. This is the character- tic colouring of the partially defunct school of Giotto, ecoming merely decorative, and passing into a colourist hool which connected itself afterwards with the Vene- ans. There is an exquisite example of all its specialities the little Annunciation in the Uffizii, No. 14, attributed ɔ Angelo Gaddi,[4] in which you see the Madonna is stupid, ıd the angel stupid, but the colour of the whole, as a iece of painted glass, lovely; and the execution exquisite, -at once a painter's and jeweller's; with subtle sense of ıiaroscuro underneath (note the delicate shadow of the Iadonna's arm across her breast).

The head of this school was (according to Vasari) addeo Gaddi; and henceforward, without farther discussion, shall speak of him as the painter of the roof of the panish Chapel,—not without suspicion, however, that his ɔn Angelo may hereafter turn out to have been the etter decorator, and the painter of the frescoes from the

[1] [See § 82, p. 385.]
[2] [Compare the lecture on Botticelli, above, p. 270.]
[3] [See Plate XXXVII.]
[4] [Now No. 28 (in the First Corridor).]

life of Christ in the north transept of Assisi,—with such assistance as his son or scholars might give—and such change or destruction as time, Antonio Veneziano, or the last operations of the Tuscan railroad company, may have effected on them.

81. On the other hand, you see that the frescoes on the walls are of paler colours, the blacks coming out of these clearly, rather than the whites; but the pale colours, especially, for instance, the whole of the Duomo of Florence in that on your right, very tender and lovely. Also, you may feel a tendency to express much with outline, and draw, more than paint, in the most interesting parts; while in the duller ones, nasty green and yellow tones come out, which prevent the effect of the whole from being very pleasant. These characteristics belong, on the whole, to the school of Siena; and they indicate here the work *assuredly* of a man of vast power and most refined education, whom I shall call without further discussion, during the rest of this and the following morning's study, Simon Memmi.

82. And of the grace and subtlety with which he joined his work to that of the Gaddis, you may judge at once by comparing the Christ standing on the fallen gate of the Limbo, with the Christ in the Resurrection above.[1] Memmi has retained the dress and imitated the general effect of the figure in the roof so faithfully that you suspect no difference of mastership—nay, he has even raised the foot in the same awkward way: but you will find Memmi's foot delicately drawn—Taddeo's hard and rude: and all the folds of Memmi's drapery cast with unbroken grace and complete gradations of shade, while Taddeo's are rigid and meagre; also in the heads, generally Taddeo's type of face is square in feature, with massive and inelegant clusters or volutes of hair and beard; but Memmi's, delicate and long in feature, with much divided and flowing hair, often arranged with exquisite precision, as in the finest Greek coins. Examine

[1] [See the plan (Plate XXXV.) for the place of these subjects.]

ccessively in this respect only the heads of Adam, Abel, ethuselah, and Abraham, in the Limbo, and you will t confuse the two designers any more. I have not had ne to make out more than the principal figures in the mbo, of which indeed the entire dramatic power is centred the Adam and Eve. The latter dressed as a nun, in r fixed gaze on Christ, with her hands clasped, is of treme beauty: and however feeble the work of any early inter may be, in its decent and grave inoffensiveness it ides the imagination unerringly to a certain point. How you are yourself capable of filling up what is left told, and conceiving, as a reality, Eve's first look on this r child, depends on no painter's skill, but on your own derstanding. Just above Eve is Abel, bearing the lamb: d behind him, Noah, between his wife and Shem: behind em, Abraham, between Isaac and Ishmael (turning from hmael to Isaac); behind these, Moses, between Aaron and avid. I have not identified the others, though I find the ite-bearded figure behind Eve called Methuselah in my tes: I know not on what authority. Looking up from ese groups, however, to the roof painting, you will at ce feel the imperfect grouping and ruder features of all e figures; and the greater depth of colour. We will smiss these comparatively inferior paintings at once.

83. The roof and walls must be read together, each gment of the roof forming an introduction to, or portion the subject on the wall below. But the roof must first looked at alone, as the work of Taddeo Gaddi, for the tistic qualities and failures of it.

(I.) In front, as you enter, is the compartment with the bject of the Resurrection. It is the traditional Byzantine mposition: the guards sleeping, and the two angels in ite saying to the women, "He is not here,"[1] while Christ seen rising with the flag of the Cross.

But it would be difficult to find another example of the

[1] [Matthew xxviii. 6.]

subject, so coldly treated—so entirely without passion or action. The faces are expressionless; the gestures powerless. Evidently the painter is not making the slightest effort to conceive what really happened, but merely repeating and spoiling what he could remember of old design, or himself supply of commonplace for immediate need. The "Noli me tangere,"[1] on the right, is spoiled from Giotto, and others before him; a peacock, woefully plumeless and colourless, a fountain, an ill-drawn toy-horse, and two toy-children gathering flowers, are emaciate remains of Greek symbols. He has taken pains with the vegetation, but in vain. Yet Taddeo Gaddi was a true painter, a very beautiful designer, and a very amiable person. How comes he to do that Resurrection so badly?

In the first place, he was probably tired of a subject which was a great strain to his feeble imagination: and gave it up as impossible: doing simply the required figures in the required positions. In the second, he was probably at the time despondent and feeble because of his master's death. See Lord Lindsay, II. 273,[2] where also it is pointed out that in the effect of the light proceeding from the figure of Christ, Taddeo Gaddi indeed was the first of the Giottisti who showed true sense of light and shade. But until Leonardo's time the innovation did not materially affect Florentine art.

84. (II.) The Ascension (opposite the Resurrection, and not worth looking at, except for the sake of making more sure our conclusions from the first fresco). The Madonna is fixed in Byzantine stiffness, without Byzantine dignity.

(III.) The Descent of the Holy Ghost, on the left hand. The Madonna and disciples are gathered in an upper chamber: underneath are the Parthians, Medes, Elamites, etc., who hear them speak in their own tongues.[3]

Three dogs are in the foreground—their mythic purpose the same as that of the two verses which affirm the

[1] [John xx. 17 (Vulgate).]
[2] [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art.*]
[3] [Acts ii. 9–11.]

owship of the dog in the journey and return of Tobias:[1] nely, to mark the share of the lower animals in the tleness given by the outpouring of the Spirit of Christ. (IV.) The Church sailing on the Sea of the World. St. er coming to Christ on the water.

I was too little interested in the vague symbolism of fresco to examine it with care,—the rather that the ject beneath, the literal contest of the Church with the ld, needed more time for study in itself alone than I for all Florence.[2]

85. On this, and the opposite side of the chapel, are resented, by Simon Memmi's hand (V.), the teaching ver of the Spirit of God, and (VI.) the saving power of Christ of God, in the world, according to the under- nding of Florence in his time.

We will take the side of Intellect first, beneath the ring forth of the Holy Spirit.

In the point of the arch beneath, are the three Evangelical tues. Without these, says Florence, you can have no nce. Without Love, Faith, and Hope—no intelligence.

Under these are the four Cardinal Virtues, the entire up being thus arranged:—

A

B C

D E F G

A, Charity; flames issuing from her head and hands.

B, Faith; holds cross and shield, quenching fiery darts. is symbol, so frequent in modern adaptation from St. l's address to personal faith,[3] is rare in older art.

C, Hope, with a branch of lilies.

D, Temperance; bridles a black fish, on which she stands.

[Tobit v. 16 and xi. 4. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74, § 7, where Ruskin arly explains the story of the dog as meant "to show that all the lower ures, who can love, have passed, through their love, into the guardianship and ance of angels."]

[That is, during his visit in 1874; see the Introduction, above, pp. xlix. *seq.*]

[Ephesians vi. 16: "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall ble to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."]

E, Prudence, with a book.

F, Justice, with crown and baton.

G, Fortitude, with tower and sword.

Under these are the great prophets and apostles: on th left, Job, David, St. Paul, St. Mark, St. John; on th right, St. Matthew, St. Luke, Moses, Isaiah, Solomon. I the midst of the Evangelists, St. Thomas Aquinas, seate on a Gothic throne.[1]

86. Now observe, this throne, with all the canopies belov it, and the complete representation of the Duomo of Flor ence opposite, are of finished Gothic of Orcagna's schoo —later than Giotto's Gothic. But the building in whic the apostles are gathered at the Pentecost is of the earl Romanesque mosaic school, with a wheel window from th Duomo of Assisi, and square windows from the Baptister of Florence. And this is always the type of architectur used by Taddeo Gaddi: while the finished Gothic coul not possibly have been drawn by him, but is absolute evi dence of the later hand.

[1] [Mr. Caird adds, "having at his feet the three heretics—Sabellius, Arriu and Averroes." Among Ruskin's MSS., put together in view of a new edition *Mornings in Florence*, is the following further note (by Mr. Caird) on Thom Aquinas: "1227–1274. Younger son of Landulf, Count of Aquino on the Lir (Juvenal's birthplace), great-nephew of Frederick Barbarossa. Connected earl with the Benedictines of Mte. Casino; great love of study; joined Dominica about 1212 as a novice; did not, however, profess till 1243, from the great oppos tion made by his family. At Cologne he studies theology and philosophy unde Albertus Magnus, and was called the Dumb Ox from his silence. Albertus said the Ox ever did bellow, all the world would hear him. At Paris 1248; returne there 1253. Doctor and Lecturer 1255. For the rest see Maurice [*i.e.*, F. I Maurice's *Mediæval Philosophy*, 1870, pp. 184 *seq.*].

"Of the theological opinions which he maintained, the most memorable is h assertion of the supreme and irresistible efficacy of Divine Grace. This doctrin was afterwards opposed by Duns Scotus, and was the pivot of controversy betwee Thomists and Scotists.

"He was called the Angelic Doctor, as representing Intellectual Power; Bona ventura the Seraphic, as representing Love. Used to make good observations; stor of Innocent IV., on receiving money in his presence, observing that the days wer gone by when the Church would have said, 'Silver and gold have I none.' Aquina answered, 'And when she could say, Arise and walk.'

"Abstracted in habits; broke out at dinner with St. Louis (apropos of nothing with a thump on the table, and an exclamation, 'That's a settler for the Mani cheans,' or words to that effect. Whatever it was, St. Louis had it taken down and I daresay it is in Aquinas somewhere.

"Best edition published at Rome 1570. 17 vols. folio. Ignatius Loyola chos his *Summa Theologia* as the first Jesuit text-book."]

Under the line of prophets, as powers summoned by their voices, are the mythic figures of the seven theological or spiritual, and the seven *geological* or natural sciences: and under the feet of each of them, the figure of its Captain-teacher to the world.

The Seven Earthly Sciences begin with Grammar, on the right, farthest from the window, and are to be read towards the window, thus:—

1. Grammar.	(Under her)	Priscian.[1]
2. Rhetoric.	,,	Cicero.
3. Logic.	,,	Aristotle.
4. Music.	,,	Tubal-Cain.
5. Astronomy.	,,	Atlas, King of Fésole.[2]
6. Geometry.	,,	Euclid.
7. Arithmetic.	,,	Pythagoras.

Then follow, read from right to left, the Heavenly Sciences, thus:—

1. Civil Law.	(Under her)	The Emperor Justinian.
2. Canon Law.	,,	Pope Clement V.
3. Practical Theology.	,,	Peter Lombard.
4. Contemplative Theology.	,,	Boethius.
5. Dogmatic Theology.	,,	Dionysius the Areopagite.
6. Mystic Theology.	,,	St. John Damascene.
7. Polemic Theology.	,,	St. Augustine.

87. Here, then, you have pictorially represented, the system of manly education, supposed in old Florence to be that necessarily instituted in great earthly kingdoms or republics, animated by the Spirit shed down upon the world at Pentecost. How long do you think it will take you, or ought to take, to see such a picture? We were to get to work this morning, as early as might be:[3] you have probably allowed half-an-hour for Santa Maria Novella; half-an-hour for San Lorenzo; an hour for the museum of sculpture at the Bargello; an hour for shopping; and then

[But see below, § 94 *n.*, p. 387.]

[In ed. 1 "Zoroaster" (see Bibliographical Note, p. 288). See below, § 105 *n.*, p. 84, for Ruskin's correction to "Atlas," and for a further suggested emendation.]

[See above, § 68, p. 363.]

it will be lunch time, and you mustn't be late, because yo are to leave by the afternoon train, and must positively l in Rome to-morrow morning. Well, of your half-hour f Santa Maria Novella,—after Ghirlandajo's choir, Orcagna transept, and Cimabue's Madonna, and the painted window have been seen properly, there will remain, suppose, at th utmost, a quarter of an hour for the Spanish Chapel. Th will give you two minutes and a half for each side, two f the ceiling, and three for studying Murray's explanatio or mine. Two minutes and a half you have got, then- (and I observed, during my five weeks' work in the chap that English visitors seldom gave so much)—to read th scheme given you by Simon Memmi of human spiritu education. In order to understand the purport of it, in a the smallest degree, you must summon to your memor in the course of these two minutes and a half, what yo happen to be acquainted with of the doctrines and cha acters of Pythagoras, Aristotle, Dionysius the Areopagit St. Augustine, and the Emperor Justinian, and having farth observed the expressions and actions attributed by the paint to these personages, judge how far he has succeeded reaching a true and worthy ideal of them, and how lar or how subordinate a part in his general scheme of hum learning he supposes their peculiar doctrines properly occupy. For myself, being, to my much sorrow, now old person, and, to my much pride, an old-fashioned one, have not found my powers either of reading or memo in the least increased by any of Mr. Stephenson's or M Wheatstone's inventions; and though indeed I came he from Lucca in three hours instead of a day, which it us to take, I do not think myself able, on that account, to s any picture in Florence in less time than it took formerl or even obliged to hurry myself in any investigations co nected with it.

88. Accordingly, I have myself taken five weeks[1] to s

[1] [See the Introduction, above, pp. xxx.–xxxi. *n.*]

quarter of this picture of Simon Memmi's: and can e you a fairly good account of that quarter, and some rtial account of a fragment or two of those on the other lls: but, alas! only of their pictorial qualities in either e; for I don't myself know anything whatever, worth sting to, about Pythagoras, or Dionysius the Areopagite; l have not had, and never shall have, probably, any time learn much of them; while in the very feeblest light y,—in what the French would express by their excellent rd "lueur,"—I am able to understand something of the racters of Atlas, Aristotle, and Justinian. But this only reases in me the reverence with which I ought to stand ore the work of a painter, who was not only a master of own craft, but so profound a scholar and theologian as be able to conceive this scheme of picture, and write the ine law by which Florence was to live. Which Law, itten in the northern page of this Vaulted Book, we will in quiet interpretation of, if you care to return hither, morrow morning.

THE FIFTH MORNING

THE STRAIT GATE[1]

(I have revised the text of this edition with care; holding it one o the most important minor letters I have written, in its aphorisms of prin ciple with respect to education. Some valuable observations and correction made for me by Mr. G. Collingwood, at Florence, this year, are subjoine in the notes at the bottom of the pages.—J. RUSKIN. *Lucca, October* 12t 1882.[2])

89. As you return this morning to St. Mary's, you may a well observe—the matter before us being concerning gates —that the western façade of the church is of two periods Your Murray refers it all to the latest of these,[3]—I forge when, and do not care,—in which the largest flankin columns, and the entire effective mass of the walls, wit their riband mosaics and high pediment, were built in fron of, and above, what the barbarian renaissance designer chos to leave of the pure old Dominican church. You may se his ungainly jointing at the pedestals of the great columns running through the pretty, parti-coloured base, which wit the "Strait" Gothic doors, and the entire lines of th fronting and flanking tombs (where not restored by th devil-begotten brood of modern Florence), is of pure, an exquisitely severe and refined, fourteenth-century Gothic with superbly carved bearings on its shields. The smal detached line of tombs on the left, untouched in its swee colour and living weed ornament, I would fain have painted

[1] [With this "Morning" and its title, compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 59, § 3 where Ruskin summarises "the immediate gist of it."]

[2] [These notes are signed G. C.; while those added by the author are marke by the date 1882 in square brackets.]

[3] [See p. 130 of the edition of 1864, where the whole façade is attributed t the date 1470 and the design of Leon Battista Alberti. Recent editions follow Ruskin's correction.]

he by stone: but one can never draw in front of a rch in these republican days; for all the blackguard dren of the neighbourhood come to howl, and throw nes, on the steps, and the ball or stone play against these lptured tombs, as a dead wall adapted for that purpose y, is incessant in the fine days when I could have ked.*

If you enter by the door most to the left, or north, and n immediately to the right, on the interior of the wall the façade is an Annunciation, visible enough because l preserved, though in the dark; and extremely pretty ts way,—of the decorated and ornamental school follow- Giotto:—I can't guess by whom, nor does it much ter; but it is well to look at it by way of contrast with delicate, intense, slightly decorated design of Memmi,— which, when you return into the Spanish Chapel, you l feel the dependence for its effect on broad masses of te and pale amber, where the decorative school would e had mosaic of red, blue, and gold.

90. Our first business this morning must be to read and lerstand the writing on the book held open by St. omas Aquinas, for that informs us of the meaning of the ole picture.

It is this text from the book of Wisdom VII. 7, 8.

"Optavi, et datus est mihi sensus.
Invocavi, et venit in me Spiritus Sapientiæ,
Et preposui illam regnis et sedibus."

"I willed, and Sense was given me.
I prayed, and the Spirit of Wisdom came upon me,
And I set her before (preferred her to) kingdoms and thrones."

* I have since bought for St. George's Museum a drawing of these three es, carried out with more patience than I possessed, by Mr. Henry Newman. [1882.[1]]

[The editors are unable to say where Mr. Newman's drawing is. In the George's Museum at Sheffield there is a drawing of the subject made by T. M. Rooke in 1887. For other references to these artists, see Vol. XXI. 43, 302.]

The common translation in our English Apocrypha loses the entire meaning of this passage, which—not only as the statement of the experience of Florence in her own education, but as universally descriptive of the process of all noble education whatever—we had better take pains to understand.

First, says Florence, "I willed (in sense of resolutely desiring), and Sense was given me." You must begin your education with the distinct *resolution* to know what is true, and choice of the strait and rough road to such knowledge. This choice is offered to every youth and maid at some moment of their life; choice between the easy downward road, so broad that we can dance down it in companies, and the steep narrow way, which we must enter alone.* Then, and for many a day afterwards, they need that form of persistent Option, and Will: but day by day, the "Sense" of the rightness of what they have done deepens on them, not in consequence of the effort, but by gift granted in reward of it. And the Sense of difference between right and wrong, and between beautiful and unbeautiful things, is confirmed in the heroic, and fulfilled in the industrious, soul.

That is the process of education in the earthly sciences and the morality connected with them. Reward given to faithful *Volition.*

91. Next, when Moral and Physical senses are perfect comes the desire for education in the higher world, where the senses are no more our Teachers, but the Maker of the

* "Alone" is too strong a word for what I meant—namely, that, however helped or guided by our friends, masters, and predecessors, each of us determines for himself, in the critical moments, what his life is to be when it is right. To the wrong, we may always flow with the stream. [1882.]

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[1] ["Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me: I called upon God and the spirit of wisdom came to me. . . . I preferred her before sceptres and thrones." Compare the notes for the lecture on Botticelli, above, p. 274 *n.*, where the verse is again quoted.]

ses. And that teaching, we cannot get by labour, but y by petition.

"Invocavi, et venit in me Spiritus Sapientiæ"—"I yed, and the Spirit of Wisdom" (not, you observe, *was en*,* but) "*came* upon me." The *personal* power of isdom: the "σοφία" or Santa Sophia, to whom the first at Christian temple was dedicated.[1] This higher wisdom, erning by her presence, all earthly conduct, and by her ching, all earthly art, Florence tells you, she obtained y by prayer.

92. And these two Earthly and Divine sciences are pressed beneath, in the symbols of their divided powers; Seven terrestrial, Seven celestial, whose names have been eady indicated to you:—in which figures I must point one or two technical matters before attempting their erpretation. They are all by Simon Memmi originally; repainted, many of them all over, some hundred years r—(certainly after the discovery of America, as you see[2])—by an artist of considerable power, and some ing for the general action of the figures; but of no nement or carefulness. He dashes paint in huge spaces r the subtle old work; puts in his own chiaro-oscuro ere all had been shadeless, and his own violent colour ere all had been pale; and repaints the faces, so as to ke them, to his notion, prettier and more human: some this upper work has, however, come away since, and the ginal outline, at least, is traceable; while in the face of Logic, the Music, and one or two others, the original k is very pure. Being most interested myself in the hly sciences, I had a scaffolding put up, made on a l with them, and examined them inch by inch, and the owing report will be found accurate until next repainting. For interpretation of them, you must always take the

* I, in careless error, wrote "was given" in *Fors Clavigera* [Letter 60].

[1] [See below, p. 438 *n.*]
[2] [See below, § 110, p. 400.]

central figure of the Science, with the little medallion abo it, and the figure below, all together. Which I proceed do, reading first from left to right for the earthly scienc and then from right to left the heavenly ones, to the cent where their two highest powers sit, side by side.

93. We begin, then, with the first in the list giv above (Vaulted Book, § 86[1]): Grammar, in the corn farthest from the window.

SECTION I

The Seven Earthly Sciences; read from right to left, from the corner opposite the window, to the centre of the side wall.

I. GRAMMAR: more properly Grammaticè, "Gramma Art," the Art of *Letters* or "Literature," or—using t word which to some English ears will carry most weig with it—"Scripture," and its use. The Art of faithful reading what has been written for our learning; and clearly writing what we would make immortal of o thoughts. Power which consists first in recognizing lette secondly, in forming them; thirdly, in the understandi and choice of words which, errorless, shall express o thought. Severe exercises all, reaching—very few livi persons know, how far; beginning properly in childho and then only to be truly acquired. It is wholly impossi —this I say from too sorrowful experience—to conquer any effort of time, habits of the hand (much more of hea and soul), with which the vase of flesh has been form and filled in youth,—the law of God being that pare *shall compel* the child in the day of its obedience into hab of hand, and eye, and soul, which, when it is old, shall n by any strength, or any weakness, be departed from.*

* I italicize this primary sentence: the word "compel" may be re in its mildest sense by really good parents, whose steps their child follow in pure love. [1882.]

[1] [See above, p. 379.]

"Enter ye in," therefore, says Grammaticè, "at the ait Gate."[1] She points through it with her rod, holding ruit (?) for reward, in her left hand. The gate is very iit indeed—her own waist no less so,* her hair fastened se. She had once a white veil binding it, which is lost. t a gushing form of literature, this,—or in any wise posed to subscribe to Mudie's,[2] my English friends—or n patronize Tauchnitz editions of—what is the last new el you see ticketed up to-day in Mr. Goodban's window?[3] looks kindly down, nevertheless, to the three children om she is teaching—two boys and a girl: (Qy. Does mean that one girl out of every two should not be e to read or write? I am quite willing to accept that rence, for my own part,—should perhaps even say, two s out of three[4]). This girl is of the highest classes, wned, † her golden hair falling behind her, the Florentine lle round her hips—(not waist, the object being to leave lungs full play; but to keep the dress always well vn in dancing or running). The boys are of good birth , the nearest one with luxuriant curly hair—only the file of the farther one seen. All reverent and eager. ove, the medallion is of a figure looking at a fountain. derneath, Lord Lindsay says, Priscian, and is, I doubt , right.[5]

94. *Technical Points.*—The figure is said by Crowe to entirely repainted.[6] The *dress* is so, throughout,—both

* I don't see that her waist is straighter than other people's; and she neither stays nor girdle.—(G. C.)

† The crown has been since effaced by advancing decay.—(G. C.)

[1] [Matthew vii. 13.]

[2] [For Ruskin's dislike of circulating libraries, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 32 XVIII. p. 86).]

[3] [Still an English library and bookseller's shop in Florence.]

[4] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 94.]

[5] [In Mr. Caird's notes for Ruskin's intended new edition, Priscian is corrected Donatus, who lived and taught in Rome during the fourth century. He was naster of St. Jerome, and his written grammar was the basis upon which Latin mars for long after were framed." The reference to Lord Lindsay is to *Sketches e History of Christian Art*, vol. iii. p. 37.]

[6] [*New History of Painting in Italy*, 1864, vol. i. p. 370 *n.*]

the hands also;—the fruit, and rod. But the eyes, mout hair above the forehead, and outline of the rest, with tl faded veil, and happily, the traces left of the children, a genuine; the strait gate perfectly so, in the colour unde neath, though reinforced; and the action of the entire figu is well preserved: but there is a curious question abo both the rod and fruit. Seen close, the former perfect assumes the shape of folds of dress gathered up over tl raised right arm, and I am not absolutely sure that tl restorer has not mistaken the folds—at the same tin changing a pen or style into a rod. The fruit also I ha doubts of, as fruit is not so rare at Florence that it shou be made a reward. It is entirely and roughly repainte and is oval in shape. In Giotto's Charity, luckily n restored, at Assisi,[1] the guide-books have always mistake the heart she holds for an apple:—and my own belief that originally, the Grammaticè of Simon Memmi ma with her right hand the sign which said, "Enter ye in the Strait Gate," and with her left, the sign which sai "My son, give me thine Heart."[2]

95. II. Rhetoric. Next to learning how to read a write, you are to learn to speak; and, young ladies a gentlemen, observe,—to speak as little as possible, it farther implied, till you *have* learned.

In the streets of Florence at this day you may he much of what some people would call "rhetoric"—ve passionate speaking indeed, and quite "from the heart"- such hearts as the people have got.* That is to say, y never hear a word uttered but in a rage, either just rea

* Very noble hearts the *people*,—meaning the peasantry,—have: b the streets of the great cities bring all evil to the surface, and continua multiply and reverberate its power. [1882.]

[1] [The reference is to "The Marriage of S. Francis and Poverty," to wh Charity gives a heart: see the description of the fresco in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter and compare the fresco of Charity at Padua, where again Charity holds a heart her hand (*ibid.*, Letter 7).]

[2] [Proverbs xxiii. 26.]

burst, or for the most part, explosive instantly: every-
dy—man, woman, or child—roaring out their incontinent,
olish, infinitely contemptible opinions and wills, on every
allest occasion, with flashing eyes, hoarsely shrieking and
sted voices,—insane hope to drag by vociferation what-
er they would have, out of man and God.

Now consider Simon Memmi's Rhetoric. The science
Speaking; primarily of making oneself *heard* therefore:
hich is not to be done by shouting. She alone, of all the
ences, carries a scroll: and although a speaker, gives you
mething to read. It is not thrust forward at you at all,
t held quietly down with her beautiful depressed right
nd; her left hand set coolly and strongly on her side.

And you will find that, thus, she alone of all the
ences *needs no use of her hands.* All the others have
me important business for them;—she, none. She can
all with her lips, holding scroll, or bridle, or what you
ll, with her right hand, her left on her side.

Again, look at the talkers in the streets of Florence,
d see how, being essentially *un*able to talk, they try to
ake lips of their fingers! How they poke, wave, flourish,
int, jerk, shake finger and fist at their antagonists—dumb
sentially, all the while, if they knew it; unpersuasive and
effectual, as the shaking of tree branches in the wind.

96. You will at first think her figure ungainly and stiff.
is so, partly; the dress being more coarsely repainted
an in any other of the series. But she is meant to be
th stout and strong. What she has to say is indeed to
rsuade you, if possible; but assuredly to overpower you.
nd *she* has not the Florentine girdle, for she does not
ant to move. She has her girdle broad at the waist—of
l the sciences, you would at first have thought, the one
at most needed breath! No, says Simon Memmi. You
ant breath to run, or dance, or fight with. But to speak!
-If you know *how*, you can do your work with few
ords; very little of this pure Florentine air will be enough,
you shape it rightly.

Note, also, that calm setting of her hand against h side. You think Rhetoric should be glowing, fervid, in petuous? No, says Simon Memmi. Above all things,- *cool.*

And now let us read what is written on her scroll:- Mulceo, dum loquor, varios induta colores.

Her chief function, to melt; make soft, thaw the hear of men with kind fire; to overpower with peace; and brin rest, with rainbow colours. The chief mission of all wor that they should be of comfort.

You think the function of words is to excite? Wh a red rag will do that, or a blast through a brass pip But to give calm and gentle *heat;* to be as the sout wind, and the iridescent rain, to all bitterness of frost; an bring at once strength, and healing. This is the work human lips, taught of God.

97. One farther and final lesson is given in the meda lion above. Aristotle, and too many modern rhetoricia of his school, thought there could be good speaking in false cause. But above Simon Memmi's Rhetoric is *Trut* with her mirror.*

There is a curious feeling, almost innate in men, th though they are bound to speak truth, in speaking to single person, they may lie as much as they please, pr vided they lie to two or more people at once. There the same feeling about killing: most people would shrin from shooting one innocent man; but will fire a mitrailleus contentedly into an innocent regiment.

When you look down from the figure of the Scienc to that of Cicero, beneath, you will at first think it entirel overthrows my conclusion that Rhetoric has no need of he hands. For Cicero, it appears, has *three* instead of two.

The uppermost, at his chin, is the only genuine on That raised, with the finger up, is entirely false. That o

* Same figure as Rhetoric, plus the mirror. Memmi therefore think Rhetoric and Truth are one.—(G. C.)

J. Ruskin, after Simon. Memmi Allen & Co. Sc

"Logic" and "Rhetoric"

From the fresco in the Spanish Chapel

ıe book, is repainted so as to defy conjecture of its original ;tion.

But observe how the gesture of the true one confirms, ıstead of overthrowing, what I have said above. Cicero not speaking at all, but profoundly thinking *before* e speaks. It is the most abstractedly thoughtful face to e found among all the philosophers; and very beautiful. he whole is under Solomon, in the line of Prophets.

98. *Technical Points.*—These two figures have suffered om restoration more than any others, but the right hand f Rhetoric is still entirely genuine, and the left, except the ıds of the fingers. The ear, and hair just above it, are uite safe, the head well set on its original line, but the own of leaves rudely retouched, and then faded. All ıe lower part of the figure of Cicero has been not only epainted, but changed; the face is genuine—I believe touched; but so cautiously and skilfully, that it is probably now more beautiful than at first.

99. III. Logic. The science of Reasoning, or more ccurately Reason herself, or pure intelligence.

Science to be gained *after* that of Expression, says imon Memmi; so, young people, it appears that, though ou must not speak before you have been taught how to peak, you may yet properly speak before you have been aught how to think.

For, indeed, it is only by frank speaking that you *can* earn how to think. And it is no matter how wrong the rst thoughts you have may be, provided you express them learly,—and are willing to have them put right.

Fortunately, nearly all of this beautiful figure is virtually afe, the outlines pure everywhere, and the face perfect: he *prettiest*, as far as I know, which exists in Italian art f this early date. It is subtle to the extreme in gradaions of colour: the eyebrows drawn, not with a sweep of he brush, but with separate cross touches in the line of

their growth—absolutely pure in arch; the nose straigh and fine; the lips—playful slightly, proud, unerringly cut the hair flowing in sequent waves, ordered as if in musica time; head perfectly upright on the shoulders; the height of the brow completed by a crimson frontlet set with pearls surmounted by a fleur-de-lys.

Her shoulders are exquisitely drawn, her white jacke fitting close to soft, yet scarcely rising breasts; her arm singularly strong, at perfect rest; her hands, exquisitely delicate. In her right, she holds a branching and leaf bearing rod (the syllogism); in her left, a scorpion with double sting (the dilemma)—more generally, the powers o rational construction and dissolution.*

Beneath her, Aristotle,—intense keenness of search in his half-closed eyes.

Medallion above (less expressive than usual), a man writing, with his head stooped.

The whole under Isaiah, in the line of Prophets.

100. *Technical Points.*—The only parts of this figure which have suffered seriously in repainting are the leaves of the rod, and the scorpion. I have no idea, as I said above, what the background once was; it is now a mere mess of scrabbled grey, carried over the vestiges, still with care much redeemable, of the richly ornamental extremity of the rod, which was a cluster of green leaves on a black ground. But the scorpion is indecipherably injured most of it confused repainting, mixed with the white o the dress, the double sting emphatic enough still, but on the first lines.

The Aristotle is very genuine throughout, except his hat and I think that must be nearly on the old lines, though I cannot trace them. They are good lines, new or old.

101. IV. Music. After you have learned to reason, young people, of course you will be very grave, if not

* See farther the notes on Polemic Theology, § 116. [1882.]

ıll, you think. No, says Simon Memmi. By no means ıything of the kind. After learning to reason, you will arn to sing; for you will want to. There is so much ason for singing in the sweet world, when one thinks ghtly of it. None for grumbling, provided always you *ve* entered in at the strait gate. You will sing all along e road then, in a little while, in a manner pleasant for her people to hear.[1]

This figure has been one of the loveliest in the series, extreme refinement and tender severity being aimed at roughout. She is crowned, not with laurel, but with nall leaves,—I am not sure what they are, being too uch injured: the face thin, abstracted, wistful; the lips ot far open in their low singing; the hair rippling softly the shoulders. She plays on a small organ, richly orna- ented with Gothic tracery, the slope of it set with ockets like those of Santa Maria del Fiore. Simon emmi means that *all* music must be "sacred." Not at you are never to sing anything but hymns; but that natever is rightly called music, or work of the Muses, is vine in help and healing.

The actions of both hands are singularly sweet. The ght is one of the loveliest things I ever saw done in inting. She is keeping down one note only, with her ird finger, seen under the raised fourth: the thumb, just ssing under; all the curves of the fingers exquisite, and e pale light and shade of the rosy flesh relieved against e ivory white and brown of the notes. Only the thumb d end of the forefinger are seen of the left hand, but ey indicate enough its light pressure on the bellows. rtunately, all these portions of the fresco are absolutely act.

102. Underneath, Tubal-Cain. Not Jubal, as you would pect. Jubal is the inventor of musical instruments. ubal-Cain, thought the old Florentines, invented harmony

[1] [Compare *Præterita*, iii. § 81, where Ruskin quotes this passage.]

itself. They, the best smiths in the world, knew the differences in tones of hammer-strokes on anvil. Curiously enough, the only piece of true part-singing, done beautifully and joyfully, which I have heard this year (1874) in Italy (being south of Alps exactly six months, and ranging from Genoa to Palermo) was out of a busy smithy at Perugia. Of bestial howling, and entirely frantic vomiting up of hopelessly damned souls through their still carnal throats, I have heard more than, please God, I will ever endure the hearing of again, in one of His summers.[1]

You think Tubal-Cain very ugly? Yes. Much like a shaggy baboon: not accidentally, but with most scientific understanding of baboon character. Men must have looked like that, before they had invented harmony, or felt that one note differed from another, says Simon Memmi. Darwinism, like all widely popular and widely mischievous fallacies, has many a curious gleam and grain of truth in its tissue.

Under Moses.[2]

Medallion, a youth drinking. Otherwise, you might have thought only church music meant, and not feast music also.

103. *Technical Points.*—The Tubal-Cain, one of the most entirely pure and precious remnants of the old painting, nothing lost, and nothing but the redder ends of his beard retouched. Green dress of Music, in the body and over limbs, entirely repainted: it was once beautifully embroidered: sleeves, partly genuine, hands perfect, face and hair nearly so. Leaf crown faded and broken away, but not retouched.

104. V. Astronomy. By her ancient name Astrology, as we say Theology, not Theonomy: the knowledge of s

[1] [Compare the Introduction, above, p. xlviii.]

[2] [*i.e.*, the figures of Music and Tubal-Cain (with the medallion) are under Moses in the upper line of patriarchs, etc.]

uch of the stars as we can know wisely; not the attempt
define their laws for them. Not that it is unbecoming
us to find out, if we can, that they move in ellipses,
d so on; but it is no business of ours. What effects
eir rising and setting have on man, and beast, and leaf;
hat their times and changes are, seen and felt in this
orld, it is our business to know, passing our nights, if
akefully, by that divine candle-light, and no other.

She wears a dark purple robe; holds in her left hand the
llow globe with golden zodiac and meridians: lifts her
ght hand in noble awe.

"When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy
gers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained."[1]

Crowned with gold, her dark hair in elliptic waves,
und with glittering chains of pearl. Her eyes dark,
ted.

105. Beneath her, Zoroaster,* entirely noble and beautiful,
e delicate Persian head made softer still by the elabo-
tely wreathed silken hair, twisted into the pointed beard,
d into tapering plaits, falling on his shoulders. The head
tirely thrown back, he looks up with no distortion of the
licately arched brow: writing, as he gazes.

For the association of the religion of the Magi with
eir own, in the mind of the Florentines of this time, see
Before the Soldan."[2]

The dress must always have been white, because of its

* Atlas! according to poor Vasari, and sundry modern guides. I find sari's mistakes usually of this *brightly* blundering kind. In matters needing earch, after a while, I find *he* is right, usually. [1876.]
And I *did* find him right myself, after farther "research"—the "Atlas" question being the builder and first king of Fésole! but how far Magian Persian, I know not; only in the fresco he is, I believe, represented as tching the stars for the hour to lay the first stone of his city.—J. R., rence, October, 1882.[3]

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[1] [Psalms viii. 3.]
[2] [See above, p. 353.]
[3] [In Mr. Caird's later notes, for Ruskin's intended new edition of the book, tolemy" is suggested instead of Zoroaster or Atlas: see below, p. 456.]

beautiful opposition to the purple above and that of Tubal-Cain beside it. But it has been too much repainted to be trusted anywhere, nothing left but a fold or two in the sleeves. The cast of it from the knees down is entirely beautiful, and I suppose on the old lines; but the restorer also could throw a fold well when he chose. The warm light which relieves the purple of Atlas above, is laid in by him. I don't know if I should have liked it better, flat, as it was, against the dark purple; it seems to me quite beautiful now. The full red flush on the face of the Astronomy is the restorer's doing also. She was much paler, if not quite pale.

Under St. Luke.

Medallion, a stern man, with sickle and spade. For the flowers, and for us, when stars have risen and set such and such times;—remember.

106. *Technical Points.*—Left hand, globe, most of the important folds of the purple dress, eyes, mouth, hair in great part, and crown, genuine. Golden tracery on border of dress lost; extremity of falling folds from left sleeve altered and confused, but the confusion prettily got out of. Right hand and much of face and dress repainted.

Zoroaster's head quite pure. Dress repainted, but carefully, leaving the hair untouched. Right hand and pen, now a common feathered quill, entirely repainted, but dexterously and with feeling. The hand was once slightly different in position, and held, most probably, a style.

107. VI. Geometry. You have now learned, young ladies and gentlemen, to read, to speak, to think, to sing, and to see. You are getting old, and will have soon to think of being married; you must learn to build your house, therefore. Here is your carpenter's square for you, and you may safely and wisely contemplate the ground a little, and the measures and laws relating to that, seeing you have got to abide upon it:—and have properly looked

J. Ruskin

Allen & Co.

Astronomy

From the fresco in the Spanish Chapel

t the stars; not before then, lest, had you studied the round first, you might perchance never have raised your eads from it.

Geometry is here considered as the arbitress of all laws f practical labour, issuing in beauty.

She looks down, a little puzzled, greatly interested, olding her carpenter's square in her left hand, not wanting hat but for practical work; following a diagram with her ight.

Her beauty, altogether soft and in curves, I commend o your notice, as the exact opposite of what a vulgar esigner would have imagined for her. Note the wreath of air at the back of her head, which, though fastened by *spiral* fillet, escapes at last, and flies off loose in a weeping curve. Contemplative Theology is the only other f the sciences who has such wavy hair.

Beneath her, Euclid, in white turban. Very fine and riginal work throughout; but nothing of special interest n him.

Under St. Matthew.

Medallion, a soldier with a straight sword (best for cience of defence), octagon shield, helmet like the beehive ap of Canton Vaud. As the secondary use of music in easting, so the secondary use of geometry in war—her oble art being all in sweetest peace—is shown in the nedallion.

Technical Points.—It is more than fortunate that in early every figure, the original outline of the hair is safe. Geometry's has scarcely been retouched at all, except at he ends, once in single knots, now in confused double nes. The hands, girdle, most of the dress, and her black arpenter's square, are original. Face and breast repainted.

108. VII. Arithmetic. Having built your house, young eople, and understanding the light of heaven, and the neasures of earth, you may marry—and can't do better.

And here is now your conclusive science, which you will have to apply, all your days, to all your affairs.

The Science of Number. Infinite in solemnity of use in Italy at this time; including, of course, whatever was known of the higher abstract mathematics and mysteries of numbers, but reverenced especially in its vital necessity to the prosperity of families and kingdoms; and first fully so understood here in commercial Florence.

Her hand lifted, with two fingers bent, two straight, solemnly enforcing on your attention her primal law—Two and two are—four, you observe,—not five, as those unhappy usurers think.

Under her, Pythagoras.

Above, medallion of king, with sceptre and globe, counting money. Have you ever chanced to read carefully Carlyle's account of the foundation of the existing Prussian empire, in economy?[1]

You can, at all events, consider with yourself a little, what empire this Queen of the terrestrial sciences must hold over the rest, if they are to be put to good use; or what depth and breadth of application there is in the brief parables of the counted cost of Power, and number of Armies.

To give a very minor, but characteristic instance. I have always felt that, with my intense love of the Alps, I ought to have been able to make a drawing of Chamouni, or the vale of Cluse, which should give people more pleasure than a photograph; but I always wanted to do it as I saw it, and engrave pine for pine, and crag for crag, like Albert Dürer. I broke my strength down for many a year, always tiring of my work, or finding the leaves drop off, or the snow come on, before I had well begun what I meant to do. If I had only *counted* my pines first,[2] and

[1] [See Ruskin's analysis of it in his Appendix to *Crown of Wild Olive* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 515 *seq.*).]

[2] [See the Notes on his Bond Street Exhibition of 1878, where this same point is referred to: Vol. XIII. pp. 510, 513.]

lculated the number of hours necessary to do them in e manner of Dürer, I should have saved the available awing time of some five years, spent in vain effort. But urner counted his pines, and did all that could be done r them, and rested content with that.

109. And how often in greater affairs of life, the arithetical part of the business must become the dominant e! How many and how much have we? How many d how much do we want? How constantly does noble rithmetic of the finite lose itself in base Avarice of e Infinite, and in blind imagination of it! In counting minutes, is our arithmetic ever solicitous enough? In unting our days, is she ever severe enough? How we rink from reckoning in their decades, the diminished ore of them! And if we ever pray the solemn prayer at we may be taught to number them,[1] do we even try do it after praying?

Technical Points.—The Pythagoras almost entirely genuine. ne upper figures, from this inclusive to the outer wall, I ve not been able to examine thoroughly, my scaffolding t extending beyond the Geometry.

Here then we have the sum of sciences—seven, according the Florentine mind—necessary to the secular education man and woman. Of these the modern average respectle English gentleman and gentlewoman know usually only little of the last, and entirely hate the prudent applicaons of that: being unacquainted, except as they chance re and there to pick up a broken piece of informaon, with either grammar, rhetoric, music,* astronomy, or

* In all the classic, simple, and eternal modes of it. [1882.[2]]

[1] [Psalms xc. 12. For Ruskin's own habit of numbering his days, see the ount of his diary in Vol. VII. p. xxiii.]

[2] [Though not so indicated in previous editions, this note was added in 1882, lacing the following in ed. 1 :—

"Being able to play the piano and admire Mendelssohn is not knowing music."

r Ruskin's views on Mendelssohn, see Vol. XXII. p. 497.]

geometry; and are not only unacquainted with logic, or the use of reason, themselves, but instinctively antagonistic to its use by anybody else.

110. We are now to read the series of the Divine sciences, beginning at the opposite side, next the window.

SECTION II

The Seven Heavenly Sciences; read from left to right; from the corner next the window to the centre of the wall

I. Civil Law. Civil, or "of citizens," not only as distinguished from Ecclesiastical, but from *Local* law. She is the universal Justice of the peaceful relations of men throughout the world, therefore holds the globe, with its *three* quarters, white, as being justly governed, in her left hand.

She is also the law of eternal *equity*, not of *erring statute;* therefore holds her sword *level* across her breast.

She is the foundation of all other divine science. To know anything whatever about God, you must begin by being Just.

Dressed in red, *which in these frescoes is always a sign of power, or zeal;* but her face very calm, gentle, and beautiful. Her hair bound close, and crowned by the royal circlet of gold, with pure thirteenth-century strawberry-leaf ornament.

Under her, the Emperor Justinian, in blue, with conical mitre of white and gold; the face in profile very beautiful. The imperial staff in his right hand, the Institutes in his left.

Medallion, a figure, apparently in distress, appealing for justice. (Trajan's suppliant widow?)

Technical Points.—The three divisions of the globe in her hand were originally inscribed Asia, Africa, Europe. The restorer has ingeniously changed Af into Ame—rica. Faces, both of the science and emperor, little retouched, nor any of the rest altered.

111. II. Christian Law. After the justice which rules
n, comes that which rules the Church of Christ. The
tinction is not between secular law and ecclesiastical
hority, but between the rough equity of humanity, and
discriminate compassion of Christian discipline.

In full, straight-falling, golden robe, with white mantle
r it; a church in her left hand; her right raised, with
forefinger lifted (indicating heavenly source of all Chris-
n law? or warning?).

Head-dress, a white veil floating into folds in the air.
u will find nothing in these frescoes without significance;
l as the escaping hair of Geometry indicates the infinite
ditions of lines of the higher orders, so the floating
l here indicates that the higher relations of Christian
tice are indefinable. So her golden mantle signifies that
is a glorious and excellent justice beyond that which
christian men conceive; while the severely falling lines
the folds, which form a kind of gabled niche for the
d of the Pope beneath, correspond with the strictness of
e Church discipline, and of the firmer as well as more
inous statute.

Beneath, Pope Clement V., in red, lifting his hand, not
the position of benediction, but, I suppose, of injunction,
nly the forefinger straight, the second a little bent, the
o last quite.[1] Note the strict level of the book; and the
tical directness of the key.

The medallion puzzles me. It looks like a figure count-
money.*

* Probably a doctor expounding laws: the points of his fingers being
ched in order.—(G. C.[2])

[1] [Mr. Caird's note for Ruskin's intended new edition is: "He is in precisely
position of the Pope in the opposite fresco [see p. 438], holding up his right
d in the attitude of the *Latin* benediction. The second finger is slightly
ked because it is impossible to keep it straight, especially with a glove on."]

[2] [Mr. Caird's note is: "The medallion represents a scholar turning in the
d finger of his left hand with the index of his right. Christian law is divinely
n, and the enforcement of it is entrusted to the learned:—

'Invocavi, et venit in me Spiritus Sapientiæ,
Et præposui illam regnis et sedibus.'"

above, p. 383.]

Technical Points.—Fairly well preserved; but the face
the Science retouched: the grotesquely false perspective
the Pope's tiara, one of the most curiously naïve exampl
of the entirely ignorant feeling after merely scientific tru
of form which still characterized Italian art.

Type of church interesting in its extreme simplicity;
idea of transept, campanile, or dome.

112. III. Practical Theology. The beginning of t
knowledge of God being Human Justice, and its elemer
defined by Christian Law, the application of the law
defined follows, first with respect to man, then with respe
to God.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—a
to God the things that are God's."[1]

We have therefore now following, two sciences, one
our duty to men, the other to their Maker.

This is the first: duty to men. She holds a circu
medallion, representing Christ preaching on the Mount, a
points with her right hand to the earth.

The sermon on the Mount is perfectly expressed
the craggy pinnacle in front of Christ, and the high da
horizon. There is curious evidence throughout all the
frescoes of Simon Memmi's having read the Gospels with
quite clear understanding of their innermost meaning.

I have called this science, Practical Theology:—the
structive knowledge, that is to say, of what God wou
have us to do, personally, in any given human relatio
and the speaking His Gospel therefore by act. "Let yo
light so shine before men."[2]

She wears a green dress, like Music; her hair in t
Arabian arch, with jewelled diadem.

Under David.

Medallion, Almsgiving.

Beneath her, Peter Lombard.

[1] [Matthew xxii. 21.]
[2] [Matthew v. 16.

Technical Points.—It is curious that while the instinct perspective was not strong enough to enable any painter this time to foreshorten a foot, it yet suggested to them expression of elevation by raising the horizon.

I have not examined the retouching. The hair and dem at least are genuine, the face is dignified and compassionate, and much on the old lines.

113. IV. Devotional Theology. Giving glory to God, more accurately, whatever feelings He desires us to ve towards Him, whether of affection or awe.

This is the science or method of *devotion* for Christians iversally, just as the Practical Theology is their science method of *action.*

In blue and red: a narrow black rod still traceable in left hand; I am not sure of its meaning. ("Thy rod d Thy staff, they comfort me?"[1]) The other hand open admiration, like Astronomy's; but Devotion's is held at breast. Her head very characteristic of Memmi, with turned eyes, and Arab arch in hair.[2]

Under St. Paul.

Medallion, a mother lifting her hands: teaching her ld the first elements of religion?

Beneath her, Boethius.[3]

Technical Points.—Both figures very genuine, and the inting of Boethius's black book, as of the red one the next fresco, worth notice, showing how pleasant d interesting the commonest things become, when well inted.

114. V. Dogmatic Theology. After action and worship,

[1] [Psalms xxiii. 4.]

[2] [In ed. 1 the description of Dionysius was here transposed from the next nce. This, with incidental confusions, is the mistake referred to in § 118; for details, see Bibliographical Note (above, p. 290).]

[3] [Mr. Caird's note is: "With an abstracted expression, grasps his chin with his t hand; in his left, a book."]

thought becoming too wide and difficult, the need of dogi becomes felt; the assertion, that is, within limited range, the things that are to be believed.

Since whatever pride and folly pollute Christian schol ship naturally delight in dogma, the science itself cannot b be in a kind of disgrace among sensible men: neverthel it would be difficult to overvalue the peace and securi which have been given to humble persons by forms creed; and it is evident that either there is no such thi as theology, or some of its knowledge must be thus, not expressible, at least reducible within certain limits expression, so as to be protected from misinterpretation.

In red,—again the sign of power,—crowned with a bla (once golden?) triple* crown, emblematic of the Trini The left hand holding a scoop for winnowing corn; t other points upwards. "Prove all things—hold fast th which is good, or of God."[1]

Under her, Dionysius the Areopagite—mending his pe But I am doubtful of Lord Lindsay's identification of tl figure, and the action is curiously common and meanin less. It may have meant that meditative theology is esse tially a writer, not a preacher.[2]

Under St. Mark.

Medallion, female figure laying hands on breast.†

Technical Points.—I have not examined the upp figure; the lower one is almost entirely genuine, and t painting of the red book quite exemplary in fresco style.

* Three-cusped, better than triple, which would mean the papal tia and I think it was *outlined* with black only.—(G. C.)

† The right laid on the breast, the left holds her girdle.[3]—(G. C.)

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[1] [1 Thessalonians v. 15.]

[2] [See *Sketches of the History of Christian Art,* vol. iii. p. 39. Mr. Caird's n is: "Dionysius the Areopagite mending his pen, or looking for a hair in it: signify perhaps that dogma should be written clearly."]

[3] [Her cloak, rather.]

115. VI. Mystic Theology.* Monastic science, above ma, and attaining to new revelation by reaching higher ritual states.

In white robes, her left hand gloved (I don't know y) †—holding chalice. She wears a nun's veil fastened ler her chin, her hair fastened close, like Grammar's, wing her necessarily monastic life; all states of mystic ritual life involving retreat from much that is allowable the material and practical world.

There is no possibility of denying this fact, infinite as evils are which have arisen from misconception of it. ey have been chiefly induced by persons who falsely tended to lead monastic life, and led it without having ural faculty for it. But many more lamentable errors e arisen from the pride of really noble persons, who have ught it would be a more pleasing thing to God to be a yl or a witch, than a useful housewife. Pride is always newhat involved even in the true effort: the scarlet d-dress in the form of a horn on the forehead in the sco may perhaps indicate this, both here, and in the ntemplative Theology.[1]

Under St. John.

Medallion unintelligible, to me. A woman laying hands the shoulders ‡ of two small figures.

Technical Points.—More of the minute folds of the ite dress left than in any other of the repainted draperies. is curious that minute division has always in drapery,

* Blunderingly in the guide-books called "Faith"!

† I think the remnant of a falcon's wing is traceable above the hand.—C.)

Well,—but if so—why? Monks don't ride a-hawking. Does it mean falcon's sight—or soaring—or is it the Egyptian falcon emblem of nortality? [1882.]

‡ No, reaching out to them.—(G. C.)

[1] [Here Ruskin omits to mention "Beneath her, St. John Damascene," an old with white beard and soft cap; he has a book under his arm, and is making quill pen.]

more or less, been understood as an expression of spiritua life, from the delicate folds of Athena's peplus down t the rippled edges of modern priests' white robes; Titian's breadth of fold, on the other hand, meaning for the most part bodily power. The relation of the two modes of composition was lost by Michael Angelo, who thought t express spirit by making flesh colossal.

For the rest, the figure is not of any interest, Memmi's own mind being intellectual rather than mystic.

116. VII. Polemic Theology.*

"Who goes forth, conquering and to conquer."

"For we war, not with flesh and blood," etc.[1]

In red, as sign of power, but not in armour, because she is herself invulnerable. A close red cap, with cross for crest, instead of helmet. Bow in left hand; long arrow in right.

She partly means Aggressive Logic: compare the set of her shoulders and arms with Logic's.[2]

She is placed the last of the Heavenly sciences, not as their culminating power, but as the last which can be rightly learned. You must know all the others, before you go out to battle. Whereas the general principle of modern Christendom is to go out to battle without knowing *any one* of the others! one of the reasons for this error, the prince of errors, being the vulgar notion that truth may be ascertained by debate! Truth is never learned, in any department of industry, by arguing, but by working, and observing. And when you have got good hold of one truth, for certain, two others will grow out of it, in a beautifully dicotyledonous fashion (which, as before noticed,[3] is

* Blunderingly called "Charity" in the guide-books.

[1] [Revelation vi. 2; Ephesians vi. 12.]
[2] [See § 99, and Plate XXXVII.]
[3] [See again § 99, p. 392.]

e meaning of the branch in Logic's right hand). Then, ıen you have got so much true knowledge as is worth ·hting for, you are bound to *fight*,*—or to die for it; but t to debate about it, any more.

There is, however, one further reason for Polemic Theo-gy being put beside Mystic. It is only in some approach mystic science that any man becomes aware of what St. ıul means by "spiritual wickedness in heavenly† places"; , in any true sense, knows the enemies of God and of an.

117. Beneath, St. Augustine. Showing you the proper ethod of controversy;—perfectly firm; perfectly gentle.

You are to distinguish, of course, controversy from buke. The assertion of truth is to be always gentle: e chastisement of wilful falsehood may be—very much e contrary indeed. Christ's sermon on the Mount is full polemic theology, yet perfectly gentle:—"Ye have heard at it hath been said—but *I* say unto you;"—"And ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than hers?" and the like. But His "Ye fools and blind, r whether is greater,"[1] is not merely the exposure of ror, but rebuke of the avarice which made that error ssible.

Under the throne of St. Thomas; and next to Arith-etic, of the earthly sciences.

Medallion, a soldier, but not interesting.

* I will not encumber this letter with a defence of Holy Wars, ıether defensive as that for the Scottish Covenant, or aggressive as the ıhometans under the four great Caliphs: the sentence is, I believe, ıherto the only one in which my opinion about them has been stated. 382.]

† With cowardly intentional fallacy, translated "high" in the English ble.[2]

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[1] [Matthew vi. 21, 22, 47, xxiii. 17.]

[2] [In the Greek Testament (Ephesians vi. 12) ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις, and in the ılgate "in cœlestibus." The Revised Version gives correctly "in the heavenly ıces."]

Technical Points.—Very genuine and beautiful throug out. Note the use of St. Augustine's red bands, to conne him with the full red of the upper figure; and compa the niche formed by the dress of Canon Law, above t Pope, for different artistic methods of attaining the sa object,—unity of composition.

But lunch time is near, my friends, and you have th shopping to do, you know.

THE SIXTH MORNING

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

18. I AM obliged to interrupt my account of the Spanish Chapel[1] by the following notes on the sculptures of Giotto's Campanile: first because I find that inaccurate accounts of those sculptures are in course of publication;[2] and chiefly because I cannot finish my work in the Spanish Chapel until one of my good Oxford helpers, Mr. Caird, has completed some investigations he has undertaken for me upon the history connected with it.[3] I had written my own analysis of the fourth side, believing that in every scene of it the figure of St. Dominic was repeated. Mr. Caird first suggested, and has shown me already good grounds for his belief,* that the preaching monks represented are in each scene intended for a different person. I am informed also of several careless mistakes which have got into my description of the fresco of the Sciences;† and finally, another of my young helpers, Mr. Charles F. Murray,[4]—one, however, whose help is given much in the form of antagonism,—informs me of various critical discoveries lately made, both

* He wrote thus to me on 11th November last: "The three preachers are certainly different. The first is Dominic; the second, Peter Martyr, whom I have identified from his martyrdom on the other wall; and the third, Aquinas."

† Corrected in the second edition.

[1] [It was to have been continued by an examination of the other great fresco, under the title of "The Visible Church." This was set up in type by Ruskin, and is now for the first time published: see below, p. 436.]

[2] [See Vol. XXII. p. 478. There had also appeared, shortly before the publication of this chapter, an article by Mr. Sidney Colvin, entitled "Giotto's Gospel of Labour" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, April 1877, vol. 35, pp. 448–460), being the substance of two lectures illustrated with slides from the series of photographs taken for Ruskin in 1874 (see below, p. 464). It appears from a letter to Mr. Caird that Ruskin did not agree in everything said by Mr. Colvin.]

[3] [For the result of these investigations, see now below, p. 455.]

[4] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79, where Ruskin refers to this passage; and see Vol. XXI. p. 299 *n.*]

by himself, and by industrious Germans, of points respec ing the authenticity of this and that, which will requi notice from me: more especially he tells me of certificatio that the picture in the Uffizii, of which I accepted th ordinary attribution to Giotto,[1] is by Lorenzo Monaco,- which indeed may well be, without in the least diminishin the use to you of what I have written of its predella, an without in the least, if you think rightly of the matte diminishing your confidence in what I tell you of Giott generally. There is one kind of knowledge of picture which is the artist's, and another which is the antiquary and the picture-dealer's; the latter especially acute, an founded on very secure and wide knowledge of canva pigment, and tricks of touch, without, necessarily, involv ing any knowledge whatever of the qualities of art itsel There are few practised dealers in the great cities o Europe whose opinion would not be more trustworthy tha mine (if you could *get* it, mind you) on points of actua authenticity.[2] But they could only tell you whether th picture was by such and such a master, and not at all wha either the master or his work was good for. Thus, I hav before now, taken drawings by Varley and by Cozens[3] fo early studies by Turner, and have been convinced by th dealers that they knew better than I, as far as regarde the authenticity of those drawings; but the dealers don know Turner, or the worth of him, so well as I, for a that. So also, you may find me again and again mis taken among the much more confused work of the earl Giottesque schools, as to the authenticity of this work o the other; but you will find (and I say it with far mor sorrow than pride) that I am simply the only person wh can at present tell you the real worth of *any;* you wil find that whenever I tell you to look at a picture, it i worth your pains; and whenever I tell you the character o

[1] [See above, § 27, p. 323.]
[2] [On this subject see the Introduction to Vol. XXII. (p. xxxix.).]
[3] [For Varley, see Vol. III. pp. 275, 472, 529, 625; and for Cozens, Vol. XII p. 55.]

a painter, that it *is* his character, discerned by me faithfully in spite of all confusion of work falsely attributed to him in which similar character may exist. Thus, when I mistook Cozens for Turner, I was looking at a piece of subtlety in the sky of which the dealer had no consciousness whatever, which was essentially Turneresque, but which another man might sometimes equal; whereas the dealer might be only looking at the quality of Whatman's paper, which Cozens used and Turner did not.

119. Not, in the meanwhile, to leave you quite guideless as to the main subject of the fourth fresco in the Spanish Chapel,—the Pilgrim's Progress of Florence,—here is a brief map of it.

On the right, in lowest angle, St. Dominic preaches to the group of Infidels; in the next group towards the left, he (or some one very like him) preaches to the Heretics: the Heretics proving obstinate, he sets his dogs at them, as at the fatallest of wolves, who being driven away, the rescued lambs are gathered at the feet of the Pope. I have copied the head of the very pious, but slightly weak-minded, little lamb in the centre,[1] to compare with my rough Cumberland ones, who have had no such grave experiences. The whole group, with the Pope, above (the niche of the Duomo joining with and enriching the decorative power of his mitre), is a quite delicious piece of design.

The Church being thus pacified, is seen in worldly honour under the powers of the Spiritual and Temporal Rulers. The Pope, with Cardinal and Bishop descending in order on his right; the Emperor, with King and baron descending in order on his left; the ecclesiastical body of the whole Church on the right side, and the laity,—chiefly its poets and artists,—on the left.[2]

[1] [Ruskin's study of the lamb is not known to the editors.]

[2] [Among Ruskin's MSS. is a sheet which may be read at this point, as an alternative to the following paragraph in the text:—

"In these two groups, then, with the beautifully painted actual Church above them, the first clause of the picture ends. The second begins again, above, on the right hand, representative of the scheme of a higher redemption. Respecting which you must first observe that the theology of the

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Then, the redeemed Church nevertheless giving itself up to the vanities and temptations of the world, its forgetful saints are seen feasting with their children dancing before them (the Seven Mortal Sins, say some commentators). But the wise-hearted of them confess their sins to another ghost of St. Dominic; and confessed, becoming as little children,[1] enter hand in hand the gate of the Eternal Paradise, crowned with flowers by the waiting angels, and admitted by St. Peter among the serenely joyful crowd of all the saints, above whom the white Madonna stands reverently before the throne. There is, so far as I know, throughout all the schools of Christian art, no other so perfect statement of the noble policy and religion of men.

120. I had intended to give the best account of it in my power; but, when at Florence, lost all time for writing that I might copy the group of the Pope and Emperor for the schools of Oxford;[2] and the work since done by Mr. Caird has informed me of so much, and given me, in some of its suggestions, so much to think of, that I believe it will be best and most just to print at once his account of the fresco as a supplement to these essays of mine,[3] merely indicating any points on which I have

four niches of this chapel is throughout a scheme of redemption, never one of condemnation. What is to happen to the children who will not learn their grammar; to grown-up people who have no acquaintance with arithmetic; to the obstinate Pagans who still hug their beloved books; or the irreclaimable Heretics who can only be represented as wolves, we are nowhere told. All other Florentine theologians, even the gentlest Angelico, insist at length on the terrors of condemnation and the powers of Hell and of Death. But Simon Memmi only shows the gate of Hades open to give up, not to receive, its prey, and is absolutely silent as to the fate which may be appointed for the blasphemer or betrayer of the faith he has to preach.

"Nevertheless, such betrayal must be represented as possible even after the truest clergy and noblest kings have done their utmost to teach and to protect their people; and in the bosom of the Church itself, in this world, there will be found always a certain number of persons whom no hope can win, no creed purge from the pleasures and passions of their earthly life. To these Christians, who forget their heavenly calling, St. Dominic has here to preach the glory of a higher life."]

[1] [Matthew xviii. 3: see below, p. 452.]

[2] [See Plate XL., No. 123 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 39); and compare the beginning of *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 46, where Ruskin describes the subject.]

[3] [The additional chapter was put into type by Ruskin, and is now included.]

bjections to raise, and so leave matters till Fors lets me ee Florence once more.[1]

Perhaps she may, in kindness, forbid my ever seeing it nore, the wreck of it being now too ghastly and heart-breaking to any human soul that remembers the days of ld.[2] Forty years ago, there was assuredly no spot of ground, ut of Palestine, in all the round world, on which, if you new, even but a little, the true course of that world's istory, you saw with so much joyful reverence the dawn f morning, as at the foot of the Tower of Giotto. For here the traditions of faith and hope, of both the Gentile nd Jewish races, met for their beautiful labour:[3] the Baptis-ery of Florence is the last building raised on the earth by he descendants of the workmen taught by Dædalus; and he Tower of Giotto is the loveliest of those raised on arth under the inspiration of the men who lifted up the abernacle in the wilderness. Of living Greek work there s none after the Florentine Baptistery; of living Christian vork, none so perfect as the Tower of Giotto; and, under he gleam and shadow of their marbles, the morning light vas haunted by the ghosts of the Father of Natural Science, Galileo; of Sacred Art, Angelico, and of the Master of Sacred Song. Which spot of ground the modern Florentine as made his principal hackney-coach stand and omnibus tation. The hackney coaches, with their more or less armyard-like litter of occasional hay, and smell of variously nixed horse-manure, are yet in more permissible harmony with the place than the ordinary populace of a fashionable promenade would be, with its cigars, spitting, and harlot-planned fineries: but the omnibus place of call being in ront of the door of the tower, renders it impossible to tand for a moment near it, to look at the sculptures either of the eastern or southern side; while the north side

[1] [He went there for the last time in September to October, 1882, when he revised *Mornings in Florence*.]

[2] [Compare *Præterita*, ii. § 145.]

[3] [Compare above, p. 240.]

is enclosed with an iron railing, and usually encumbered with lumber as well: not a soul in Florence ever caring now for sight of any piece of its old artists' work: and the mass of strangers being on the whole intent on nothing but getting the omnibus to go by steam; and so seeing the cathedral in one swift circuit, by glimpses between the puffs of it.

121. The front of Notre Dame of Paris was similarly turned into a coach-office when I last saw it—1874.* Within fifty yards of me as I write, the Oratory of the Holy Ghost[1] is used for a tobacco-store, and in fine, over all Europe, mere Caliban bestiality and Satyric ravage—staggering, drunk and desperate, into every once enchanted cell where the prosperity of kingdoms ruled, and the miraculousness of beauty was shrined in peace.

Deluge of profanity, drowning dome and tower in Stygian pool of vilest thought,—nothing now left sacred, in the places where once—nothing was profane.

For *that* is indeed the teaching, if you could receive it, of the Tower of Giotto; as of all Christian art in its day. Next to declaration of the facts of the Gospel, its purpose (often in actual work the eagerest) was to show the *power* of the Gospel. History of Christ in due place; yes, history of all He did, and how He died: but then, and often, as I say, with more animated imagination, the showing of His risen presence in granting the harvests and guiding the labour of the year. All sun and rain, and length or decline of days received from His hand; all joy, and grief, and strength, or cessation of labour, indulged or endured, as in His sight and to His glory. And the familiar employments of the seasons, the homely toils of the peasant, the lowliest skills of the craftsman, are signed always on the stones of the Church, as the first and truest condition of sacrifice and offering.

* See *Fors Clavigera* in that year [Letter 41, § 4].

[1] [The church of the Spirito Santo on the Zattere, Venice, close to the Calcina restaurant, where Ruskin was lodging at the time (see Introduction to Vol. XXIV.).]

122. Of these representations of human art under heavenly uidance, the series of bas-reliefs which stud the base of his tower of Giotto's must be held certainly the chief in Europe.* At first you may be surprised at the smallness f their scale in proportion to their masonry; but this smallness of scale enabled the master workmen of the tower to xecute them with their own hands; and for the rest, in he very finest architecture, the decoration of most precious ind is usually thought of as a jewel, and set with space ound it,—as the jewels of a crown, or the clasp of a girdle. t is in general not possible for a great workman to carve, imself, a greatly conspicuous series of ornament; nay, even is energy fails him in design, when the bas-relief extends self into incrustation, or involves the treatment of great asses of stone. If his own does not, the spectator's will. t would be the work of a long summer's day to examine he over-loaded sculptures of the Certosa of Pavia;[1] and et in the tired last hour, you would be empty-hearted. Read but these inlaid jewels of Giotto's once with patient llowing; and your hour's study will give you strength or all your life. So far as you can, examine them of ourse on the spot; but to know them thoroughly you ust have their photographs: the subdued colour of the ld marble fortunately keeps the lights subdued, so that the hotograph may be made more tender in the shadows than s usual in its renderings of sculpture, and there are few ieces of art which may now be so well known as these, n quiet homes far away.

123. We begin on the western side. There are seven culptures on the western, southern, and northern sides; six n the eastern; counting the Lamb over the entrance door f the tower, which divides the complete series into two

* For account of the series on the main archivolt of St. Mark's, see my ketch of the schools of Venetian sculpture in third number of *St. Mark's est* [§§ 103–105].

[1] [Compare Vol. VIII. p. 50 and *n.*]

groups of eighteen and eight. Itself, between them, being the introduction to the following eight, you must count it as the first of the terminal group: you then have the whole twenty-seven sculptures divided into eighteen and nine.

Thus lettering the groups on each side for West, South, East, and North, we have:

W.	S.	E.	N.	
7	+ 7	+ 6	+ 7	= 27; or,

W.	S.	E.	
7	+ 7	+ 4	= 18; and,

E.	N.	
2	+ 7	= 9.

There is a very special reason for this division by nines; but, for convenience' sake, I shall number the whole from 1 to 27, straightforwardly.[1] And if you will have patience with me, I should like to go round the tower once and again; first observing the general meaning and connection of the subjects, and then going back to examine the technical points in each, and such minor specialities as it may be well, at the first time, to pass over.

124. (1.) The series begins, then, on the west side, with the Creation of Man.[2] It is not the beginning of the story of Genesis; but the simple assertion that God made us, and breathed, and still breathes into our nostrils the breath of life.[3]

This, Giotto tells you to believe as the beginning of all knowledge and all power.* This he tells you to believe, as a thing which he himself knows.

He will tell you nothing but what he *does* know.

* So also the Master-builder of the Ducal Palace of Venice. See *Fors Clavigera* for June of this year (1877) [Letter 78, § 3].

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[1] [Compare the list of subjects on p. 465.]
[2] [For subjects (1), (2), and (3), see Plate XLIII.]
[3] [Genesis ii. 7.]

(2.) Therefore, though Giovanni Pisano and his fellow-sculptors had given, literally, the taking of the rib out of Adam's side,[1] Giotto merely gives the mythic expression of the truth he knows,—"they two shall be one flesh."[2]

(3.) And though all the theologians and poets of his time would have expected, if not demanded, that his next assertion, after that of the Creation of Man, should be of the Fall of Man, he asserts nothing of the kind. He knows nothing of what man was. What he is, he knows best of living men at that hour, and proceeds to say. The next sculpture is of Eve spinning and Adam hewing the ground into clods. Not *digging:* you cannot, usually, dig but in ground already dug. The native earth you must hew.

They are not clothed in skins. What would have been the use of Eve's spinning if she could not weave? They wear, each, one simple piece of drapery, Adam's knotted behind him, Eve's fastened round her neck with a rude brooch.

Above them are an oak and an apple-tree. Into the apple-tree a little bear is trying to climb.

The meaning of which entire myth is, as I read it, that men and women must both eat their bread with toil. That the first duty of man is to feed his family, and the first duty of the woman to clothe it. That the trees of the field are given us for strength and for delight, and that the wild beasts of the field must have their share with us.*

125. (4.) The fourth sculpture, forming the centre-piece of the series on the west side, is nomad pastoral life.[3]

Jabal, the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such

* The oak and apple boughs are placed, with the same meaning, by Sandro Botticelli, in the lap of Zipporah.[4] The figure of the bear is again represented by Jacopo della Quercia, on the north door of the Cathedral of Florence. I am not sure of its complete meaning.

[1] [As in the sculptures on the Cathedral of Orvieto: see above, p. 245.]
[2] [Genesis ii. 24.]
[3] [For subjects (4) to (7), see Plate XLIV.]
[4] [Compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 124 (above, p. 276).]

as have cattle, lifts the curtain of his tent to look out upon his flock. His dog watches it.[1]

(5.) Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.

That is to say, stringed and wind instruments;—the lyre and reed. The first arts (with the Jew and Greek) of the shepherd David, and shepherd Apollo.

Giotto has given him the long level trumpet, afterwards adopted so grandly in the sculptures of La Robbia and Donatello. It is, I think, intended to be of wood, as now the long Swiss horn, and a long and shorter tube are bound together.

(6.) Tubal Cain, the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.

Giotto represents him as sitting, *fully robed*, turning a wedge of bronze on the anvil with extreme watchfulness.

These last three sculptures, observe, represent the life of the race of Cain; of those who are wanderers, and have no home. *Nomad* pastoral life; Nomad artistic life, Wandering Willie; yonder organ man, whom you want to send the policeman after, and the gipsy who is mending the old schoolmistress's kettle on the grass, which the squire has wanted so long to take into his park from the roadside.

(7.) Then the last sculpture of the seven begins the story of the race of Seth, and of home life. The father of it lying drunk under his trellised vine; such the general image of civilized society, in the abstract, thinks Giotto.[2]

With several other meanings, universally known to the Catholic world of that day,—too many to be spoken of here.

126. The second side of the tower represents, after this introduction, the sciences and arts of civilized or home life.

(8.) Astronomy.[3] In nomad life you may serve yourself

[1] [Compare the description of this sculpture in Ruskin's review (1847) of Lord Lindsay, Vol. XII. p. 206; and see the notes on "Giotto's Pet Puppy," below, p. 474.]

[2] [Compare the lecture on Ghiberti, above, pp. 247–248.]

[3] [For subjects (8) to (11), see Plate XLV.]

f the guidance of the stars; but to know the laws of *their* omadic life, your own must be fixed.

The astronomer, with his sextant revolving on a fixed ivot, looks up to the vault of the heavens and beholds ieir zodiac; prescient of what else with optic glass the 'uscan artist viewed, at evening, from the top of Fésole.

Above the dome of heaven, as yet unseen, are the ord of the worlds and His angels. To-day, the Dawn nd the Daystar: to-morrow, the Daystar arising in the eart.[1]

(9.) Defensive architecture. The building of the watch-)wer. The beginning of security in possession.

(10.) Pottery. The making of pot, cup, and platter. he first civilized furniture; the means of heating liquid, nd serving drink and meat with decency and economy.

(11.) Riding. The subduing of animals to domestic ervice.

(12.) Weaving.[2] The making of clothes with swiftness, nd in precision of structure, by help of the loom.

(13.) Law, revealed as directly from heaven.

(14.) Dædalus (not Icarus, but the father trying the ings). The conquest of the element of air.

127. As the seventh subject of the first group introduced ie arts of home after those of the savage wanderer, this eventh of the second group introduces the arts of the issionary, or civilized and gift-bringing wanderer.

(15.) The conquest of the Sea. The helmsman, and wo rowers, rowing as Venetians, face to bow.

(16.) The Conquest of the Earth. Hercules victor over ntæus.[3] Beneficent strength of civilization crushing the vageness of inhumanity.

(17.) Agriculture. The oxen and plough.

(18.) Trade. The cart and horses.

(19.) And now the sculpture over the door of the tower,

[1] [2 Peter i. 19.]
[2] [For subjects (12) to (15), see Plate XLVI.]
[3] [For subjects (16) to (19), see Plate XLVII.]

The Lamb of God, expresses the Law of Sacrifice, and door of ascent to heaven. And then follow the fraterna arts of the Christian world.

(20.) Geometry.[1] Again the angle sculpture, introductory to the following series. We shall see presently why this science must be the foundation of the rest.

(21.) Sculpture.

(22.) Painting.

(23.) Grammar.

(24.) Arithmetic.[2] The laws of number, weight, and measures of capacity.

(25.) Music. The laws of number, weight (or force) and measure, applied to sound.

(26.) Logic. The laws of number and measure applied to thought.[3]

(27.) The Invention of Harmony.

128. You see now — by taking first the great division of pre-Christian and Christian arts, marked by the door of the Tower; and then the divisions into four successive historical periods, marked by its angles—that you have a perfect plan of human civilization. The first side is of the nomad life, learning how to assert its supremacy over other wandering creatures, herbs, and beasts. Then the second side is the fixed home life, developing race and country; then the third side, the human intercourse between strange races; then the fourth side, the harmonious arts of all who are gathered into the fold of Christ.

129. Now let us return to the first angle, and examine piece by piece with care.

(1.) *Creation of Man.*

Scarcely disengaged from the clods of the earth, he opens his eyes to the face of Christ. Like all the rest of the Sculptures, it is less the representation of a past fact

[1] [For subjects (20) to (23), see Plate XLVIII.]

[2] [For subjects (24) to (27), see Plate XLIX.]

[3] [In one of his copies of the book, Ruskin notes, "I have a suspicion that this is not Logic, but Controversy."]

than of a constant one. It is the continual state of man, "of the earth,"[1] yet seeing God.

Christ holds the book of His Law—the "Law of life"[2]—in His left hand.

The trees of the garden above are,—central above Christ, palm (immortal life); above Adam, oak (human life). Pear, and fig, and a large-leaved ground fruit (what?) complete the myth of the Food of life.

As decorative sculpture, these trees are especially to be noticed, with those in the two next subjects, and the Noah's vine, as differing in treatment from Giotto's foliage, of which perfect examples are seen in 16 and 17. Giotto's branches are set in close sheaf-like clusters; and every mass disposed with extreme formality of radiation. The leaves of these first, on the contrary, are arranged with careful concealment of their ornamental system, so as to look inartificial. This is done so studiously as to become, by excess, a little unnatural!—Nature herself is more decorative and formal in grouping. But the occult design is very noble, and every leaf modulated with loving, dignified, exactly right and sufficient finish; not done to show skill, nor with mean forgetfulness of main subject, but in tender completion and harmony with it.

Look at the subdivisions of the palm-leaves with your magnifying glass. The others are less finished in this than in the next subject. Man himself incomplete, the leaves that are created with him, for his life, must not be so.

(Are not his fingers yet short; growing?)

130. (2.) *Creation of Woman.*

Far, in its essential qualities, the transcendent sculpture of this subject; Ghiberti's[3] is only a dainty elaboration and beautification of it, losing its solemnity and simplicity in a flutter of feminine grace. The older sculptor thinks of the

[1] [1 Corinthians xv. 47: "the first man is of the earth, earthy."]

[2] [See Romans viii. 2.]

[3] [See the lecture on Ghiberti, above, pp. 244–245, and Plate XXI.; and for other references to this sculpture by Giotto, see *ibid.*, p. 247, and *Deucalion*, ii. ch. i. 4.]

Uses of Womanhood, and of its dangers and sins, before h thinks of its beauty; but, were the arm not lost, the quie naturalness of this head and breast of Eve, and the bendin grace of the submissive rendering of soul and body to per petual guidance by the hand of Christ—(*grasping* the arm note, for full support)—would be felt to be far beyon Ghiberti's in beauty, as in mythic truth.

The line of her body joins with that of the serpent-ivy round the tree trunk above her: a double myth—of he fall, and her support afterwards by her husband's strength "Thy desire shall be to thy husband."[1] The fruit of the tre —double-set filbert,—telling nevertheless the happy equality

The leaves in this piece are finished with consummat poetical care and precision. Above Adam, laurel (a virtuou woman is a crown to her husband[2]); the filbert for the tw together; the fig, for fruitful household joy (under thy vin and fig-tree*—but vine properly the masculine joy); an the fruit taken by Christ for type of all naturally growin food, in His own hunger.

Examine with lens the ribbing of these leaves, and th insertion on their stem of the three laurel leaves on extrem right: and observe that in all cases the sculptor works th moulding *with* his own part of the design; look how h breaks variously deeper into it, beginning from the foot o Christ, and going up to the left into full depth above th shoulder.

131. (3.) *Original labour.* Much poorer, and intention ally so. For the myth of the creation of humanity, th sculptor uses his best strength, and shows supremely th grace of womanhood; but in representing the first peasan state of life, makes the grace of woman by no means he conspicuous quality. She even walks awkwardly; som feebleness in foreshortening the foot also embarrassing th

* Compare *Fors Clavigera,* February 1877 [Letter 74, § 6].

[1] [Genesis iii. 16.]
[2] [Proverbs xii. 4; 1 Kings iv. 25.]

culptor. He knows its form perfectly—but its perspective, ıot quite yet.

The trees stiff and stunted—they also needing culture. Their fruit dropping at present only into beasts' mouths.

132. (4.) *Jabal.*

If you have looked long enough, and carefully enough, ;t the three previous sculptures, you cannot but feel that he hand here is utterly changed. The drapery sweeps in ›roader, softer, but less true folds; the handling is far nore delicate; exquisitely sensitive to gradation over broad urfaces—scarcely using an incision of any depth but in outine; studiously reserved in appliance of shadow, as a thing ›recious and local—look at it above the puppy's head, and nder the tent. This is assuredly painter's work, not mere sculptor's. I have no doubt whatever it is by the own nand of the shepherd boy of Fésole.[1] Cimabue had found nim drawing (more probably *scratching* with Etrurian point) ›ne of his sheep upon a stone.[2] These, on the central foundation-stone of his tower he engraves, looking back on he fields of life: the time soon near for him to draw the curtains of his tent.[3]

I know no dog like this in method of drawing, and in skill of giving the living form without one touch of chisel for hair, or incision for eye, except the dog barking at Poverty in the great fresco of Assisi.[4]

Take the lens and look at every piece of the work from corner to corner—note especially as a thing which would only have been enjoyed by a painter, and which all great painters do intensely enjoy—the *fringe* of the tent,* and

* "I think Jabal's tent is made of leather; the relaxed intervals between the tent-pegs show a curved ragged edge like leather near the ground" (Mr. Caird). The edge of the opening is still more characteristic, I think.

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[1] [On this subject see the Introduction, above, p. lxiii.]

[2] [See below, p. 474.]

[3] [Giotto began work on the Campanile in July 1334; it had hardly risen above the first storey when he died in January 1337.]

[4] [Described in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 45, though the incident of the dog barking at the feet of Poverty is not there mentioned.]

precise insertion of its point in the angle of the hexagon, prepared for by the archaic masonry indicated in the oblique joint above;* architect and painter thinking at once, and *doing* as they thought.

I gave a lecture to the Eton boys a year or two ago, on little more than the shepherd's dog, which is yet more wonderful in magnified scale of photograph. The lecture is partly published—somewhere, but I can't refer to it.[1]

133. (5.) *Jubal.*

Still Giotto's, though a little less delighted in; but with exquisite introduction of the Gothic of his own tower. See the light surface sculpture of a mosaic design in the horizontal moulding.

Note also the painter's freehand working of the complex mouldings of the table—also resolvedly oblong, not square; see central flower.

(6.) *Tubal Cain.*

Still Giotto's, and entirely exquisite; finished with no less care than the shepherd, to mark the vitality of this art to humanity; the spade and hoe—its heraldic bearing—hung on the hinged door.† For subtlety of execution, note the texture of wooden block under anvil, and of its iron hoop.

The workman's face is the best sermon on the dignity of labour yet spoken by thoughtful man. Liberal Parliaments and fraternal Reformers have nothing essential to say more.

* Prints of these photographs which do not show the masonry all round the hexagon are quite valueless for study.

† Pointed out to me by Mr. Caird, who adds farther, "I saw a forge identical with this one at Pelago the other day,—the anvil resting on a tree-stump: the same fire, bellows, and implements; the door in two parts, the upper part like a shutter, and used for the exposition of finished work as a sign of the craft: and I saw upon it the same finished work of the same shape as in the bas-relief—a spade and a hoe."

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[1] [The lecture, or part of it, is now printed from Ruskin's MS. in an Appendix to this volume (see below, p. 471), but the editors have not traced any previous publication of it.]

(7.) *Noah.*

Andrea Pisano's, more or less imitative of Giotto's ork.

134. (8.) *Astronomy.*

We have a new hand here altogether. The hair and rapery bad; the face expressive, but blunt in cutting; the nall upper heads, necessarily little more than blocked out, n the small scale; but not suggestive of grace in com- letion: the minor detail worked with great mechanical recision, but little feeling; the lion's head, with leaves in s ears, is quite ugly; and by comparing the work of the nall cusped arch at the bottom with Giotto's soft handling the mouldings of his, in 5, you may for ever know mmon mason's work from fine Gothic. The zodiacal signs e quite hard and common in the method of bas-relief, ut quaint enough in design: Capricorn, Aquarius, and isces, on the broad heavenly belt; Taurus upside down, emini, and Cancer, on the small globe.

I think the whole a restoration of the original panel, or se an inferior workman's rendering of Giotto's design, hich the next piece is, with less question.

(9.) *Building.*

The larger figure, I am disposed finally to think, repre- nts civic power, as in Lorenzetti's fresco at Siena.[1] The xtreme rudeness of the minor figures may be guarantee their originality; it is the smoothness of mass and hard dge work that make me suspect the 8th for a restoration.

(10.) *Pottery.*

Very grand; with much painter's feeling, and fine mould- gs again. The *tiled* roof projecting in the shadow above, otects the first Ceramicus-home. I think the women are eant to be carrying some kind of wicker or reed-bound ater-vessel. The Potter's servant explains to them the xtreme advantages of the new invention. I can't make ny conjecture about the author of this piece.

[1] [See *A Joy for Ever*, § 57 (Vol. XVI. p. 54, and Plate I.)]

(11.) *Riding.*

Again Andrea Pisano's, it seems to me. Compare the tossing up of the dress behind the shoulders, in 3 and 2. The head is grand, having nearly an Athenian profile; the loss of the horse's fore-leg prevents me from rightly judging of the entire action. I must leave riders to say.

135. (12.) *Weaving.*

Andrea's again, and of extreme loveliness; the stooping face of the woman at the loom is more like a Leonardo drawing than sculpture. The action of throwing the large shuttle, and all the structure of the loom and its threads distinguishing rude or smooth surface, are quite wonderful. The figure on the right shows the use and grace of finely woven tissue, under and upper—that over the bosom so delicate that the line of separation from the flesh of the neck is unseen.

If you hide with your hand the carved masonry at the bottom, the composition separates itself into two pieces, one disagreeably rectangular. The still more severely rectangular masonry throws out by contrast all that is curved and rounded in the loom, and unites the whole composition: that is its æsthetic function; its historical one is to show that weaving is queen's work, not peasant's; for this is palace masonry.

(13.) *The Giving of Law.* More strictly, of *the* Book of God's Law: the only one which *can* ultimately be obeyed.*

The authorship of this is very embarrassing to me. The

* Mr. Caird convinced me of the real meaning of this sculpture. I had taken it for the giving of a book, writing further of it as follows:—

All books, rightly so called, are Books of Law, and all Scripture is given by inspiration of God. (What *we* now mostly call a book, the infinite reduplication and vibratory echo of a lie, is not given, but belched up out of volcanic clay by the inspiration of the devil.) On the Book-giver's right hand the students in cell, restrained by the lifted right hand:

"Silent, you,—till you know;" then, perhaps, you also.

On the left, the men of the world, kneeling, receive the gift.

Recommendable seal, this, for Mr. Mudie!

Mr. Caird says: "The book is written law, which is given by Justice

face of the central figure is most noble, and all the work good, but not delicate; it is like original work of the master of whose design No. 8 might be a restoration.

(14.) *Dædalus.*

Andrea Pisano again; the head superb, founded on Greek models, feathers of wings wrought with extreme care; but with no precision of arrangement or feeling. How far intentional in awkwardness, I cannot say; but note the good mechanism of the whole plan, with strong standing-board for the feet.

136. (15.) *Navigation.*

An intensely puzzling one; coarse (perhaps unfinished) in work, and done by a man who could not row; the plaited bands used for rowlocks being pulled the wrong way. Right, had the rowers been rowing English-wise:[1] but the water at the boat's head shows its motion forwards, the way the oarsmen look. I cannot make out the action of the figure at the stern: it ought to be steering with the stern oar.

The water seems quite unfinished. Meant, I suppose, for surface and section of sea, with slimy rock at the bottom; but all stupid and inefficient.

(16.) *Hercules and Antæus.*

The earth power, half hidden by the earth, its hair and hand becoming roots, the strength of its life passing through the ground into the oak tree. With Cercyon, but first named (Plato, *Laws*, Book VII., 796[2]), Antæus is the master of contest without use;—φιλονεικίας ἀχρήστου—and is

to the inferiors, that they may know the laws regulating their relations to their superiors—who are also under the hand of law. The vassal is protected by the accessibility of formularized law—the superior is restrained by the right hand of power."

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[1] [And not Venetian-wise: see above, § 127, p. 419.]

[2] ["As regards wrestling, the tricks which Antæus and Cercyon devised in their systems out of a vain spirit of competition (φιλονεικίας ἀχρήστου χάριν) are useless for war." For Antæus, see *Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, § 30 (Vol. XXII. p. 102); and for an incidental reference to this bas-relief, *Ariadne Florentina*, § 247 (*ibid.*, p. 478).]

generally the power of pure selfishness and its various inflation to insolence and degradation to cowardice;—finding its strength only in fall back to its Earth,—he is the master, in a word, of all such kind of persons as have been writing lately about the "interests of England."[1] He is, therefore, the power invoked by Dante to place Virgil and him in the lowest circle of Hell;—"Alcides whilom felt,—that grapple, straitened sore," etc.[2] The Antæus in the sculpture is very grand; but the authorship puzzles me, as of the next piece, by the same hand. I believe both Giotto's design.

137. (17.) *Ploughing.*

The sword in its Christian form. Magnificent: the grandest expression of the power of man over the earth and its strongest creatures that I remember in early sculpture,—(or for that matter, in late). It is the subduing of the bull which the sculptor thinks most of; the plough, though large, is of wood, and the handle slight. But the pawing and bellowing labourer he has bound to it:—here is the victory.

(18.) *The Chariot.*

The horse also subdued to draught—Achilles' chariot in its first, and to be its last, simplicity. The face has probably been grand—the figure is so still. Andrea's, I think by the flying drapery.

(19.) *The Lamb, with the symbol of Resurrection.*

Over the door: "I am the door;—by me, if any man enter in," etc.[3] Put to the right of the tower, you see fearlessly, for the convenience of staircase ascent; all external symmetry being subject with the great builders to interior use;[4] and then, out of the rightly ordained infraction of formal law, comes perfect beauty; and when, as here, the Spirit of Heaven is working with the designer,

[1] [The reference is to discussions of the Eastern Question, with regard to which Ruskin was strongly opposed to the Turkish sympathies of Lord Beaconsfield's Government: compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (§ 16) and Letter 78 (§ 5).]

[2] [*Inferno*, xxxi. 123 (Cary).]

[3] [John x. 9.]

[4] [As, for instance, in the external windows on the sea front of the Ducal Palace: see Vol. X. p. 334.]

is thoughts are suggested in truer order, by the concession o use. After this sculpture come the Christian arts,—hose which necessarily imply the conviction of immortality. Astronomy without Christianity only reaches as far as—"Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels—and put all *things* under his feet";[1]—Christianity says beyond his,—"Know ye not that we shall judge angels" (as also he lower creatures shall judge us!).* The series of sculptures now beginning, therefore, show the arts which *can* nly be accomplished through belief in Christ.

138. (20.) *Geometry.*

Not "mathematics": *they* have been implied long ago n astronomy and architecture: but the due Measuring of he Earth and all that is on it. Actually done only by Christian faith—first inspiration of the great Earth-measurers. Your Prince Henry of Spain,[2] your Columbus, your Captain Cook (whose tomb, with the bright artistic invention and eligious tenderness which are so peculiarly the gifts of the ineteenth century, we have just provided a fence for,[3] of ld cannon open-mouthed, straight up towards Heaven—our modern method of symbolizing the only appeal to Heaven of which the nineteenth century has left itself apable—"The voice of thy Brother's blood crieth to me"[4]—your outworn cannon, now silently agape, but sonorous n the ears of angels with that appeal)—first inspiration,

* In the deep sense of this truth, which underlies all the bright fantasy nd humour of Mr. Courthope's *Paradise of Birds*, that rhyme of the risen pirit of Aristophanes may well be read under the tower of Giotto, beside is watch-dog of the fold.[5]

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[1] [Psalms viii. 5–6; 1 Corinthians vi. 3.]

[2] [A slip of the pen for "Portugal," the reference being to Prince Henry, surnamed "the Navigator," born at Oporto, 1394; died, 1460.]

[3] [A sheet of copper with an inscription, attached to the stump of a cocoa-nut alm, for many years served as the only memorial of Captain Cook's murder by the natives of Hawaii in 1779; but in November 1874 a monument was erected at the pot (Owyhee) by the inhabitants of Honolulu, and the British Government subsequently sent some obsolete guns from Esquimalt "for the purpose of making an nclosure around the memorial" (see *Times*, November 16, 1875).]

[4] [Genesis iv. 10.]

[5] [See the passages from Mr. Courthope's book quoted in *Love's Meinie*, § 123 Vol. XXV.).]

I say, of these; constant inspiration of all who set true landmarks and hold to them, knowing their measure; the devil interfering, I observe,[1] lately in his own way, with the Geometry of Yorkshire, where the landed proprietors,* when the neglected walls by the roadside tumble down, benevolently repair the same, with better stonework, *outside* always of the fallen heaps;—which, the wall being thus built *on* what was the public road, absorb themselves, with help of moss and time, into the heavy swells of the rocky field—and behold, gain of a couple of feet—along so much of the road as needs repairing operations.

This, then, is the first of the Christian sciences: division of land rightly, and the general law of measuring between wisely-held compass points. The type of mensuration, circle in square, on his desk, I use for my first exercise in the *Laws of Fésole.*[2]

139. (21.) *Sculpture.*

The first piece of the closing series on the north side of the Campanile, of which some general points must be first noted, before any special examination.

The two initial ones, Sculpture and Painting, are by tradition the only ones attributed to Giotto's own hand.[3] The fifth, Song, is known, and recognizable in its magnificence, to be by Luca della Robbia. The remaining four are all of Luca's school,—later work therefore, all these five

* I mean no accusation against any class; probably the one-fielded statesman is more eager for his little gain of fifty yards of grass than the squire for his bite and sup out of the gipsy's part of the roadside. But it is notable enough to the passing traveller, to find himself shut into a narrow road between high stone dykes which he can neither see over nor climb over (I always deliberately pitch them down myself, wherever I need a gap), instead of on a broad road between low grey walls with all the moor beyond—and the power of leaping over when he chooses, in innocent trespass for herb, or view, or splinter of grey rock.

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[1] [Observations made, no doubt, during Ruskin's driving tours in Yorkshire: see the Introduction to Vol. XXIV.]

[2] [Fig. 1 in § 7: Vol. XV. p. 358.]

[3] [So attributed by Vasari: see the Introduction, above, p. lxiv.]

ıan any we have been hitherto examining, entirely different
manner, and with late flower-work beneath them instead
our hitherto severe Gothic arches. And it becomes of
›urse instantly a vital question—Did Giotto die leaving
ıe series incomplete, only its subjects chosen, and are these
vo bas-reliefs of Sculpture and Painting among his last
orks?[1] or was the series ever completed, and these later
ıs-reliefs substituted for the earlier ones, under Luca's
fluence, by way of conducting the whole to a grander
ose, and making their order more representative of Floren-
ıe art in its fulness of power?

140. I must repeat, once more, and with greater insist-
ıce respecting Sculpture than Painting, that I do not in
e least set myself up for a critic of authenticity,—but
ly of absolute goodness.[2] My readers may trust me to
ll them what is well done or ill; but by whom, is quite
separate question, needing for any certainty, in this school
much-associated masters and pupils, extremest attention
minute particulars not at all bearing on my objects in
aching.

Of this closing group of sculptures, then, all I can
ll you is that the fifth[3] is a quite magnificent piece of
›rk, and recognizably, to my extreme conviction, Luca
lla Robbia's; that the last, Harmonia, is also fine work;
at those attributed to Giotto are fine in a different way,—
d the other three in reality the poorest pieces in the series,
ough done with much more advanced sculptural dexterity.

But I am chiefly puzzled by the two attributed to
iotto, because they are much coarser than those which
em to me so plainly his on the west side, and slightly
fferent in workmanship—with much that is common to
th, however, in the casting of drapery and mode of intro-
ction of details. The difference may be accounted for
rtly by haste or failing power, partly by the artist's less

[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 58 (Vol. XXII. pp. 336–337).]
[2] [Compare § 118, above, p. 410.]
[3] ["Song," No. 25: below, p. 434.]

deep feeling of the importance of these merely symbolic figures, as compared with those of the Fathers of the Arts; but it is very notable and embarrassing notwithstanding, complicated as it is with extreme resemblance in other particulars.

141. You cannot compare the subjects on the tower itself; but of my series of photographs take 6 and 21,[1] and put them side by side.

I need not dwell on the conditions of resemblance, which are instantly visible; but the *difference* in the treatment of the heads is incomprehensible. That of the Tubal-Cain is exquisitely finished, and with a painter's touch; every lock of the hair laid with studied flow, as in the most beautiful drawing. In the "Sculpture," it is struck out with ordinary tricks of rapid sculptor trade, entirely unfinished, and with offensively frank use of the drill-hole to give picturesque rustication to the beard.

142. Next, put 22 and 5 back to back. You see again the resemblance in the earnestness of both figures, in the unbroken arcs of their backs, in the breaking of the octagon moulding by the pointed angles; and here, even also in the general conception of the heads. But again, in the one, of Painting, the hair is struck with more vulgar indenting and drilling, and the Gothic of the picture-frame is less precise in touch and later in style. Observe, however,—and this may perhaps give us some definite hint for clearing the question,—a picture-frame *would be* less precise in making and later in style, properly, than cusped arches to be put under the feet of the inventor of all musical sound by breath of man. And if you will now compare finally the eager tilting of the workman's seat in 22 and 6, and the working of the wood in the painter's low table for his pots of colour, and his three-legged stool, with that of Tubal-Cain's anvil block; and the way in which the lines of the forge and upper triptych are in each composition used to

[1] [Nos. 6 and 5 are on Plate XLIV.; Nos. 21 and 22 on Plate XLVIII.]

et off the rounding of the head, I believe you will have ttle hesitation in accepting my own view of the matter— amely, that the three pieces of the Fathers of the Arts ere wrought with Giotto's extremest care for the most recious stones of his tower; that also, being a sculptor and ainter, he did the other two, but with quite definite and ilful resolve that they *should be*, as mere symbols of his wn two trades, wholly inferior to the other subjects of the atriarchs; that he made the Sculpture picturesque and old as you see it is, and showed all a sculptor's tricks in ıe work of it; and a sculptor's Greek subject, Bacchus, ɔr the model of it; that he wrought the Painting, as the igher art, with more care, still keeping it subordinate to ıe primal subjects, but showed, for a lesson to all the enerations of painters for evermore,—this one lesson, like is circle of pure line,[1] containing all others,—"Your soul nd body must be all in every touch."[2]

143. I can't resist the expression of a little piece of ersonal exultation, in noticing that he holds his pencil as do myself: no writing master, and no effort (at one time ery steady for many months), having ever cured me of ıat way of holding both pen and pencil between my fore nd second finger; and the third and fourth resting the acks of them on my paper.

144. As I finally arrange these notes for press, I am ırther confirmed in my opinion by discovering little finish- ıgs in the two later pieces which I was not before aware f. I beg the masters of High Art, and sublime gene- alization, to take a good magnifying glass to the "Sculp- ure" and look at the way Giotto has cut the compasses, he edges of the chisels, and the *keyhole of the lock* of the oolbox.

For the rest, nothing could be more probable, in the onfused and perpetually false mass of Florentine tradition, han the preservation of the memory of Giotto's carving his

[1] [See *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, Vol. XXIV. pp. 19, 20.]
[2] [Compare Ruskin's maxim in *Two Paths*, § 54 (Vol. XVI. p. 294).]

own two trades, and the forgetfulness, or quite as likely ignorance, of the part he took with Andrea Pisano in the initial sculptures.

145. I now take up the series of subjects at the point where we broke off, to trace their chain of philosophy to its close.

To Geometry, which gives to every man his possession of house and land, succeed, 21, Sculpture, and 22, Painting the adornments of permanent habitation. And then, the great arts of education in a Christian home. First—

(23.) *Grammar*, or more properly Literature altogether of which we have already seen the ancient power in the Spanish Chapel series;[1] then,

(24.) *Arithmetic*,

central here as also in the Spanish Chapel, for the same reasons; here, more impatiently asserting, with both hands that two, on the right, you observe—and two on the left—do indeed and for ever make Four. Keep your accounts you, with your book of double entry, on that principle and you will be safe in this world and the next, in your steward's office. But by no means so, if you ever admit the usurer's Gospel of Arithmetic, that two and two make Five.

You see by the rich hem of his robe that the asserter of this economical first principle is a man well to do in the world.

(25.) *Song*.

The essential power of music in animal life. Orpheus the symbol of it all, the inventor properly of Music, the law of kindness, as Dædalus of Music, the Law of Construction. Hence the "Orphic life" is one of ideal mercy (vegetarian),—Plato, *Laws*, Book VI., 782,—and he is named first after Dædalus, and in balance to him as head of the school of harmonists, in Book III., 677 (Steph.).[2] Look for

[1] [See above, p. 386.]

[2] ["In those days men are said to have lived a sort of Orphic life, having the use of all lifeless things, but abstaining from all living things." "For it i

ıe two singing birds clapping their wings in the tree
)ove him: then the five mystic beasts,—closest to his feet
ıe irredeemable boar; then lion and bear, tiger, unicorn,
ıd fiery dragon closest to his head, the flames of its mouth
ingling with his breath, as he sings. The audient eagle,
as! has lost the beak, and is only recognizable by his
oud holding of himself; the duck, sleepily delighted after
uddy dinner, close to his shoulder, is a true conquest.
oopoe, or indefinite bird of crested race, behind;[1] of the
her three no clear certainty. The leafage throughout such
only Luca could do, and the whole consummate in skill
ıd understanding.

(26.) *Logic.*

The art of Demonstration. Vulgarest of the whole
ries; far too expressive of the mode in which argument
conducted by those who are not masters of its reins.

(27.) *Harmony.*

Music of Song, in the full power of it, meaning perfect
lucation in all art of the Muses and of civilized life: the
ystery of its concord is taken for the symbol of that
a perfect state; one day, doubtless, of the perfect world.
) prophesies the last corner-stone of the Shepherd's Tower.

dent that the arts were unknown during thousands and thousands of years.
ıd no more than a thousand or two thousand years have elapsed since the dis-
veries of Dædalus, Orpheus, and Palamedes." For the mode of reference to the
ges in Stephanus' edition, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82.]

[1] [Compare *Unto this Last*, § 74 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 100).]

THE SEVENTH MORNING

THE VISIBLE CHURCH

[*By Mr. R. Caird*[1]]

146. Go back to the fourth morning ("The Vaulted Book" to the bottom of page 368—"under the fourth quarte (St. Peter's Ship), the authority and government of th State and Church;" and to page 377—"IV. The Churc sailing on the sea of the World; St. Peter coming to Chris on the waters." The saving power of the Christ of God as He saved Peter, sinking in the Lake of Galilee, so ma He save His Church, sinking in the troubled waters c temporal strife, pray the Dominicans; and Martini put their prayer into visible form for them in the fourth fresc that on the western wall. When he did so the Pope were in exile at Avignon, and the Church was in grea straits; but still to be rescued by Dominicans, thought th Prior of St. Mary's, and forthwith gave a plan to hi painter which, when executed, appeared so beautiful tha Lanzi says it is true poesy in painting.[2]

147. The fresco[3] divides itself into five parts—two lowe two central, and one upper; and it is convenient to tak the lower to your left hand first.

[1] [This is the "Supplement" spoken of by Ruskin in § 120 (p. 412). It consist of Mr. Caird's notes on the fresco, as sent to Ruskin, who had it set up in typ and intended to publish it, but did not carry out his purpose of "indicatin objections," etc.]

[2] ["Some of his larger works may be seen in the Chapter House of the Spanis Friars at Florence, and there the Order of the Preaching Friars are poetically re presented as engaged in the service of the Church, in rejecting innovators and i luring souls to Paradise" (Lanzi's *History of Painting in Italy*, Roscoe's translation Bohn's Library, vol. i. p. 279).]

[3] [Plate XXXIX.]

Photo. G. Brogi

Allen & Co. Sc.

From the fresco in the Spanish Chapel

(I.) As the background of it you see the Church. artini took for his type of the Church Militant, Saint ary of the Flower, now the Cathedral or Duomo, the ouse of God, as Arnolfo originally designed it. And asari tells us "of which designs, through the little care e workmen of St. Mary's had of them, we should have thing to remind us, if Simon had not left them painted this work."[1] But note that the architecture, in its details buttress and window, has been entirely repainted and ered. So that what you see now is by no means the sign of Arnolfo. There are lines of pointed windows, scribed outside of those which the restorer has chosen to bstitute for them, and very much larger.

Observe that the campanile is placed at the tribune end the church, instead of beside the façade, as it is now. was perhaps intended by the first architects to be placed ere, and if so it proves that this fresco was painted not er than 1334, when Giotto laid the foundation of his tch-tower.*

148. In front of the church sit six principal figures: to ur left the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Bishop; to your right e Emperor, a King, and a Duke, for the defence of it. pe and Emperor, Cardinal and King, Bishop and Duke. e Pope is Clement V., the second Pontiff who ruled in ile at Avignon. The Emperor is Henry of Luxembourg, lled Henry VII. for imperial title. The Cardinal is Fra iccolo Albertini of Prato, a Dominican, the first Cardinal the Convent of Saint Mary Novella. The King is hilip the Fair of France. The Duke, Charles of Calabria.

* The argument of modern critics, chiefly German, who deny that Mar- i painted these frescoes, is based upon their having been painted after 40. In 1339 Martini went to Avignon, and there died in 1344. Might not have returned in those five years? But it is more probable, from s evidence of the campanile, that Martini painted at least this fresco 1332.

[1] [In the Life of "Simon and Lippo Memmi" (vol. i. p. 185, Bohn). Mr. Caird, will be seen, correctly calls "Memmi" Martini.]

And the Bishop is Fra Angiolo Acciajuoli, a Dominican, the Bishop of Florence.

149. The Pope is clothed in reddish mauve, crowned with the triple papal crown, which has luckily not been retouched; the gilded Tau cross on his breast, the stem of it going right down, is within the old lines, but the whole is carelessly repainted.* He wears rings on the second, third, and fourth fingers of the left hand, which holds a crozier. The crozier is repainted. I can only trace the old

* The Tau cross ⊤ has been the received emblem of Life, or deliverance from Death, from earliest ages. It is difficult to distinguish the T as a symbol from the × and the + so nearly do their meanings assimilate to each other, Eternal Life being the ultimate signification of the cross in its varied forms. In India the Tau cross was used in the temples, dedicated to Chrishna, the second person in their Trinity, of whom it was the sign; and it was also the emblem of Thoth in Egypt, and of Hermes in Greece (hence its name of Crux Hermis). The cross was well known among the Jews, and there are several ancient traditions connected with the T form of it. It was supposed that the mark on the doors of the Israelites, which the destroying angel passed over in the night, when Israel went out of Egypt, was the T. The pole whence the serpent hung in the wilderness, that they who saw it might live, was said by tradition to be the T cross, and was so represented, in Christian art. And in the Vulgate is the remarkable translation of Ezekiel ix. 4, "et signa Thau super frontes virorum gementium."

It is noticeable also that by the sign T was distinguished in Roman official lists the names of the living soldiers after a battle.

Some of the churches of the age of Constantine were built in the form of a cross, but with very light projections, and I do not know whether usually in the Latin or the T form. The Church of S. Paolo fuori-le-mura at Rome, re-built by Valentinian and the two co-reigning Emperors, took the form of the T with some modifications. The earliest existing example of the T cross as a form for churches is the chapel in the Archiepiscopal palace at Ravenna, built by S. Peter Chrysologus about 440 A.D.

The form of the equilateral or Greek cross for churches, may be said to date from the building of St. Sophia, Constantinople, A.D. 540–548. The architect, Anthemius of Lydia, seems to have been a man of real originality, and his idea appears to have been stamped once for all on the Byzantine Church. He probably saw (as Michael Angelo did a thousand years after, in the building of St. Peter's) that an equilateral cross is essential to the impressiveness and grandeur of a dome; and his church became the model for Eastern Christendom. But the great schism made each Church cling tenaciously to any individualities it has developed, and invest its type of art and ritual with a strong party spirit. Thus the basilica became the western form, developing with the cross.

J. Ruskin. Allen & Co. Sc

The Pope and the Emperor

From the fresco in the Spanish Chapel

lines up to the hand, and I doubt if it ever really was a crozier. He holds his right hand up in the attitude of the Roman benediction, in so far as he can with his glove on. His face has an anxious expression.

150. The Emperor sits with a noteworthy crown on his head. Although the figure is entirely repainted, I think the original features of the face remain, and the crown is intact. It is in three parts—the lower like a king's, showing nine points in front, alternately high and low; the high like fleur-de-lys; the low a little ball; the central part is octagonal, tapering slightly to the top, with scroll work of conventional ornament upon it; and the upper part is pyramidal with similar ornament. It is in relief.

His robe is of pale green—yellow in the light, with broad yellow (perhaps once gold) borders, and lined with reddish mauve like the colour of the Pope's robe. He wears a gold brooch, like a medallion, on his breast, of which the old lines are distinctly traceable. In his left hand he holds a skull; on examination, this proves to be the diabolical invention of the restorer—originally it was merely a globe. In his right hand a sword held erect. This has always been so; but the repainting has not been done strictly on the old lines.

He is the ultimate arbiter in all disputes between the kings of the world.

151. The Cardinal has a most beautiful face, expressive of calm contemplation; he holds a book in his hands, resting upon his knees.

His, the care of order and discipline in spiritual things.

152. The King, Philip, sits gloved, with the rod of rule held vertically in his right hand; in his left a pyx—ruling over a nation of peaceful duchies.

He wears a yellow robe, with a gold band coming over each shoulder, and going down his body in front, and connected by a cross band at his waist. These bands are set with rosettes. Please note that the restorer, in repainting this drapery (as well as all the others), has not taken the

trouble to dispose the folds of it suitably to the sitting posture.

153. The Bishop is perhaps the least touched figure of all, except in the face, and here note what mischief the restorer has done. In the Bishop, Pope, Emperor, and Duke, besides countless faces beneath and to the right, observe the ugly protuberance of mouth and lip. It has been given by drawing a dark, comparatively broad, line between the lips, and extending it beyond the original length of the mouth. Compare it with the delicately sensitive mouth of the Cardinal.

The Bishop is robed in green, with a broad gold border; a gold band goes across his breast and over his shoulders, and hangs down straight in front. He has in his right hand a rod, terminating in a very small cross; with his left he holds up his robe. He wears Bishop's gloves.

154. The Duke has merely a gold fillet on his head, with a running ornamental scroll upon it, and has two gold stripes on each arm; his robe is deep red, in token of strength. In his bared right hand he holds a sword, now long, but originally short; in his left his glove. His expression is stern.

These men were, in their order, the leaders in defence of the Church Militant at that time.

And this we know of them:

155. When the imperial chair was vacant, after the death of Albert in 1308, the German Electors were not agreed about a successor. The French King, Philip, had secretly obtained a promise from Pope Clement, when he assisted him in the election to the papal chair, to promote the election of his brother, Charles of Anjou, as emperor. Clement, afraid of compromising the honour of the Church, consulted the Cardinal of Prato in his difficulty. He advised consultation with the Princes of Germany, and to the question, "Whom shall we make emperor"? replied: "I hear that the Count of Luxemburg is to-day the best

man of the realm (Magna), and the most loyal, and the most frank, and the most Catholic; and I doubt not, if he comes to this dignity through thee, that he will be faithful and obedient to thee and to the Holy Church, and a man to come to the greatest things."[1]

Acting on this advice a convocation was made of the electors, who, previously and secretly instructed by the Cardinal, elected Henry, without any disturbance or dissent. Villani says of him:—

"Henry, Count of Luxemburg, ruled as Emperor four years, seven months, and eighteen days from his first coronation to his end. He was wise, and just, and gracious; valiant and firm in arms; honourable and Catholic; and for the little state which he had by his birth, he was of great heart; feared, and held in respect, and if he had lived longer he would have done the greatest things. He was elected Emperor in the manner aforesaid, and immediately after he received the confirmation of the Pope he had himself crowned in Germany as king, and then pacified all the discords of the barons of the realm with strong mind to come to Rome for the imperial crown, and to make peace in Italy, instead of the divers discords and wars which were there and then to follow the passage over seas to regain the Holy Land, if God had granted it to him."[2]

He went south, taking many cities by the way, and was crowned in Rome by papal legates from Avignon. He was always opposed by the Florentines—for the Guelphs were uppermost, and Dante was an exile. This emperor died in 1313 at Bonconvento, near Siena, on his way to make war upon King Robert of Naples.

156. When in 1311 Henry arrived in Italy, Dante, to sustain and strengthen Ghibellinism, wrote his famous Treatise *De Monarchia*, in which he maintained:—

(1.) That a monarch is necessary to the well-being of human society, and to the best ordering of the world.

(2.) That the office of the monarchy or of the "Impero" belongs by right to the Roman people.

(3.) That its authority is held direct from God, and not from any of His ministers or vicars.

[1] [Villani, book viii. ch. ci. (vol. iv. p. 200).]
[2] [Book ix. ch. i. (vol. v. p. 3).]

In such reverence did Dante hold Henry that in the thirtieth canto of his *Paradise* Beatrice tells him:—

> "In that proud stall—
> On which the crown already o'er its state
> Suspended holds thine eyes, or e'er thyself
> May'st at the wedding sup—shall rest the soul
> Of the great Harry, he who, by the world
> Augustus hail'd, to Italy must come
> Before her day be ripe."[1]

He also wrote to him from Arezzo, as follows:—

"To the most sacred conqueror—our Lord Henry—all Tuscans who desire peace upon earth kiss thy feet. For a witness of the boundless love of God the heredity of peace hath been left to us, that by its marvellous sweetness our harsh warfare may become mild, and in its use we may merit the joys of our celestial Fatherland."

And then proceeds to invite him to come to Tuscany.

He wrote, too, to our Cardinal, Niccolo of Prato, who had been sent by Pope Benedict, Clement's predecessor, to make peace between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. What strife there was between them we know well from Dante's own sad history.

157. Of the Duke we learn that, alarmed by discords among the parties and sects of the citizens, the Florentines in 1325 elected and appointed to be Lord of Florence and of the country appertaining Charles of Calabria, eldest son of Robert, King of Jerusalem and of Sicily, for the space of ten years, and that the people of Florence rejoiced greatly when he accepted the office.

So this picture-poem of Martini's brings vividly before us at least three of the evils of discord:—

1. The exile of the Popes from Italy.
2. The exile of Dante from Florence.
3. The loss of Florentine independence.

The second was probably not thought of by the Dominicans, or greatly cared for; and yet, after five and a half centuries it is the one which affects us most.

[1] [Lines 131–137 (Cary).]

158. Then beyond Duke Charles, to your right, are seven figures, probably representing the Princes or Dukes of Italy —Duke of Urbino, Marquises of Treviso and Ancona, Lord of Este, and three others. Charles of Calabria is placed above them, as representative, being both Lord of Florence and a royal duke. Beneath them is a row of noteworthy figures. Nearest the centre, beside the sheepfold, stands Taddeo Gaddi; next to him in profile, the head only seen, Giotto—his blue hood is ornamented by monograms in gold, a G under a coronet, perhaps in allusion to Dante's line, "Ora ha Giotto il grido,"[1] crowned as a recognized master. Then in a strange white costume—a satire upon French modes — Cimabue, say modern guides, on what authority I cannot discover. Next to him a stern, grey-bearded, thick-set Tuscan, yet with a lurking humour in his small straight eyes—Simon Martini himself.

In the same row, Vasari mentions Francis Petrarch, next to a Knight of Rhodes; and Mecatti[2] names the figure in armour to the extreme right, Count Guido of Poppi.

159. Kneeling beneath these is a group of men and women—holy palmers and worldly penitents. Among the latter Laura—Petrarch's Laura, we call her—with a little tongue of fire between her breast and throat, says Vasari. Commentators call her a personification of the voluptuousness of sensual pleasure—a Gentile Venus.

I interpret this group as voluntary pilgrims expiating offences, and gentle ladies leaving the frivolities of court life to practise charitable deeds—the Defence of the Church by the Example of Penitents. To balance the corresponding figures on the other side of the sheepfold, men and women, blameless of life, in holy orders—the Defence of the Church by the Example of Renunciation. These two respectively under the main groups of the Laity and the Priesthood.

[1] [See above, pp. 202, 333.]

[2] [*Notizie Istoriche riguardanti il Capitolo . . . di Santa Maria Novella, detto comunemente Il Capellone degli Spagnuoli da diversi autori compilate e date alla luce dall' Abate Giuseppe Maria Mecatti* (but really compiled by G. V. Fattoni), 1737, p. 11.]

160. To your left, ruled over by Pope and Cardinal and Bishop, are Generals of Orders, Monks and Nuns.

Observe the Templar joking with a scarlet-robed and hooded dignitary high on the left.

Of the orders you may trace Dominicans and Franciscans, Teachers of Faith and Teachers of Works, of St. Mary's and Holy Cross (see "Santa Croce," p. 299); and several outshoots from the Benedictine which flourished near Florence—the Camaldolesi, so called from Casa Maldolo, the house of Maldolo, who gave the beautiful site of their monastery in the Apennines, some thirty miles from Florence, to Saint Romualdo, of Ravenna, their founder. Of him the Legendary says: "Roaming through the woods and over the mountains, he had always his eyes and his heart turned to the trees and to the fountains and to the fields, delighting in solitude, with which he refreshed his spirit." And thereafter he founded his order, and "then began the new Paradise of heavenly men whose life was contemplation and penitence."

Also the Vallombrosians, an order founded by Saint John Gualberto, a Florentine, and established in the hills nearer Florence than Camaldoli, "in una valle detta ombrosa"—Vallombrosa—a favourite summer pilgrimage for visitors to this day, and beloved by Ariosto and Milton, who is said to have laid the scene of his Paradise there. This order was devoted to the stamping out of heresy and augmenting of the Catholic faith.

There are also Olivetans. They and the Camaldolesi wear white; the Vallombrosians ash colour. A Dominican bishop addresses them; a Benedictine nun, a very beautiful simple young figure, kneels in the foreground beside a fervent Camaldolese in ecstatic prayer; and sitting, Turkish fashion, to the left, an Olivetan is absorbed in study—signifying the Defence of the Church by prayer and study.

161. In the centre, under the feet of the Pope, is the sheepfold, guarded by two dogs—Domini Canes, dogs of the Lord. The one looks up to his charge; the other, with

tail erect, ears pricked, and mouth open, showing gleaming teeth, on the watch for thieves and robbers.

Of these six sheep most have been entirely repainted; but the lamb to your right in the foreground, in sleepy security, scratching his ear, is, I think, untouched.

162. (II.) The second part of the fresco, the lower to your right, represents the Dominicans at work in the world.

Saint Dominic, an elderly man, the first figure to your right, urges on the dogs, black and white, symbolic of the dress of his order, to rescue the lambs, which are being carried off by wolves. This strife goes on in the immediate foreground.

The next figure is Saint Peter Martyr, easily identified by a reference to the picture of his martyrdom in the fresco on the northern (entrance) wall. He is much younger than Dominic. I lay stress upon this identification because most writers on this fresco, if not all, have supposed these three figures (Dominic, Peter Martyr, and Thomas Aquinas) to be Saint Dominic in three phases of his life.

Peter Martyr is arguing with heretics. He was of the order of Preaching Friars, born of heretic parents, "as light arises from darkness, as roses are born of thorns." The Legendary says of him, "In the time of this saint, there were many heretics in Lombardy, and Pope Innocent IV., wishing to weed out the tares which had sprung up among the grain, *and to drive the wolves far from the sheep*, created certain inquisitors of the order of Saint Dominic," among others Peter. He provoked great hatred among the heretics, who ultimately brought about his death.

163. Now see how Martini tells the story. Peter Martyr, addressing these heretics with a keen and by no means conciliating face, is telling off his arguments on the fingers of his left hand, and is just turning in the fourth finger. The heretics are in three rows, the first and third consisting of three, and the second of six, figures.

Beginning with the foremost row, and reading from the top downwards, our figures are:—

Impatience, in a red gown, turning away, and raising his right hand impatiently and derisively, having heard enough of such nonsense.

Volubility (Bunyan's Talkative), in blue, involved in the argument, holding out both hands to the preacher, and speaking eagerly and spitefully.

Insistency, in yellow, lets his left hand hang, and raises his right towards Peter, with the forefinger extended, laying down the law.

Those three are probably doctors or teachers of their sects, having many buttons all down the front of their dresses and on their sleeves.

In the next row you see:—

Sneering, wears a curious sugarloaf dark hat, smiles gently.

Cunning, with a linen cloth wound round about his head, holding his chin in his right hand, like Boethius in the opposite fresco.[1] He is preparing a subtle reply.

Slander, in light blue, addresses himself to two figures of Ignorant Bigotry behind him, pointing to Peter contemptuously with his thumb over his right shoulder.

Pride, with a wearied, careless expression.

Incredulity, smiling.

Anger, reminding us of Cain, who slew Abel because his own deeds were evil and his brother's righteous. He is an old man, in violet robes, with a long white beard, and turns to go away, his teeth clenched, raising his right hand in menace, and carrying away his book.

In the third row are:—

Worldly Wisdom, a lawyer, with a shrewd, keen face; and the two Ignorant Bigots mentioned under Slander.

So much for Peter Martyr preaching ineffectually.

164. Further to the right Saint Thomas Aquinas, too,

[1] [See above, § 113, p. 403 *n.*]

preaches to heretics, but with different method and different result.

I identify him by comparison with the representation of him on the opposite fresco,[1] and with the two figures on this, which I call Dominic and Peter Martyr. He is younger than Dominic, and stouter and less hirsute than Peter, quite answering to the description of him in the Legendary :—

"As to the stature of his body he was tall and erect, and his complexion was of the colour of grain; he had a large head and was a little bald; and was fleshy (carnoso) and of robust strength."

Besides, whereas Peter Martyr's preaching was irritating, Thomas's was convincing, precisely the points which Martini emphasizes.

He was born of noble parentage, and in his youth made marvellous progress in "grammar, rhetoric, logic, and in the other liberal arts." On account of his heavy body, and clumsiness, and little speech, his fellow students at Cologne nicknamed him the "Dumb Ox."[2] "An ox," prophesied his teacher, "whose lowings will be heard throughout Christendom." He was elected a Doctor of the Church, ranking with Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome, the famous four. He faces the heretics with a confident smile, holding in his hand an open Bible. I cannot decipher the text on the left page, it is so much destroyed, and that on the right cannot be construed alone.*

He convinces by the simple word. You remember how Christian said to Piety in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, "But by chance there came a man whose name is Evangelist, and he directed me to the wicket gate, which else I should never have found."

* It runs "Mea detestabuntur inpium : multitudinis usus."

[1] [See above, p. 378.
[2] [See, again, above, p. 378 *n.*]

165. His hearers number sixteen, in four rows deep.

Reading them, as in the former case, we have in the first row:—

Dismay, clasping both hands over his breast, and looking down.

Discomfiture, in a turban, holding his forefinger in his mouth, sees where his arguments failed.

Conviction, two figures (Christian and Hopeful) kneeling, one with arms crossed over his breast, the other with palms joined in the attitude of prayer, looking to the teacher for farther direction.

In the second row:—

Inward Debate, in a red cap, looks sternly before him.

Despair, a very fine face of the Christ type, holding both hands on his ears, unable to hear more.

Doubt, with a beautiful face, holding his book, uncertain whether to give it up or not, and turning away.

Renunciation, an Armenian, with a high red hat, and snaky curls, bends down, tearing the leaves out of his book.

In the third row:—

The two upper figures are rather inexpressive; one resembles Socrates.

Care, holding up both hands, with the palms towards you, with a face full of conviction.

Impotence with mouth open and eyes half shut.

In the fourth row:—

The upper, an Armenian, is inexpressive.

Sorrow, with a fine devotional expression.

Meditation.

Wrath, an angry ruler, but unable to be rude because of the mildness and calmness of the preacher.

Compare Aquinas' face with Augustine's, under Polemic Theology in the opposite fresco.[1]

[1] [See above, § 117, p. 407.]

166. (III.) And now passing from the Church's dealings vith heretics, we come to our third part, central on the ight.

Take the first row of small figures beneath the daïs, and ıote that the young man playing the bagpipes, above whose ıead rises the line of the back of the confessor's chair, eparates two principal divisions of the subject.

Before him, to your right, is Evil; his face is towards t; behind him Good. He is playing to four girls, clothed ı many-coloured fantastic robes, of the hues of the rain-)ow—Iris the Unstable—dancing a circular dance together, ymbolic of the giddy vortex of earthly pleasures. Con-erning this symbolism of parti-colour, note Dante's "fera lla gaietta pelle."[1]

There seems to be no going back from it; there is no eturning figure. But two girls who have ceased from danc-ng are being led "down the flowery way that leads to the)road gate and the great fire,"[2] by another girl, who holds hem each lightly by one finger. They go neither gladly ıor reluctantly; and before them, turning back towards hem a little, another girl goes singing and playing on a ambourine, like a Syren. These figures are all beautiful nd very graceful.

Beside, rather behind, the bagpiper, stand two youths —the one with his arm round the other's neck, looking on t the dancing. Behind them a woman is forcibly dragging ff a young boy, who tries to get away from her to join is two older friends. His attitude is drawn with great)ower, and is very expressive. Note how petulantly he hoves her arm away from him, in his attempt to draw his ıand out of hers. But no; these are no sights for him, she ays, and pulls him away to solace himself in the company f two good boys, who are plucking and eating figs.

And observe that the dancing ground is set thick with

[1] [*Inferno* i. 42: where Dante notes among good omens the gay skin of the anther.]

[2] [*All's Well that Ends Well,* Act iv. sc. 5.]

plants and herbs and flowers, drawn with extremest care and very lovely; but behind the bagpiper the way is plain and unattractive.

This group appears to me to symbolize childhood under tutelage; then youth standing undecided on the threshold of vanity, and the use it makes later of the power given to it to choose between good and evil.

167. Immediately above, on a daïs, sit four large figures throned—the gods of the worldly—two male and two female alternating. These I interpret, reading from the right, as Vain Philosophy, Wantonness, Cruelty, and Vain Music.

Vain Philosophy, representing the speculations and scientific investigations of men accounted wise by the world, and distinctly regarded as hostile to spiritual well-being by the Prior of St. Mary's in this scheme of his. He sits wrapped in inward and carnal cogitations, clothed in long grey robes, holding his chin.

Next to him, a female figure, sits Wantonness, in a red gown, with a strangely imbecile expression in her eyes, playing with a squirrel, which she holds in her lap.

Then Cruelty, represented by the pleasures of the chase, a strong man looking up somewhat proudly; a hawk on his left wrist, pecking at a piece of raw flesh.

And Vain Music, an extremely beautiful figure, playing on a violin, the instrument of merry sounds as opposed to the organ, the instrument of sacred melody, which music plays in the Strait Gate fresco over Tubal-Cain.[1] The organ is played over the Master Smith; the fiddle, over thoughtless dancers.

Vain Philosophy represents the inventors of devilish arts, who in the manufacture of engines of warfare for the destruction of their fellows, and in the making of adulterated food and shoddy clothing, obscure God's sky with foul smoke and pollute His rivers with chemical refuse, as well as the men of crooked counsel who teach heresies and scepticism.

[1] [See above, § 101, p. 393.]

And Cruelty, with its hunting and hawking, brings in :s train banqueting and revelry, and hatred and murder.

168. These set the snares that take *man; woman* is ietted by the other two.

For Wantonness substitutes a toy for her baby, bidding er neglect her household work and sit in idleness and uxury; and Vain Music fiddles to her lascivious strains.

Note the exquisitely beautiful leaf painting in the fruit rees behind these figures.

Beyond, the world is symbolized by an orchard, and in he trees of it are men, with faces all set the downward vay, repeating the sin of Eve, plucking the forbidden fruit nd sharing it with their fellows.

But now look back at the bagpiper, and above his head ou will see the confessor's chair. A Dominican sits in it, nd before him kneels a penitent, much in position in vhich Tintoret placed some of his Doges kneeling before he Madonna in his Ducal Palace pictures at Venice. He olds his cap with both hands before him.

The meaning of this is simply the necessity of confes- ion, penitence, and absolution before getting to heaven.

169. (IV.) Above this kneeling figure is a group of men vhose sins have been remitted, to whom Saint Dominic is ointing out the Strait Gate of Heaven—which begins our ourth part.

This gate is very simple in design—a mere arch, but ery beautifully decorated with mosaic ornament, like Giotto's campanile. Compare it with the architecture of he house in the Pentecost fresco above the Strait Gate pposite.

In the doorway stands St. Peter, pointing inwards with is key; outside stand two angels, putting garlands of roses n the heads of the little children, who kneel two and two efore them, and then rise up and enter. Not prepared by ny miracle, these garlands, for behind the angels is the osebush whence the flowers were taken, and many more

remain upon it for the crowning of those who are yet to come.

But observe chiefly that those who enter *are* little children. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."[1]

170. Within the gate are many saints whom we recognize by their signs. They are divided into two groups or rows—an upper and a lower; the upper go by twos, and the lower by fours.

The ten saints in the upper row are in their order:—

St. John Baptist and St. John Evangelist.

St. Matthew and St. Paul.

St. Mark and St. Luke.

St. Dominic and St. Francis.

Pope Benedict XI. and St. Thomas Aquinas.

In the lower range the first four are:—

David, crowned and carrying his harp; Noah with his ark; Joshua the leader; and Moses, carrying his two tables.

The second row are:—

St. Stephen with stones on his head; St. Peter Martyr with a knife in his; next unknown; and Lawrence with his gridiron.

The third row:—

The upper unknown; Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, crowned and carrying a loaf; St. Valerian, garlanded, and his wife St. Cecilia.

The fourth row:—

Two Bishops and two Monks, one a Camaldolese.

The fifth row:—

Saints Margaret and Lucy (?); Catherine, with her wheel; and Catherine of Siena, in Dominican garb.

The sixth row:—

The four upper female Saints unknown; the lower, St. Agnes, carrying her lamb.

[1] [Matthew xviii. 3: see above, p. 412.]

171. (V.) Between these two central divisions and the ost of heaven (our fifth part) is the starry sky. You may e the stars distinctly over the angels' heads at Heaven's ate.

Above it, in the point of the arch, the culmination of l that precedes, sits the Christ of God, throned in a rcular glory, having a Book—the Word of Life—in His ght hand, and the double keys of Heaven and of Hell His left. Beneath Him lies upon an altar the Lamb at was slain, with the Evangelists' foursquare about it; t. John's eagle, St. Luke's cow, St. Mark's lion, and t. Matthew's human creature—all winged.

On each side of Christ, down the bends of the arch, are nged the winged and singing Heavenly Host; and among em, to your left, is Mary the Mother, robed in white and owned as Queen, with the Lily of the Annunciation, the lorentine lily, in her right hand; in her left, her book, in hich is written her song, the writing of which Sandro otticelli has painted for us.[1]

[1] [In the picture known as "The Madonna of the Magnificat": No. 1267 *bis* Sala ii. of the Tuscan School, in the Uffizi.]

[NOTES

The following notes by Mr. Caird are bound up at Brantwood with the other material for use in an intended new edition of *Mornings in Florence*:—

1. "Memmi" and the Spanish Chapel [see pp. 370, 372 *n.*, 409].

"I have now got all the information I can, and it is tolerably complete. The following particulars about Simon Martini are extracted from Cav. Milanesi's *Documenti per la Storia dell' Arte Senese.*

"In going over the documents I came upon several notices relating to Memmi. First of all, his name is Simone Martini (his father's name was Martini of Siena), and he is so called in all the documents. He married Johanna, the daughter of Memmo. His brother's name, in the papers existing in MS. in Siena, is Donatus, and I can't find any mention of Filippo. I find Rosini says he painted in the Spanish Chapel in 1332, but can't give any authority for it. He was born in 1284, but we hear nothing of him till 1320. His will, dated 30th June 1344, is preserved in Siena. He went to Avignon with his brother Donatus on the 8th of February 1339. A copy of the procuration granted to them exists. He died at Avignon on the 4th August 1344. We have proof of this in the evidence given in a law case between the monks of the monastery of Vico and the heirs of Simon and of Donatus, as follows:—

"'Quod ante mortalitatem proxime preteritam domina Johanna uxor dicti magistri Simonis, redivit a Vignone Senas, induta de panno bruno ut vidua dicti magistri Simonis olim mariti sui, et tunc dixit sibi testi quod dictus magister Simon mortuus erat Vignoni.'

"I have read copies of both documents.

"But I am inclined to believe that he painted these frescoes before 1334, because in that year Giotto laid the foundation of his campanile, and in the fourth fresco the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore is painted with the campanile at the wrong end of it.[1] I don't think Martini would have done so if it had been actually built when he painted. Vasari says he painted the church from the original designs of Arnolfo. But why might he not have returned from Avignon during these five years?

"Dr. Milanesi, who is annotating the new edition of Vasari, says that Martini did not paint them. I listened to all his arguments, and they are based upon the execution of the paintings after 1340, when Martini was in Avignon. He has no further evidence than the will of Bonamico Guidalotti, and it is easily explained if Martini's paintings were completed."

[1] [See above, § 147, p. 437.]

2. Zoroaster or Ptolemy [see p. 395].

"Via del Mandorlo, No. 22°, Florence,
"15*th October* 1877.

"My dear Mr. Ruskin,—I take the liberty of sending you the following notes which I have made on a statement which you make in *Mornings in Florence*. It is the old question of Ptolemy *versus* Zoroaster. First, I quote Brunetto Latini's definition of Astrology in the *Tesoro;* then his notice of Zoroaster as a master of hurtful science. After which I note Passavanti's classing of Zoroaster among the professors of diabolical science:—

"'And these sciences are called in their tongue Theology, Physics, and Mathematics.

"'The third is mathematics, by which we know the nature of things which have no body. There are four sciences in the body of mathematics, which are called by right name, the one arithmetic, the other music, the third geometry, and the fourth astrology.

"'The fourth science is astrology, which teaches us all the ordering of the heaven, of the firmament, of the stars, and of the course of the seven planets by the Zodiac, which are the twelve signs; and how the weather changes to heat and to cold, or to rain, or to drought, or to wind, by reason which is established in the stars.'

"In cap. 24 of the same book he thus notices Zoroaster:—

"'And in that time a master who had name Zoroaster found the magical art of incantations and of other hurtful things.'

"So that Zoroaster as known to Latini could not represent Astrology, as defined by him.

"We can show that the same conception of Zoroaster as a professor of hurtful science was dominant among the Dominicans when this fresco was painted, by a quotation from the *Mirror of True Penitence*, written by Fra Jacopo Passavanti, Superior of the Church and Convent of Sta. Maria Novella until his death in 1357. This Frate was a man of great acquirements, and was recognized as inferior only to Boccaccio as a writer of the Italian tongue. I find this notice of his death:—

"'All the citizens bitterly lamented such a loss, and specially his own monks of S. Maria Novella, who, having given him solemn burial, determined, that *in memory of the magnificence and embellishments, particularly of paintings, with which he had this Church adorned on the occasion of having been chosen by one of the workmen (operai) to superintend and have care of the completion of the great building of the same,*' they would build a marble tomb for him.

"Under the heading 'Of the Third Diabolical Science,' he writes:—

"'And this is a certain science and art which the devil has taught and revealed from the beginning of the world, and specially after the flood, to some evil-doing men to learn certain hidden things and to be able to do certain things impossible for men to do, as was that Zoroaster and Hermes Tresmegistus and others besides, who made writing and books of it, by which this cursed art is learned by many, and it is called generally magical art.'

"And he goes on: 'All which is said and done by this art is unlawful, interdict, and forbidden both by God and by the Church.'

"It is scarcely likely that Zoroaster should come into Martini's scheme of 'pictorial philosophy' under his superintendence.

"Now Ptolemy was the author of the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, and Dante places him between Euclid and Hippocrates in Limbo among 'the sapient throng,' who are excluded from Paradise for lack of baptism. There seems to be no objection to him.

"I am in search of a MS., 'Cronaca del Convento di S. Maria Novella di Fra Modesto Biliotti,' which will probably throw some light upon the history of the building of the chapel. The confiscation of the Conventual Library by Government and the disorder in which the works are kept make it difficult to find.

"I am not the only person in Florence who is extremely gratified to you for writing *The Laws of Fésole.*

"I am glad for more reasons than one, the chief one being that I find every imaginable theory and rule for practice attributed to you by art students; now you give us a clearly formularized set of rules to refer to. I read some portions to a Professor of Drawing the other day; he was very much surprised, and thought it impossible you should have written them, having acquired strange misconceptions from his pupils.

"Can I be of any use this winter in Florence?

"Believe me,

"Ever, yours gratefully,

"R. Caird."]

IV

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER

(1881)

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER.

A

SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SCULPTURES

OF

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

TO ILLUSTRATE PART VI. OF

"MORNINGS IN FLORENCE."

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

1881

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This publication, issued in 1881, consisted of twenty-nine platinotypes, to accompany which Ruskin wrote a Preface.

The text consisted of 4 pages, folio. Title-page (as on the preceding page here) p. i. Preface (here p. 463), pp. ii.–iii.; List of Subjects (here p. 465), p. iv. Issued mounted in a half-morocco folio, with leather flaps, at the price of Three Guineas.

The Preface has not hitherto been reprinted. The illustrations here given are reduced by photogravure process from the original negatives. References to the Plates are here added to the "List of Subjects."]

PREFACE

THE importance of these bas-reliefs to an intelligent reader of Italian history cannot be overrated, seeing that they are the only authentic records left of the sculptural design of the man who, as builder, sculptor, painter, and theologian, absolutely rebuilt and recoloured the entire mind and faith of Italy in the days of Dante. How much the visions of Dante himself were painted on the walls of his heart and in the inner light of his soul by Giotto, he himself must have been scarcely conscious: for all inferior men, the engraved and coloured Bible[1] of Giotto and his school became their inevitable master, and a continual monitor of all that was dutiful in the work and lovely in the hope of Christian persons.

The Master's own estimate of the power of these bas-reliefs must have been very high; for instead of making them a part of such encrusted and continuous decoration as the most powerful sculptor of the Pisan school had accustomed the populace to expect, he sets them as gems in a kind of Etruscan chain round the base of his tower, minute in the extreme compared to the extent of its surface; so far above the eye as to secure them absolutely from all chance of injury or wear, but by time and its mud and rain; and entirely unrecommended and unassisted by the slightest external minor imageries of organic form. In all fine northern sculpture of the time, the external courses of foliage, and crockets, and bosses of pinnacle, relieve the simplicity of falling draperies, and disguise or enrich with picturesque shadow the harshness of feature and expression

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of St. Mark's (Vol. X. p. 112).]

in the figures. But here the Master allows only the severest masonry and mouldings to approach or limit his subject; requires, in concentrated space, undisturbed attention; and trusts, without the slightest link of decoration, to the inner sequence and consistency of thought.

There were no photographs of these sculptures in the year 1872, when I first examined them with the attention they deserved: while the interval between the church and campanile, being used as a lumber-store and brick-deposit by the restorers, was inaccessible, and the entire series of the Orpheus and Harmonia with Giotto's own two unquestioned pieces of handiwork, never, therefore, seen by any creatures but the swallows. Subsequently (I believe in 1874), I photographed the whole series, but, being desirous to make the proofs as useful as possible, took no precautions, and put no restriction on their sale; the consequence of which was that they got bought up by the Florentine dealers, and, I afterwards found, could only be got in what I held to be damaged states, trimmed at the margins, and the like. I therefore, in 1876, had another series made for myself, with the enclosing masonries complete: of these I have placed the negatives in my assistant, Mr. Ward's* hands, and can answer for the impressions being properly taken. My account of the subjects in the "Shepherd's Tower" (*Mornings in Florence*, No. VI.) contains all that need be pointed out to a general student respecting the method and meaning of these sculptures: and there is nothing in the compass of the arts of Italy either more deserving of his attention, or more sufficiently and intelligibly submitted to it by any existing representation, than Giotto's foundation of civic morality in these sculptured myths of human Art and Harmony.

J. Ruskin.

Brantwood, 24*th May*, 1881.

* 2 Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

	THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER	Plate	XLI.
	THE DOOR OF THE TOWER	„	XLII.
No.			
1.	Creation of Man	„	XLIII.
2.	Creation of Woman	„	XLIII.
3.	Original Labour	„	XLIII.
4.	Jabal	„	XLIV.
5.	Jubal	„	XLIV.
6.	Tubal-Cain	„	XLIV.
7.	Noah	„	XLIV.
8.	Astronomy	„	XLV.
9.	Building	„	XLV.
10.	Pottery	„	XLV.
11.	Riding	„	XLV.
12.	Weaving	„	XLVI.
13.	The Giving of Law	„	XLVI.
14.	Dædalus	„	XLVI.
15.	Navigation	„	XLVI.
16.	Hercules and Antæus	„	XLVII.
17.	Ploughing	„	XLVII.
18.	The Chariot	„	XLVII.
19.	The Lamb with the Symbol of Resurrection	„	XLVII.
20.	Geometry	„	XLVIII.
21.	Sculpture	„	XLVIII.
22.	Painting	„	XLVIII.
23.	Grammar	„	XLVIII.
24.	Arithmetic	„	XLIX.
25.	Music	„	XLIX.
26.	Logic	„	XLIX.
27.	The Invention of Harmony	„	XLIX.

"The Shepherd's Tower"

Allen & Co. Sc

The Door of the Tower

Creation of Man

Creation of Woman

Original Labour

4

5

6

7

Allen & Co Sc

Jabal

Tubal-Cain

Jubal

Noah

Astronomy

Pottery

Building

Riding

12

13

14

15

Allen & Co. Sc

Weaving
Daedalus

The Giving of Law
Navigation

Hercules and Antaeus

The Chariot

Ploughing

The Lamb (Resurrection)

20

21

22

23

Geometry
Painting

Sculpture
Grammar

24

25

Arithmetic
Music

Logic
Harmony

APPENDIX

I. "GIOTTO'S PET PUPPY" (1874)

II. GIOTTO AND NICCOLA PISANO

III. A NOTE ON BOTTICELLI'S "ZIPPORAH" (1876)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The notes printed in Appendix I. are headed by Ruskin "Giotto's Pet Puppy." The lecture, for which they were written, appears to be the one referred to in the following letters to Mr. Oscar Browning, which are here reprinted from *St. George*, vol. vi. pp. 140, 141 ("Personal Recollections of John Ruskin," by Oscar Browning):—

"*November* 18*th*, 1874.

"My dear Sir,—You have indeed kindly and justly interpreted my silence. I was detained two months in Italy beyond the time I intended, and have had no power of arranging my home engagements in the confusion of various calls on me—it seemed to me all imperative—since my return. I was often thinking of you, but was afraid it was too late to come. What day, now, might I conveniently take for a lecture on Giotto and Botticelli? It would be perhaps a little duller than one on natural history, but I adopt your suggestions at once. I had thought of giving them rather one on glaciers, but the Giotto lecture would be more interesting to the older members of the audience.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"J. Ruskin."

"My dear Sir,—My messenger had not come back from posting my letter before I recollected I was engaged to meet the Bishop of Natal at the Master of Balliol's, on Saturday, 28. . . . It is needful I should meet Bishop Colenso to know how I can best help him in his resistance to the injustice done the native races; so that—with your permission—I will say Saturday, 12th December, on Botticelli, and perhaps I may get another chance of a lecture early in the spring, if the boys like it.

"Ever truly yours,
"J. Ruskin."

If this be the lecture in question, Ruskin must have gone on from Giotto to Botticelli.

The Eton College Literary and Scientific Society's minute-book contains the following report (here quoted from W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of Ruskin*, 1900, p. 305):—

"On Saturday, December 12th, Professor Ruskin lectured before a crowded, influential, and excited audience, which comprised our noble Society and a hundred and thirty gentlemen and ladies, who eagerly accepted an invitation to hear Professor Ruskin 'talk' to us on Botticelli.

"It is utterly impossible for the unfortunate secretary of the Society to transmit to writing even an abstract of this address; and it is some apology for him when beauty of expression, sweetness of voice, and elegance in imagery defy the utmost efforts of the pen."

The passages on Giotto and Niccola Pisano (Appendix II.) are from some MS. sheets at Brantwood, bound up among matter intended for the continuation of *St. Mark's Rest*. They may have been written for the missing lecture on Giotto (see above, p. 210) in the course on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence;* they certainly illustrate the distinction drawn in that course between "sentiment" and "science."

The note on Botticelli's "Zipporah" (Appendix III.) is here for the first time reprinted from pp. 9, 10 of the catalogue of the exhibition referred to above, the work to which it was appended being thus described:—

> "163. Copy of the figure of Zipporah, from Botticelli's fresco, of the same size as the original . . . . *Professor Ruskin.*"

The catalogue, which is now seldom met with, is in octavo, pp. 16, in mauve-coloured paper wrappers; the front wrapper has on it:—

> Corporation of Brighton. | The | Exhibition of Pictures | lent by | Professor Ruskin, | . . . | and the | Arundel Society, | Opened April 6, 1876. | Royal Pavilion Gallery. | Entrance—Museum, Church Street. | Open Daily at 10 A.M.

The imprint (at the end) is "H. J. Infield, *Sussex Daily News* Office, North Street, Brighton." This catalogue was not included in the Bibliography by Wise and Smart.]

I

"GIOTTO'S PET PUPPY"[1]

(1874)

1. Of all the forms of waste of time against which I would fain warn my boy at Eton, if I were happy enough to have one there, there are two which, being both unpleasant as well as improper, I hope he would take my advice in avoiding after he had fairly tried both. The one is thinking what might have happened if one had done what one didn't; and the other, fearing what may happen after one has done what one ought.

Nevertheless, when one gets older, both these vain occupations of mind become occasionally inevitable; and I never see the outline of Windsor Castle from the train that takes me to Oxford without a quickly checked but irresistible tendency to ask myself what sort of a man I should have turned out had I been an Eton boy. The principal point in that speculation being of course, first, whether I should have cared for pictures? I hesitatingly think not, but I very positively think that it would be well for every Eton boy to have a good chance of caring for them; and his chance mainly consists in three things—the first, in having all bad ones as much as possible kept out of his way; the second, in never being asked to look at any good ones that he doesn't like;[2] the third, in being asked to find out for himself why he likes what he does like, and whether he is a wise boy in doing so, and may become a wiser one in such matters.

2. For instance, I think, without any compulsion or severe instruction, most of you will like in some degree this bit of bas-relief[3]—of what in proper heraldic language should be called "a puppy vigilant." Sésant, or sitting, is the more common term; but this puppy, being employed in watching sheep, and sitting, therefore, as high as he can, is a puppy vigilant.

Now you must not think that I am the least condescending to you, as only boys, in asking whether you really like this piece of work. But I want to know whether you do like it before I give you the appalling and deterring information that this is Etruscan-Greek art of the purest style and central period. And if you do like it I hope to give you before you leave the room a conviction that you have in you already the faculty of

[1] [See the reference to this lecture in *Mornings in Florence*, § 132 (above, p. 424); and compare Vol. XIII. p. 401.]

[2] [Compare *Elements of Drawing*, Vol. XV. pp. 210, 219.]

[3] [See Plate XLIV.]

discerning and enjoying the qualities of Etrusco-Greek art of the central period without being troubled to read volumes of art-criticism, or even submitting to a long course of lectures from an art-Professor.

3. Any of you who paint in water-colours know what a nice colour burnt Siena is, but perhaps you don't often think why it is called burnt Siena instead of burnt Florence or burnt London. That is so because the city of Siena stands on a mass of sandstone connected with a vast district of warm red ochreous sands and clays in the heart of the northern Apennines, a district which is the Ceramicus, Tuileries, or Potter's Field of the civilized world—a district in which, when I last visited the old city[1] —Urbs Vetusta, now Orvieto—with my friend, the excellent water-colour painter, Mr. Albert Goodwin, we found the space round the steps of its cathedral occupied on the market-day with such a company of lively modern Etruscan pots.

4. Now this country, primarily favoured in possessing this red delicious clay, has also the most beautiful or at least available marbles in the world; and somehow or another it had always commercial command of gold. Its clay-workers, stone-cutters, and goldsmiths had therefore material ready to their hand always, but it is not in the possession of material only that you can explain the fact of their becoming the best workmen in that kind in the world, alike before Christ and after Christ.

The best workmen, I say; not necessarily therefore the best artists. The ancient Etruscan gold and metal work and the drawing on their pottery is finer, more subtle, more wonderful as work than Athenian gold, or bronze, or pottery, but you have no Etruscan Parthenon or Etruscan Phidias. But after Christ, these workmen became artists in the highest kind; and Michael Angelo is the Etruscan Phidias, and the cathedral of Florence is the Etruscan Parthenon.

5. And the fact I wish to put clearly before you to-day is the continuance of this great race, without any break in descent, from the days of Lars Porsena of Clusium to that in which the present King of Italy received Castruccio Castracani's sword from the Tuscans of Val di Nievole.[2] Always a race of warriors, but not robber warriors. Living on their own land as shepherds and husbandmen; holding first the Greek religion and then the Christian in sincerity and intensity never elsewhere paralleled; regarding the grave, before Christ, with noble reverence, and, after Christ, with heavenly security of hope; changing the arched shade of the Etrurian cave into the sweet cloister of the Vale of Arno, filled with the earth of the Holy Land, their best treasure from beyond the sea.[3] On that voyage their shipmen brought home clay instead of gold; but God made it to them a treasure, so that all the things they could desire were not to be compared to it. Solomon had indeed made gold to be in Jerusalem as stones.[4] The Pisan made the dust of Jerusalem to be as gold.

[1] [In 1872: see the Introduction to Vol. XXII. p. xxvi. For other references to Mr. Goodwin, see Vol. XIV. pp. xix., 434; and Vol. XXI. pp. xlviii., 211.]

[2] [For Castruccio Castracani, Duke of Lucca, see Vol. XII. pp. 224–225; and for other references to the gift of his sword to King Victor Emanuel, Vol. XIX. p. 441, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 18, § 5.]

[3] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 28 (above, p. 24).]

[4] [Proverbs iii. 15; 1 Kings x. 27 ("And the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones").]

6. A shepherd race they were, remember, even more than an agricultural one—the Val d'Arno corresponding exactly, in its general relation to the hill country of the Apennines, to the Vale of Sparta as related to Arcadia. And the Florentines of the twelfth century may be best conceived by you as Spartan and Arcadian Christians, intensely warlike yet desiring peace with all men;[1] entirely continent and simple in habits of life, yet having the fulness of Athenian imagination joined with the dignity and sanctity of the Dorian race. Their first central Christian temple was built to St. John the Baptist—octagonal and domed, like a little chamber in the Catacombs, surrounded by their chief burial-place for their nobles. "Wherefore, we are buried with him by baptism unto death."[2] The tombs were taken away in the thirteenth century. The building remains. It is Dante's "mio bel San Giovanni."[3]

7. There is a side of it.[4]

This is the most perfect living Etruscan-Greek architecture you can see, and I know nothing like it in Attica for exquisite grace of proportion and reserve of power.

But just two miles north of Florence, at the foot of the Apennines, there is an entirely unaltered Etruscan building, older than this—the little Abbey of Fésole, under the very walls of the ancient Etruscan city.

And on the lintel of the door of this church there is an inscription which I have here copied, being the first words which I myself ever read, written by the Etruscan Christians:

"All things whatsoever which ye seek praying, believe that ye shall receive them, and they shall happen to you.

"And when ye shall stand to pray, forgive, if you have aught against any."—(Mark xi. 24, 25.[5])

8. I will venture to delay you a few moments to say a few words to my younger hearers on this matter. Whatever thoughts come to you respecting the nature, use, or duty of prayer, speak out to yourselves and deal with firmly. Don't act hesitatingly on half understandings and half beliefs, but determine whether you believe or not, and act bravely and simply according to that determination.[6] Either the verse is literally true or literally false; and if literally false, you need not trouble yourselves about its possible metaphorical significance. But be sure you have honour and strength enough to try it before you venture to say it is false. Decide first whether you can think of God as your Father; if you can, you can ask Him much more simply for what you want than you can your father on earth, because the greater Father understands you thoroughly. You have nothing to explain to Him, and can hide nothing from Him. He knows exactly what you want, and why you want it; and when you really

[1] [See *Val d'Arno*, Lecture V. ("Pax Vobiscum"), above, pp. 69 *seq.*]

[2] [Romans vi. 4.]

[3] [See above, p. 269. The Baptistery was up to 1293 surrounded with graves, but in that year the ground around it was paved.]

[4] [Here Ruskin showed the drawing here reproduced on Plate XX. (above, p. 241).]

[5] [See above, p. 268.]

[6] [Compare *Ethics of the Dust*, § 115 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 351–352).]

pray in sincerity your first natural feeling will be, Why should I ask for this in words, or in any formal manner? Well, all that can be told you about that is—and if you are modest and sensible you will be satisfied with the answer—that practically the thing is so, and from the beginning of time has been so. Make up your mind what you want, and that you have a good reason for wanting it; ask it in clear words, and you will find all your hope and strength increased thereupon, and will gradually come to find out more than I care to tell you just now. Only mind that all honest prayer means your having your heart free from wilful sin. If you are not doing your best to obey your Father, there is no way of taking His Name in vain so insolent and so deadly as praying to Him.[1]

9. Now the entire system of Florentine art is merely the exposition of that legend,[2] and the beginning of it was in the valley just behind this church, when a noble of the city—an artist as well as a noble—Cimabue, "of the noble family of that name,"[3] found, as you have heard so often, a shepherd lad drawing one of his sheep on a stone. Drawing, it is commonly said; but he was without doubt scratching,[4] in imitation of the exquisite engraved lines he had seen on this very stone and other such. And being taken to Florence and taught by Cimabue, he became not only the greatest painter of his time, but the founder of restored Christian art in all times. "Ille ego sum," wrote Florence on his tomb, "per quem pictura extincta revixit."[5]

10. Nor painting only, but sculpture and architecture also, for this boy of Fésole perfected himself in all the arts; and opposite that Etruscan baptistery of green and white marble he built this tower of red and white marble—tower called still his, Giotto's; and on the base of it he designed a series of sculptures representing the life, art, and learning of the human race, from their creation to that Christian day. It is Giotto's Darwinian theory of human development. This he designed in a series of twenty-seven tablets, beginning with the creation of Adam; then, of Eve; then, "Adam delved and Eve span"; and then, shepherd life, accepted of heaven.

Jabal, the father of such as dwelt in tents and of such as have cattle.[6] And this shepherd life, as he had done when he was a boy, scratched now more dexterously on the stone. There it is, photographed for you as carved by his own hand. Jabal in his tent, and two sheep before him, and a little lamb on his right hand, and a little puppy on his left; and that's the puppy.

11. Now I can't show you grander Greek sculpture than that. Pure Greek work of the highest style. It is of a puppy dog indeed, not of Jupiter Tonans; instead of the ambrosial locks, only a velvety little puppy's ear,

[1] [Ruskin, it is clear, intended to publish this lecture, for the MS. here continues:—

"(I add for the general reader a note from a lecture lately given in Oxford, which will complete what I wish at present to say on this matter)."

The reference is, no doubt, to the Oxford lecture, now printed at the end of Vol. XXII.: see pp. 535 *seq.*]

[2] [*i.e.*, the legend on the Badia of S. Domenico at Fésole.]

[3] [Vasari's *Lives*, vol. i. p. 35 (Bohn).]

[4] [See *Mornings in Florence*, § 132 (above, p. 423).]

[5] [See *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools*, § 17 (above, p. 196).]

[6] [Genesis iv. 20.]

which you long to see shaken; which as you look at it, you think will shake. All the great principles of art are in this. Take Michael Angelo's first. If you look at that puppy a while, you will say to him, "Bark! It's like life."[1] Well, then, take the Law of Phidias—life in perfect power, but in repose.[2] That puppy is up to anything, but as far as it is in puppy nature to be quiet, quiet as the Theseus.[3] Think of Snyders' dogs in comparison! A vile modern sculptor—nay, a vulgar ancient one—would have made the dog in action. In the Metopes of Selinus[4] there are dogs attacking Actæon, like Landseer's otter dogs. No, say Phidias and Giotto; brightness, strength, and cheerfulness, and peace—these are what great art has to contemplate.[5]

12. Well, finally, we have had Michael Angelo's principle of art and Phidias'; now take Titian's.

Titian learned from Giotto,[6] and what do you think chiefly? He learned his colour, and he learned his breadth. Never to break a mass that can be kept whole. Think how easy it would have been for a common sculptor to have cut this dog all over crisp hair, and made him project from the stone, so that everybody would have gone to look at the wonderful dog. No, says Giotto; Love me, love my dog, and look for him. And he shall be carved more in the spirit than the body. Puppy heart more than puppy body, puppy body more than puppy skin, and puppy skin more than puppy hair.[7]

Well, this is only what might be covered by a teacup of the sculptures that surround this tower with the record of the birth, and the harmony of the education, and the prophecy of the immortality of the human race.

[1] [For the explanation of this reference, see above, p. 217.]

[2] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, Vol. XX. p. 339.]

[3] [With what is here said of the "Theseus" in the British Museum, compare Vol. XIX. p. 203; for Snyders, see Vol. VII. p. 337; and for Landseer's otter dogs, Vol. IV. p. 149 *n.*]

[4] [Seen by Ruskin at Palermo in 1874: see the Introduction, above, p. xxxiii.]

[5] [Here the MS. contains a note (doubtless developed extempore in the lecture):—

"Hercules and Antæus by Giotto and Pollajuolo."

For "Hercules and Antæus by Giotto," see *Mornings in Florence*, § 136 (above, p. 427). Antonio Pollajuolo treated the subject in a small picture in the Uffizi (No. 1153).]

[6] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 25, 26 (above, p. 321), and *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, § 19 (Vol. XXIV. p. 36.)]

[7] [Here, again, Ruskin must have added passages extempore. The note in the MS. is:—

"All fine sculpture a beautiful boss"

—a theme which is discussed in *Aratra Pentelici*, Vol. XX. p. 214.]

II

GIOTTO AND NICCOLA PISANO

1. At the close of the thirteenth century Italy stood sole mistress of the Arts to Europe. This throne was given her by St. Francis and St. Dominic, under the greater force of St. Benedict and St. Bernard. The teaching of these two men gave new fiery life to the dormant Etruscan race, and in the first glow of it Giotto came from the fields of Fésole to write its passion in eternal light. At the same moment Niccola Pisano arose to compel and confine the newly kindled spirit by the strict laws of physical truth; and these two men together moulded the entire system of the constructive arts of the Christian soul.

2. Now of these two, remember, Giotto of Fésole was taught by the Greeks, Nicolas of Pisa by the Romans, both being themselves Etruscans. Their native strength was given them by their race and its country. From the Greeks, Giotto learned the spirit of Nature; from the Romans, Niccola Pisano her physical conditions and practical laws. For instance, if the two men have each to represent the subject of the "Taking Down from the Cross," Giotto will think first of representing the grief of the Virgin, Niccola Pisano first of representing the pressure of the weight of the body on the arms of the persons receiving it.[1] In the noble art that followed, the aims and powers of both were united. In the modern school they are not only separate but antagonist; and a base sentiment which thinks it may defy with impunity the laws of gravitation divides the domain of art with a base science which imagines that man is capable of no ascent but that of the dust in the whirlwind, and is in peril of no fall deeper than into his grave.

3. In thus opposing Science to Sentiment it must not be supposed that I mean to confirm the commonly held opposition of the Real and Ideal, or Natural and Supernatural. Grief is no less real than weight, and spirit not less natural than matter. Both Giotto and Niccola are equally Realists—both are equally Naturalists; but the one represents distinctively the truth and nature of human feeling, and the other the truth and nature of human flesh. And even this distinction you are to observe in them not as total, but only as principally guidant and characteristic. They are dexter and sinister sides of a noble shield, and each quartered with the opposite colour. Niccola Pisano is more forcible and true in rendering emotion than any modern English sentimentalist, and Giotto carves a dog better than Landseer did his lions; but in the whole gist of his work, the law with Pisano is to get his substance true, and let feeling take care of itself, and with Giotto to get feeling true, and let substance take care of itself.

4. I must still be so far tiresome as to qualify, or at least explain, even my expression of opposition between Sentiment and Science. The Sentimental school is, in the depth of it, far the more scientific of the two, but

[1] [See above, pp. 224 *seq.*, and Plate XVIII.]

with a science that cannot be taught, and which is not therefore in ordinary language called science, but "Intuition."

Thus in Giotto's fresco of St. Francis restoring the boy to life[1] who had fallen from an upper story of his house into the street, as the child rises, one of the women standing by throws up her arms to Heaven, clasping her hands with the perfect expression of an instantaneous cry of thankfulness. No "science" whatever is shown in drawing the muscles of the arms. The science is in seizing the exact angles of them with the body, the exact bend at the elbows, and the precise degree of pressure in the clasped fingers, which express sudden thankfulness. The number of observations which must have been made on human gestures and of accurately mathematical comparisons of the angles, taken by the arms in different degrees and kinds of passions (as, for a rough instance, despair would have thrown them up, not forward; and joy, without thankfulness, closer to the breasts), before the painter could strike his line so finely as to express even the difference between sudden thanks and sudden prayer, are indeed a scientific operation far more prolonged and delicate than the analysis of a mineral, but requiring for its success a gift of sympathy which not one man in a million would be found to possess, while science, commonly so called, consists only in the collection of observations which it is in the power of everybody to make. Any hospital demonstrator could have marked the muscles of the woman's arms, and any apothecary's apprentice analysed the fluid which lubricated their joints, but science at that universally communicable level does not make a painter.

5. With these distinct, therefore, but not antagonist—on the contrary nobly adjutant—gifts, Giotto and Pisano are set to their task under virtually the order and inspiration of St. Francis and St. Dominic; that is to say, of the two preachers of Christian Work and Christian Faith, under whom, after twelve centuries of widely smouldering and partly quenched vitality, the Christian religion burst into all embracing-flame.

The Dominican gospel, whether preached by St. Dominic himself, by Luther, by the last ordained High Church curate, or the last elected Methodist cobbler, is always essentially the same:—

> "All those shall die
> The eternal death who believe not as I."*

It cannot be any other, for no man can earnestly preach a faith other than his own, nor his own with acceptable zeal, virtue, and modesty, unless he supposes it essential to the salvation of all men. The essential Franciscan gospel is "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, which is in Heaven, the same is my brother." "Let him that loveth God, love his brother also."[2]

The Franciscan faith is impossible without the Dominican, and the Dominican diabolical without the Franciscan.

* Lowell ("Ambrose").

[1] [This is one of three frescoes in the transept of the Lower Church of Assisi representing miracles of St. Francis. A reproduction of the fresco here described is given at p. 68 of F. Mason Perkins's *Giotto* (1902).]

[2] [Matthew xii. 50; 1 John iv. 21.]

III

A NOTE ON BOTTICELLI'S "ZIPPORAH"[1]

(1876)

The drawing, kindly lent the Council of the Arundel Society, is a careful copy of the entire fresco by Alessandro Botticelli, one of the fourteen[2] which, under his direction (three by his own hand), were devoted in the Sistine Chapel to the illustration of the giving of the Law by Moses, and its ratification by Christ.

The one copied represents the first active part of the Life of Moses, beginning with the slaying of the Egyptian, giving in the centre his deliverance of Zipporah and her sisters, which led to his marriage; then continuing to the vision of the burning bush, and his leaving the land of Midian with his wife and children.[3] The photograph represents the central portion of the fresco on a large scale, and my study is as nearly a facsimile as I could make it of the single figure of Zipporah.

Botticelli, trained in the great Etruscan Classic School, retains in his ideal of the future wife of Moses every essential character of the Etrurian Pallas,[4] regarding her as the Heavenly Wisdom given by inspiration to the Lawgiver for his helpmate; yet changing the attributes of the goddess

[1] [To an exhibition of pictures in oil and water-colour, held by the Corporation of Brighton in 1876 (opened April 6), Ruskin lent some drawings by himself; namely, "Study of the Aiguilles of Chamouni," "Near Pitlochrie, Scotland," "By Garry Side, Killiecrankie," and the copy of the figure of Zipporah (reproduced as the frontispiece to this volume) from Botticelli's fresco of "Scenes in the Life of Moses" in the Sistine Chapel. Ruskin exhibited also "Photograph of part of a Fresco in Sistine Chapel, painted by Botticelli," and "Woodcut of the Attic Pallas." Signor Fattorini's water-colour drawing of the same fresco by Botticelli was lent by the Committee of the Arundel Society. To these latter drawings, etc., Ruskin wrote the following explanatory note for the catalogue.]

[2] [A slip of the pen for twelve: see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 209 (Vol. XXII. p. 442).]

[3] [See Plate XXIV. here (p. 276).]

[4] [Ruskin's writings at this time contain other remarks upon the permanence of the Etruscan tradition in Italian art. See *Fors Clavigera*, 1876 (Letter 66), where he traces back to the Cervetri Sarcophagus in the British Museum certain details in the work of Fra Filippo Lippi and Jacopo della Quercia: see also a footnote to Letter 71. The "Attic power of Etruria"—the artistic connexion between Athens and the Etruscans—is also touched upon in Ruskin's Preface to *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, vol. i. ("The Economist of Xenophon"). See also in this volume pp. 200–203, 342 *n.*]

into such as become a shepherd maiden. To show the perfect correspondence with still earlier tradition, I have sent also my woodcut of the Attic Pallas,[1] of the Phidian period, in which every piece of the dress will be found to have its corresponding piece in that of Zipporah.[2]

There is first the sleeved chiton or linen robe, falling to the feet, looped up a little by the shepherdess; then the peplus or covering mantle, very nearly our shawl, but fitting closer; Athena's, crocus coloured, embroidered by herself with the battle against the giants;[3] Zipporah's, also crocus coloured, almost dark golden, embroidered with blue and purple, with mystic golden letters on the blue ground; the fringes of the ægis are, however, transposed to the peplus; and these being of warm crimson complete the sacred chord of colour (blue, purple, and scarlet), Zipporah being a priest's daughter.

The ægis of Pallas becomes for Zipporah a goatskin satchel, in which she carries apples and oak (for pleasure and strength); her lance becomes a reed, in which she carries her wool and spindle; the tresses of her hair are merely softened from the long black falling tresses of Athena; a leaf of myrtle replaces the olive. The scarcely traceable thin muslin veil over her breast represents the part of the ægis which, in the Pallas, is drawn with dots, meaning soft dew instead of storm.

The black outlines are very carefully traced, being used by Botticelli to give distinctness to the painting, which is about eighteen feet from the ground, and in shade.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [This woodcut is Plate IV. in *Aratra Pentelici* (Vol. XX. p. 242).]

[2] [With the description of Zipporah here, compare, above, pp. 275–276.]

[3] [See above, p. 275 *n.*]

END OF VOLUME XXIII

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